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A RETROSPECT OF THE REIGN.

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I PROPOSE in this article, with the help of the useful little biographies entitled *The Queen's Prime Ministers*, to attempt a brief comparison of the position in which certain of our national institutions, and certain leading public questions, now stand, with that which they occupied at the commencement of Her Majesty's reign. Such a retrospect cannot be exhaustive, and must of necessity be liable to the same criticism as all summaries are exposed to in which the selection of subjects is arbitrary. But I hope that in this case they will not be found wholly without connecting links, and that the result, however imperfect, will not be destitute of unity.

In order to make a fair start we must take a few steps backward, to the period when the first of the Queen's Prime Ministers succeeded Lord Grey at the Treasury. It was on the 16th of July, 1734, that Lord Melbourne kissed hands as First Lord, and it was in the following November that, on the death of Lord Spencer, and the removal of Lord Althorpe to the Upper House, William the Fourth dismissed the Whig Ministry of his own accord, and sent, in the absence of Sir Robert Peel, for the Duke of Wellington. His Majesty's ostensible reason was the difficulty, which Melbourne himself had admitted, of carrying on the Government without Lord Althorpe in the House of Commons. But this was not the real

or the principal reason. The King had failed to obtain from Lord Melbourne the assurances which he required when Lord Grey resigned, and was glad to seize the first opportunity that offered of changing the Administration. We all know what followed. Sir Robert Peel consented to form a Government. He dissolved Parliament, and his Party gained a hundred seats, raising their numbers from a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. But the Whigs were still left with a very powerful majority, and when Parliament reassembled, Sir Robert Peel soon found that even with the help of "the Moderates" which was liberally afforded him, he could not hold his own. It is, however, worthy of remark that after a General Election which turned to a great extent on the exercise of the Royal Prerogative, the Minister who represented it could only be defeated in the House of Commons by very small majorities. From forty to fifty independent members gave him their support, and more than once on a division he counted more than three hundred votes. The King's attempt was premature; but could he have waited, as Pitt or George the Third would have waited, the result might have been different.

However, it was not to be; and the failure of this, the only attempt which has been made since 1832 to vindicate the right of the Crown to choose its

own Ministers without absolute dependence on a majority of the House of Commons, is a landmark in our history second only in importance to the Reform Bill itself. This attempt was made by Sir Robert Peel in 1835, after, and not before, a General Election, when he had no prospect of converting his minority into a majority at the polling booths. What he then sought was not a mere Party truce, a provisional Administration, till arrangements could be made for a dissolution : it was the establishment of a principle which, had he been successful, might perhaps have been restored to its original place in our constitutional system ; the principle, namely, that the Ministers of the Crown had a right to hold office till their policy and their measures were before the country, whether they had a majority in Parliament, or not. They were not to be condemned unheard. Sir Robert was of opinion that if his Administration were allowed fair play he would gain public opinion to his side, and gradually detach from the Whig Party a certain number of members who would, it was thought, have been too glad of an excuse for supporting a Conservative Government. Sir Joseph Wallinger in *Coningsby* was the type of a numerous class ; and Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell were aware of it. They took care, therefore, that Peel should not have the opportunity he required ; and since that time an Opposition with a majority has usually followed their example.

But the events of 1835 must, of course, be read together with the events of 1834. It was the action of William the Fourth in the November previous which gave more than half its significance to the struggle of Sir Robert Peel in the February following. The King had, of his own accord, dismissed a Ministry commanding a large majority in the House of Commons, and had sent for the Leader of the Opposition, whose regular supporters at that time were barely a hundred and fifty. It is quite true that the Ministerial Party were split up into hostile sections, which might have caused their downfall very shortly. But they still presented a united front, and on any question of confidence would have swept

the field. It was this exercise of the prerogative which Peel's attempt to hold office directly represented, and which naturally united the Whig Party against him to a man. The political drama from the 15th of November, 1834, to the 7th of April, 1835, must of course be regarded, as a whole, complete within itself, and must be read from beginning to end to be understood.

Accordingly, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne in 1837, this question had been cleared out of the way. What might have followed, had Peel obtained a majority on his appeal to the country, is an interesting question which has not been much considered by political writers. It would probably have been said that the King was quite right, and as fully justified as George the Third had been in 1783. Had the event so turned out, many things might have happened differently afterward. As it was, the failure of Sir Robert Peel has been held to amount to a final declaration of Parliamentary opinion on this subject, and to be a bar to any future exercise of the prerogative to a similar effect.

Perhaps unfortunately : for, as we shall see later on, emergencies may still arise when the intervention of the Crown might be the means of extricating Parliament from difficulties injurious alike to its dignity and its efficiency. On the other hand lies of course the danger that such action on the part of the Sovereign might nowadays be so distorted or exaggerated by Party spirit as to make the remedy worse than the disease. I myself think that such an exertion of the power which still constitutionally belongs to the Sovereign would, in certain given circumstances, be far from unpopular. But it is necessary to look at both sides of the question, and to remember, too, that an act like William the Fourth's, followed by a defeat like Sir Robert Peel's, might at the present day be attended with more disastrous consequences than it was then.

We may here pause for a moment to point out the absurdity of stigmatizing William the Fourth's action as "unconstitutional." Mr. Gladstone himself asserts the contrary. The fact is

that the words constitutional and unconstitutional are bandied about very glibly, without much thought being given to what they really mean. The Sovereign may change the Government as often as he or she pleases; if the Ministers appointed are not acceptable to the House of Commons, the confidence of the House is withdrawn from them. If the Crown then refuses to dismiss them, the supplies are stopped. All these several steps are strictly constitutional. But an old-womanish practice of applying the word unconstitutional to almost everything that is unusual in politics has lately sprung up which only has the effect of blinding men's eyes to what really is so. It reminds one of the pickpocket in *Oliver Twist*, who thought that the style in which his hair was cut in prison was decidedly "unconstitutional."

Some lingering traditions of the old régime survived for a time after Her Majesty's accession. The famous Bedchamber Plot may perhaps be thought a case in point; and twelve or thirteen years afterward attempts seem to have been made to secure in some departments of Government a larger share of influence to the Crown. But on the whole, the last shadow of personal Government may be said to have disappeared in 1835. Some attempts were made twenty years ago to fasten on Lord Beaconsfield a project for reviving it. But they fell stillborn from the Press, and did no harm whatever either to the Ministry or the Monarchy.

With Queen Victoria, then, we enter on a new epoch. The question of prerogative seemed to have been finally settled. The last effort had been made and failed. And one very obvious subject for inquiry which it suggests to us is the degree in which our home and foreign policy has been affected by this change in the functions of the monarchy. The suspension of the Sovereign's right to appoint his own Ministers has been accompanied by the tacit abandonment of the Royal veto; by which I do not mean the veto upon Bills carried through both Houses of Parliament, but the veto upon measures recommended by the Government to the Crown. In former times the

Sovereign had no difficulty in the matter. The King could refuse to allow measures to be brought forward of which he disapproved; and if persisted in against his will, had his remedy at hand. The Roman Catholic question is the leading case in point, which caused the dismissal of the Grenville Ministry in 1807. But the Indian Bill of 1783 is another, and the refusal of William the Fourth to allow any of his Ministers to support the confiscation of Irish Church Revenues is a third (Croker, ii. 243). But we are not aware that during the present reign any similar instance has occurred.

When, e.g., the concession of Home Rule was first proposed to Her Majesty she had no alternative but to recommend it in the Speech from the Throne when Mr. Gladstone insisted on it. The question is not whether this abdication of the Royal authority in any given case is wise or unwise. We merely call attention to the fact that this authority has fallen into complete desuetude, and that the Crown has practically at the present day no will of its own. If anything should ever "happen" to the House of Lords this would be a very serious consideration. And even as it is, the change is not one exclusively for good. It requires no conjurer to see that when the Party system is disorganized, and Ministers are supported, not by a homogeneous body who have confidence in their general principles, and leave details to the Treasury Bench, but by a number of small groups each anxious for the success of its own pet project, the Government are always in danger of being hurried into measures against their own better judgment, in order to prevent the defection of some powerful contingent which would at once place them in a minority. Might not the authority of the Sovereign be exerted to great advantage in such cases as these? There certainly have been periods during the last half century when, if the policy of the Court had been allowed to prevail the country might have escaped some great calamities. If we are to believe what has been repeatedly asserted by the most competent authorities, the Peelites were after the break-up of the Conservative Party in 1846,

the favorites of the Court. Lord Aberdeen was the leader of the Peelites, and had Lord Aberdeen been the real head of his Cabinet, we should have had no Crimean War. But Lord Aberdeen was outvoted. He had to accept the opinion of the majority, and to report to Her Majesty that such was the decision of her Ministers. Could the Queen have replied as George III. once replied to the elder Pitt, "Well, my Lord, this won't do," England might have been spared the Crimean winter, and have kept the Russian Alliance. I hope I shall not be misunderstood—I am not laying down the law with regard to the war of 1854—it may have been the lesser of two evils. But there is a very numerous and influential Party in this country, consisting very largely too of advanced Liberals, who are not of that opinion, and it is for their benefit that I ask the question whether the abandonment of the prohibitive or preventive power which the Crown formerly exercised has always worked exclusively for good?

The Marquis of Lorne in his *Life of Lord Palmerston* scarcely alludes at all to the views of the Court in 1854. But it is well known that they were represented by Lord Aberdeen, who, as both Mr. Russell and Lord Stanmore assure us, desired to stand aloof and leave Turkey and Russia to fight it out if they chose, which in that case it is supposed they would not have chosen. On looking back over the long and beneficent reign which has filled nearly two-thirds of the nineteenth century, it would be a mistake to speak of the Queen as having effaced herself. But partly owing to her extreme youth when she ascended the throne, partly, perhaps, for some years, to her love of domestic life, and the supreme happiness which she found in it, Her Majesty, it would seem, made little effort to retain in her hands powers which sixty years ago might still have been preserved, though after so long a lapse of time they can hardly be revived. Few of her Prime Ministers were likely to remind her of prerogatives which might have interfered with their own, and the consequence has been, as men of leading are now beginning to perceive, that we are left with-

out any barrier against popular impetuosity, except the House of Lords, whereas, had the resisting power been shared between the Monarchy and the Peers, it would have rested on a wider basis, and have been free from some objections to which, perhaps, it is open now.

Of course, the question may be asked whether Monarchy during the last sixty years could have borne the strain, and whether the policy of the Court during that time has not been the only one that was possible. It may be so. But I do not see that it has been in the truest sense of the word more "constitutional" than that of the Queen's immediate predecessors. The constitution, as far as the power of the Crown is concerned, is just what it was in the reign of William the Third. It might be very unwise or worse than unwise to attempt to wield the powers which he exercised without reproach. But there they are. To revive them would not be unconstitutional.

We have said so much on this point because the Queen has so often been called the most constitutional sovereign who ever sat upon the throne. Her Majesty's scrupulous and patriotic observance of both the letter and spirit of the constitution during the whole of her long tenure of power deserves the fullest and most grateful recognition by the whole body of her subjects. But we hope it may be said, without any disrespect to so beloved and so venerable a princess, that in her laudable anxiety not to exceed the limits of the constitution, she may sometimes have kept herself too closely within them; and that in the fear of doing more than was proper to a Queen of England, she may occasionally have done less.

We have heard it said by a great Whig lady, who was, doubtless, speaking the opinions of those among whom she had been brought up, that with all the admiration deservedly entertained by the country for the great abilities and high character of Prince Albert, he might, had he lived, have been the cause of some political trouble in consequence of his dissatisfaction with the position occupied by the Crown. And I have been told, on much higher authority than this, that after 1852 the

Court did entertain the hope for a time of being able to introduce some change into the existing system whereby the powers of the sovereign would have been very considerably increased. The instrument by which Prince Albert hoped to effect this object was a Cabinet composed of men not belonging to either of the two great Parties in the State. He believed that a third Party answering to "the King's friends" might be formed, with a purely Peelite Cabinet at the head of them, taking its instructions on foreign affairs directly from the Crown. If it is true that the vision of a Government independent of all Parties did dance before the eyes of Sir Robert Peel himself we should hardly like to call it impossible. But the country was certainly not ripe for it forty years ago. There is no fault to be found with Prince Albert, much the reverse, for wishing to see the Crown more powerful; but it is surprising that so able a man should have underrated, as he evidently did, the difficulties that stood in the way of it.

Among the various changes, social, political, and ecclesiastical, which have marked the reign of Queen Victoria, the changed position of the Crown is the most important, though the least exposed to observation. Down to Her Majesty's accession when any great measure was in contemplation, it was always asked what will the King say. That question is not asked nowadays, at all events by the public. Baron Stockmar accuses the Queen's Prime Ministers of having abandoned or failed to maintain her prerogatives. Mr. Gladstone* inquires what prerogatives? What he calls the statutory prerogatives of the Crown have never been assailed either by the Ministry or the Opposition, while "those immemorial and inherent powers which have no written warrant, which form the real and genuine prerogatives, and give the monarch an undoubted *locus standi* in all the deliberations of a government, remain as they were." This last position is what I venture to doubt. And Mr. Gladstone himself seems conscious of a difference when he allows a

little further on "that the subordination in the last resort of the royal to the national will when expressed through the constitutional organs, which was fact before the Reform Bill, has been more patent and admitted fact since that measure became law." That is not all. There is an unintentional equivocation in Mr. Gladstone's use of the word "fact." The power of the Sovereign to refuse assent to a measure proposed by his Ministers, and thereby at least to postpone it perhaps for several years, which was "fact" before the death of William the Fourth, has not been fact during the present reign. Such at least is the contention in this article, by one who has no pretensions to be behind the scenes, and has access to no other information than is open to the public at large. Is any instance to be found, since 1837, when the Crown has refused to be a party to measures recommended by the Government, thereby causing them to be either deferred or abandoned? Mr. Gladstone names George the Fourth's opposition to the Roman Catholic Bill as the last example of "independent kingship." I have assigned this honor to William the Fourth's opposition to the proposal afterward known as the Appropriation Clause. This was his chief reason for the dismissal of the Whig Ministry. His subsequent submission, when the Appropriation Clause was embodied in the Tithes Bill of 1836, is what I should call "the death of British kingship in its older sense"—if we should not rather say the suspended animation of "British kingship in its older sense." But there was certainly no understanding at that time that it was never to be used again; and I can see no tangible or obvious reason why the Queen should not have kept it alive had she been so minded. If it has been her Prime Ministers who have dissuaded her from doing so, then of course Baron Stockmar is in the right. But whether or no, the fact remains—and it is one of the most important facts that greet us in a retrospect of the last sixty years—that this particular element of authority, this one great constitutional check, has been allowed to fall into desuetude, and with it an additional guarantee for the maturity

* *Gleanings*, vol. i. 76-79.

and stability of all accomplished legislation.

Before quitting this subject we shall call a very important witness to the truth of the above remarks.

"The knowledge that the king holds firmly a certain opinion, and will abide by it, prevents in many cases an opposite opinion being offered to him. If offered it will be withdrawn (witness the admission of Roman Catholics to the army and navy in 1806-1807).

"The personal character of a really constitutional king, of mature age, of experience in public affairs, and knowledge of men, manners, and customs is, practically, so much ballast keeping the vessel of the State steady in her course, counteracting the levity of popular Ministers, of orators forced by oratory into public councils, the blasts of democratic passions, the ground swell of discontent, and 'the ignorant impatience for the relaxation of taxation.'

"But at this crisis of our fate we are deprived of this aid."

The writer of these words was Sir Robert Peel, in July, 1837.

He probably meant that when the Queen had reached mature age, and gained the necessary experience, she might be expected to assume this function. That Her Majesty has not done so to any appreciable extent is only my own opinion, and I should be glad to see it refuted. The lives of the Prime Ministers afford us very little assistance in questions of this kind, and we should gather from Mr. Justin M'Carthy's *Life of Peel* that he had never even read the above letter. He tells us that constitutional government only began with the accession of Queen Victoria. If we are to accept the authority of Sir Robert Peel, an important element of constitutional government was then dropped. With regard to the simple fact, they both seem to be at one, and to confirm what we have here said.

The next great "fact" which strikes us on looking back over the past, is that, no matter what Prime Minister was in power, the stream of progress has flowed steadily on with only one important break throughout the whole reign. Its source indeed is to be looked for higher up. It rises in the early part of the reign of George the Fourth, some seventy-five years ago. But the Victorian era accounts for sixty of these years, and what we seem to learn from the whole long history is

that while great organic changes depend a good deal on the character and will of individuals, the course of quiet domestic improvement pursues the even tenor of its way, whatever statesman is in office. Lord Melbourne passed the new Poor Law and the Municipal Corporations Act. Peel and Russell between them reconstructed the Tariff and abolished Protection. Lord Palmerston passed the Divorce Act, fortified our forts and dockyards, and placed on the Statute Book that very useful administrative measure the Union Chargeability Bill. In 1852 Lord Derby reorganized the Militia. To Mr. Gladstone we owe the Education Act, the Licensing Act, the Ballot Act, the abolition of Purchase in the Army, and the University Tests Act. Mr. Disraeli addressed himself to questions of local administration. To the local ratepayers he afforded a large measure of relief; and the Rating Act, the Highways Act, and the Prisons Act were all measures of the same quality. Besides these he passed into law between 1874 and 1880 no less than fifteen measures, all directed to the protection of the public health, the improvement of the condition of the poor, and the removal of the special grievances under which they believed themselves to be suffering. For some of these measures he was publicly thanked by the labor representatives in Parliament, and they are frequently referred to with approbation at the present day. He reformed the English Universities, amended Mr. Forster's Education Act, and gave the British agriculturist security for unexhausted improvements. Lord Salisbury established a system of local self-government in the English counties, to which Mr. Gladstone added another wing, passed measures for bringing the peasantry into closer connection with the land, and has since carried out a very valuable educational reform, and a great measure of relief urgently demanded by the landed interest.

Of course any attempt to give an exhaustive enumeration of this class of measures would be both ridiculous and impossible. The above mentioned are sufficient to illustrate our meaning. They were nearly all of them practical

reforms of which the country stood in need, not forced on by agitation, but by the gradual growth of public opinion testifying to the existence of a real demand founded on matured experience. Measures of this kind have been sure of passing whoever was in power; and with this evidence before us we should see that reaction, in any practical sense, is the merest bugbear. The country, as a rule, to which, however, we have some glaring exceptions, can rely on the continuation of this healthy domestic progress as steadily by one side as the other.

But when we turn to another class of questions, to organic or constitutional changes, of which, during the Queen's reign, some have been effected, and others introduced without success, we observe a very interesting and suggestive difference. These measures, whether good or bad, successful or unsuccessful, have almost always been due either to individuals or to the combination of a few statesmen, who saw in them the only avenue to power, or the only move on the board to checkmate an adversary. These reforms or resolutions, call them by what name we may, have come from above. The other kind has come from below.

The Bill of 1832 was out of all proportion to any demand for Parliamentary reform which existed in the country. It was intended to dish the Tories, in which it effectually succeeded. As much may be said of the Reform Bill of 1867. It was intended to dish the Whigs. And though there is a very good defence for both measures upon public grounds, we question whether we should ever have seen either of them had they depended upon nothing else. The later of the two measures was the work of two men only. We should point out in parenthesis that it is quite a mistake to suppose that in regard to the ratepaying suffrage, the original basis of the Bill of 1867, Lord Derby was overborne by Mr. Disraeli; it was as much Lord Derby's idea as Mr. Disraeli's, if not more. Then came the Irish Church Bill, a bold and brilliant counter-move by which Mr. Gladstone effectually nonplussed his adversary, and intercepted the victory which would cer-

tainly otherwise have rewarded the Conservative leaders. In 1885 it was necessary to change the constituencies in order to avoid a change of Government, as the Ministry would certainly have lost their seats at a general election had no such manipulation taken place. But for this all-powerful motive, which operated only on a few leading men, the old electorate might have lasted till the present moment. It is needless to speak of Home Rule and all that has followed since that time: the attacks upon the Church of England, the attacks upon the House of Lords. That there was no popular demand for either has been abundantly proved.

Mr. Russell, in his *Life of Mr. Gladstone*, hardly takes the trouble to answer this explanation of the Irish Church Bill, though it was before him when he wrote. He quotes the words of Bishop Wilberforce: "I am afraid Gladstone has been drawn into it from the unconscious restlessness of his being out of office, though I have no doubt his hatred to the low tone of the Irish Church has had a great deal to do with it." Exactly: as with Parliamentary Reform so with the Irish Bill, there was, no doubt, a case to be set up for Disestablishment; but what was the instigating motive at the moment? Mr. Russell remarks that Mr. Gladstone's "letter to Dr. Hannah in 1865 only meant that he did not see how soon the occasion might arise for giving effect to an opinion which had long been forming in his mind." Exactly so, again. When Mr. Disraeli seemed likely to return to power with a large majority, the occasion *had* arisen: the formation of opinion was completed. On the Reform Bill of 1885 Mr. Russell is silent. But on the dissolution of 1886 following within six months of the previous one, he adds another instance of the royal will being set aside. Her Majesty was very much opposed to another dissolution. But she was obliged to yield.

If there is any truth in the above diagnosis it follows that it is to the people we are to look for great practical reforms, and to discontented individuals for blazing revolutionary projects. It is to be noted, too, that this is a distinctive feature of the present reign;

and particularly of the latter half of it. When Lord Melbourne, or Sir Robert Peel, or Lord John Russell, or Lord Palmerston were driven from office, they did not at once try to get up a revolution as the best way of reinstating themselves. The retrospect suggested by the lives of the Queen's Prime Ministers exhibits this practice as an unhappily salient characteristic of the later Victorian era: one of the least satisfactory symptoms of the condition of Parliamentary Government.

And this remark leads us to another curious reflection on the comparative positions of the two Houses of Parliament at the accession of Her Majesty and at the present day. Mr. Gladstone has said that the House of Commons reached the zenith of its power and popularity about the middle of the century; and no doubt for some forty years after the Reform Bill it continued to stand at a high level in public estimation. But I need not be afraid of adding, what is matter of common notoriety, that this high level has not been maintained down to the present time. The decline is not perhaps to be attributed to any one single cause; but Mr. Parnell had the honor of setting an example which soon found imitators among English parties, not indeed with a similar object in view, but with a similar disregard of Parliamentary traditions, and those unwritten laws which had hitherto been held sacred. They did not avow, like the Irishmen, that it was part of their design to make Parliament impotent and contemptible; but in using the same means for the furtherance of different ends, they were contributing to the general relaxation of discipline which began to be apparent during Mr. Gladstone's second Administration. Then, as men gradually found their way into the House of Commons who, neither through personal experience nor social connection, had any knowledge of Parliamentary usage, or appreciation of Parliamentary dignity, the evil grew worse. Even the old respect for the authority of the Speaker was not always preserved. Unseemly brawls became not infrequent, and it grew in time to be a colloquial commonplace

to describe the House of Commons as a bear-garden.

Side by side with the growth of disorder sprang up also a new system of opposition, traceable in part perhaps to the character of the new constituencies as formed by the successive Reform Bills of 1867 and 1885. When it was once recognized, or thought to be recognized, that electoral majorities represented only the impulse of the moment, there was no reason why the defeated party of to-day should not be the conquering hero of to-morrow; the natural result being that the party which is placed in a minority instantly sets to work to weaken and discredit the Government by every means at its command. This becomes its sole object, and hitherto events have justified it. Hence the practice of straining every nerve to prevent Government Bills from being carried, in order that Ministries at the end of every Session may stand convicted of barrenness and incompetence. This is done without any regard to the merits of the legislation proposed. The one thing is to convict the Government of failure, and the means by which this end is attained, though it may spin out discussion to any length, is fatal to real eloquence and the rise of genuine orators. The majestic stream of Parliamentary debate is gradually being lost in the swamps and shallows of obstruction.

It cannot be supposed that the country does not notice these things; and it is not wonderful that all combined they have wrought a considerable change in the status of the Lower House; and though we trust that its downward progress may yet be arrested, its decline both in moral weight and practical efficiency since 1837 is, we fear, indisputable.

On the other hand, if we compare the position of the House of Lords at the present day with its position when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, we shall be struck with the fact that in proportion as the House of Commons has sunk in public opinion, the House of Lords has risen. We have nothing to do but to read the letters of the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, and even Sir James Graham, al-

most any time during the thirties, to see that they thought neither the House of Lords nor the Church had long to live. When the odium which the House of Lords had incurred by opposition to the Reform Bill had passed away, it was succeeded by a feeling very like contempt; and if we consult again those storehouses of political information—Lord Beaconsfield's novels—we shall find abundant evidence of the position which the House of Lords occupied in public estimation down, at all events, to the middle of the century. The tide began to turn with the renewed interest in Foreign Affairs aroused in 1848, with the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and the predominance of foreign politics during the whole of Lord Palmerston's Administration. The superiority of the debates in the House of Lords on subjects of this nature began then to be observed. It became very conspicuous during the twenty years that followed the resignation of Mr. Gladstone in 1874, while the attitude which it has recently taken up in defence of the Empire, the constitution, and the highest interests of labor, not only proves that it is still animated by a high sense of duty, and a spirit worthy of its ancestral history, but also that in political sagacity and insight into national opinion it is superior to the elective assembly. No one can compare the tone in which the House of Lords was habitually spoken of in 1837, with the tone in which it is habitually spoken of at the present day without being sensible that the upward progress of the one chamber has been quite as marked as the downward progress of the other.

As the will of the Sovereign has retired more and more into the background, the function described by Sir Robert Peel as "the proper function of a king, namely, to counteract the levity of popular Ministers, and of orators, forced by oratory, into public councils," has devolved almost exclusively on the House of Lords. And the point to be noticed is that the more conspicuous this function has become the more popular has the House of Lords grown. The nation now recognizes in this Assembly the guardian of its rights and

liberties; whereas, sixty years ago, it was thought to be the enemy of both.

Whether the Church of England is really stronger or weaker, more popular or more unpopular than she was at Her Majesty's accession, is a very difficult question to answer. When the legal obligation of all alike to contribute to the Church Rate was abolished by the House of Lords, a blow was struck at her theory. Twenty years afterward her friend, Mr. Gladstone, put an end to the surviving practice. Under one Liberal Prime Minister she lost her hold on the Universities; under another she lost her position in the parish; and she has gone near since then to losing it in the schools also. On the other hand, the great ecclesiastical event of Queen Victoria's reign, the Anglican revival, beginning in 1833, has gone on increasing in strength and popularity ever since. It is this alone, in my opinion, which has drawn into the Church of England a sufficient number of devoted men to enable her to gain that hold upon the laboring population which is now extending every day, and to which alone we have to look for her security in the future. Faith in their Anglo-Catholic Church inspires these men with something of the same kind of zeal which inspired the Romish missionaries in the sixteenth century, and, like these, they have retrieved a fallen cause, and have won, as I believe, a great battle against heavy odds. Neither the Evangelical Party, nor the Broad Church Party, nor the old high and dry party could have produced the desired type. And this success has been achieved not only without any help from the Queen's Prime Ministers, but in spite of the open opposition of some of them, and the cold indifference of the rest.

In the department of foreign affairs, I suppose it will be generally allowed that Lord Palmerston and Lord Salisbury have been the two greatest among the Queen's Prime Ministers. I need not name the smallest. But if Lord Palmerston and Lord Salisbury were the two greatest, they were great in two different ways. Lord Palmerston did not win his crown by a policy that was always to be approved of. His

eminence was sometimes a bad eminence. It will hardly be said in the present day that when Lord Palmerston was earning for himself the title of the Captain Rock of Europe he was doing his country good service. Our connections with the great continental monarchies which it was the aim of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen to preserve, were loosened by the action of Lord Palmerston, a result which, whatever satisfaction it might give to the shallow Liberalism of the day, was far from conducive to the highest interests of this country, to the maintenance of either peace abroad or security and economy at home. Whether the position of England in Europe is at this moment higher or lower than it was in 1837, is a question which is often answered without sufficient consideration. In 1837 only twenty-two years had elapsed since the Battle of Waterloo. All our loyalty, all our sacrifices, and our long career of victory by land and sea, were still fresh in the minds of the European sovereigns. The Crimean War showed indeed that English soldiers were the same men who climbed the ramparts at Badajos, and held the orchard at Hougomont. The Indian Mutiny proved that the ancient spirit and vast resources of this country were still unbroken. But there is this great difference between the two periods, that in 1837 the long continuity of English foreign policy had only just been severed, whereas in 1897 the old concert has only just been revived after an interval of thirty years. In the debate on the Address in 1835 Sir Robert Peel said, "I offer you the renewed confidence of powerful states." There would have been no difficulty then in restoring it; and even after five years more of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy Sir Robert Peel did to a great extent revive it. But after his downfall our foreign policy for another generation was under the control of Ministers whose attitude, as a general rule, was not favorable to the maintenance of a good understanding with our old allies. But in Lord Salisbury we have a Minister of another mould; and if it were not that there is no longer any guarantee for the continuity of our policy, there is no reason why we

should not now stand quite as well with Europe as we did sixty years ago. Our *power* certainly is as much respected as it ever was.

But, if possible, even more satisfactory than the improvement in our foreign policy under the direction of Lord Salisbury is that gradual development of closer and more cordial relations with our colonial empire which the last thirty years have witnessed. Great Britain and her Colonies now feel themselves to be one. The latter are no longer appendages, but integral parts of one great Imperial unit. The loss of any one of them would be the same thing to us as the loss of the Orkneys or the Hebrides. It is difficult to realize the state of public feeling on this subject when it was possible for an English Colonial Secretary to say to a Colonial deputation that England did not care whether she kept her Colonies or not, that they were free to go or to stay as they pleased; and that we should be at no trouble or expense to retain their allegiance. As for our own emigrants, England would not hold up her little finger to induce them to remain under the British flag rather than under any other. For this is what our Colonists were told nearly in so many words in the year 1869. And perhaps on the whole we may regard the repudiation of this sordid and shameful policy as the most reassuring testimony to the still unbroken soundness of the national character which Her Majesty's long reign has witnessed.

I am not writing a history of England, and may draw rein at the point which we have now reached. The Victorian era has carried England gently, if not almost imperceptibly, from an aristocratic to a democratic form of Government, and that so vast a change has been effected with so little friction is a fact of which Englishmen may well be proud, though the goal at which we have arrived may not be such as all of us approve. If—after all—if we are obliged to say of the Queen's reign,

"πολλὰ μὲν ἐσθλὰ μεμυγμένα, πολλὰ δὲ λυγρά,"

it is only what we have to say of all human things; and in this instance we may gladly admit that the good preponderates over the evil.—*The National Review*.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY: A PERSONAL RETROSPECT.

BY WILLIAM HUGGINS.

WHILE progress in all branches of knowledge has been rapid beyond precedent during the past sixty years, in at least two directions this knowledge has been so unexpected and novel in character that two new sciences may be said to have arisen: the new medicine, with which the names of Lister and of Pasteur will remain associated; and the new astronomy, of the birth and early growth of which I have now to speak.

The new astronomy, unlike the old astronomy to which we are indebted for skill in the navigation of the seas, the calculation of the tides, and the daily regulation of time, can lay no claim to afford us material help in the routine of daily life. Her sphere lies outside the earth. Is she less fair? Shall we pay her less court because it is to mental culture in its highest form, to our purely intellectual joys that she contributes? For surely in no part of Nature are the noblest and most profound conceptions of the human spirit more directly called forth than in the study of the heavens and the host thereof.

That with the glorie of so goodly sight
The hearts of men . . .
. . . . may lift themselves up hyer.

May we not rather greet her in the words of Horace: "O matre pulchra filia pulchrior"?

As it fell to my lot to have some part in the early development of this new science, it has been suggested to me that the present Jubilee year of retrospect would be a suitable occasion to give some account of its history from the standpoint of my own work.

Before I begin the narrative of my personal observations, it is desirable that I should give a short statement of the circumstances which led up to the birth of the new science in 1859, and also say a few words of the state of scientific opinion about the matters of which it treats, just before that time.

It is not easy for men of the present generation, familiar with the knowl-

edge which the new methods of research of which I am about to speak have revealed to us, to put themselves back a generation, into the position of the scientific thought which existed on these subjects in the early years of the Queen's reign. At that time any knowledge of the chemical nature and of the physics of the heavenly bodies was regarded as not only impossible of attainment by any methods of direct observation, but as, indeed, lying altogether outside the limitations imposed upon man by his senses, and by the fixity of his position upon the earth.

It could never be, it was confidently thought, more than a matter of presumption, whether even the matter of the sun, and much less that of the stars, were of the same nature as that of the earth, and the unceasing energy radiated from it due to such matter at a high temperature. The nebular hypothesis of Laplace at the end of the last century required, indeed, that matter similar to that of the earth should exist throughout the solar system; but then this hypothesis itself needed for its full confirmation the independent and direct observation that the solar matter was terrestrial in its nature. This theoretical probability in the case of the sun vanished almost into thin air when the attempt was made to extend it to the stellar hosts; for it might well be urged that in those immensely distant regions an original difference of the primordial stuff as well as other conditions of condensation were present, giving rise to groups of substances which have but little analogy with those of our earthly chemistry.

About the time of the Queen's accession to the throne the French philosopher Comte put very clearly in his *Cours de Philosophie Positive* the views then held, of the impossibility of direct observations of the chemical nature of the heavenly bodies. He says:

On conçoit en effet, que nous puissions conjecturer, avec quelque espoir de succès, sur la formation du système solaire dont nous

faisons partie, car il nous présente de nombreux phénomènes parfaitement connus, susceptibles peut-être de porter un témoignage décisif de sa véritable origine immédiate. Mais quelle pourrait être, au contraire, la base rationnelle de nos conjectures sur la formation des soleils eux-mêmes? Comment confirmer ou infirmer à ce sujet, d'après les phénomènes, aucune hypothèse cosmogonique, lorsqu'il n'existe vraiment en ce genre aucun phénomène exploré, ni même, sans doute, EXPLORABLE? [The capitals are mine.]

We could never know for certain, it seemed, whether the matter and the forces with which we are familiar are peculiar to the earth, or are common with it to the midnight sky,

All sow'd with glistening stars more thicke
than grasse,
Whereof each other doth in brightness passe.

For how could we extend the methods of the laboratory to bodies at distances so great that even the imagination fails to realize them?

The only communication from them which reaches us across the gulf of space is the light which tells us of their existence. Fortunately this light is not so simple in its nature as it seems to be to the unaided eye. In reality it is very complex; like a cable of many strands, it is made up of light rays of many kinds. Let this light-cable pass from air obliquely through a piece of glass, and its separate strand-rays all go astray, each turning its own way, and then go on apart. Make the glass into the shape of a wedge or prism, and the rays are twice widely scattered.

First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth: the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all refreshing green.
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal
skies,
Ethereal played; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deepened indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away.

Within this unravelled starlight exists a strange cryptography. Some of the rays may be blotted out, others may be enhanced in brilliancy. These differences, countless in variety, form a code of signals, in which is conveyed to us, when once we have made out the cipher in which it is written, information of the chemical nature of

the celestial gases by which the different light rays have been blotted out, or by which they have been enhanced. In the hands of the astronomer a prism has now become more potent in revealing the unknown than even was said to be "Agrippa's magic glass."

It was the discovery of this code of signals, and of its interpretation, which made possible the rise of the new astronomy. We must glance, but very briefly, at some of the chief steps in the progress of events which slowly led up to this discovery.

Newton, in his classical work upon the solar spectrum, failed, through some strange fatality, to discover the narrow gaps wanting in light, which, as dark lines, cross the colors of the spectrum and constitute the code of symbols. His failure is often put down to his using a round hole in place of a narrow slit, through the overlapping of the images of which the dark lines failed to show themselves. Though Newton did use a round hole, he states distinctly in his *Optics* that later he adopted a narrow opening in the form of a long parallelogram—that is, a true slit—at first one-tenth of an inch in width, then only one-twentieth of an inch, and at last still narrower. These conditions under which Newton worked were such as should have shown him the dark lines upon his screen. Professor Johnson has recently repeated Newton's experiments under strictly similar conditions, with the result that the chief dark lines were well seen. For some reason Newton failed to discover them. A possible cause may have been the bad annealing of his prism, though he says that it was made of good glass and free from bubbles.

The dark lines were described first by Wollaston in 1792, who strangely associated them with the boundaries of the spectral colors, and so turned contemporary thought away from the direction in which lay their true significance. It was left to Fraunhofer in 1815, by whose name the dark lines are still known, not only to map some 600 of them, but also to discover similar lines, but differently arranged, in several stars. Further, he found that a pair of dark lines in the solar spec-

trum appeared to correspond in their position in the spectrum, and in their distance from each other, to a pair of bright lines which were nearly always present in terrestrial flames. This last observation contained the key to the interpretation of the dark lines as a code of symbols: but Fraunhofer failed to use it; and the birth of astrophysics was delayed. An observation by Forbes at the eclipse of 1836 led thought away from the suggestive experiments of Fraunhofer; so that in the very year of the Queen's accession the knowledge of the time had to be summed up by Mrs. Somerville in the negation: "We are still ignorant of the cause of these rayless bands."

Later on, the revelation came more or less fully to many minds. Foucault, Balfour Stewart, Ångström prepared the way. Prophetic guesses were made by Stokes and by Lord Kelvin. But it was Kirchhoff who, in 1852, first fully developed the true significance of the dark lines; and by his joint work with Bunsen on the solar spectrum proved beyond all question that the dark lines in the spectrum of the sun are produced by the absorption of the vapors of the same substances, which when suitably heated give out corresponding bright lines; and, further, that many of the solar absorbing vapors are those of substances found upon the earth. The new astronomy was born.

At the time that I purchased my present house, Tulse Hill was much more than now in the country and away from the smoke of London. It was after a little hesitation that I decided to give my chief attention to observational astronomy, for I was strongly under the spell of the rapid discoveries then taking place in microscopical research in connection with physiology.

In 1856 I built a convenient observatory opening by a passage from the house, and raised so as to command an uninterrupted view of the sky except on the north side. It consisted of a dome twelve feet in diameter, and a transit room. There was erected in it an equatorially mounted telescope by Dollond of five inches aperture, at that time looked upon as a large rather than

a small instrument. I commenced work on the usual lines, taking transits, observing and making drawings of planets. Some of Jupiter now lying before me, I venture to think, would not compare unfavorably with drawings made with the larger instruments of the present day.

About that time Mr. Alvan Clark, the founder of the American firm famous for the construction of the great object-glasses of the Lick and the Yerkes Observatories, then a portrait-painter by profession, began, as an amateur, to make object-glasses of large size for that time, and of very great merit. Specimens of his earliest work came into the hands of my friend Mr. Dawes and received the high approval of that distinguished judge. In 1858 I purchased from Mr. Dawes an object-glass by Alvan Clark of eight inches diameter, which he parted with to make room for a lens of a larger diameter by a quarter of an inch, which Mr. Clark had undertaken to make for him. I paid the price that it had cost Mr. Dawes—namely, £200. This telescope was mounted for me equatorially and provided with a clock motion by Mr. Cooke of York.

I soon became a little dissatisfied with the routine character of ordinary astronomical work, and in a vague way sought about in my mind for the possibility of research upon the heavens in a new direction or by new methods. It was just at this time, when a vague longing after newer methods of observation for attacking many of the problems of the heavenly bodies filled my mind, that the news reached me of Kirchhoff's great discovery of the true nature and the chemical constitution of the sun from his interpretation of the Fraunhofer lines.

This news was to me like the coming upon a spring of water in a dry and thirsty land. Here at last presented itself the very order of work for which in an indefinite way I was looking—namely, to extend his novel methods of research upon the sun to the other heavenly bodies. A feeling as of inspiration seized me: I felt as if I had it now in my power to lift a veil which had never before been lifted; as if a key had been put into my hands which

would unlock a door which had been regarded as forever closed to man—the veil and door behind which lay the unknown mystery of the true nature of the heavenly bodies. This was especially work for which I was to a great extent prepared, from being already familiar with the chief methods of chemical and physical research.

It was just at this time that I happened to meet at a *soirée* of the Pharmaceutical Society, where spectroscopes were shown, my friend and neighbor, Dr. W. Allen Miller, Professor of Chemistry at King's College, who had already worked much on chemical spectroscopy. A sudden impulse seized me to suggest to him that we should return home together. On our way home I told him of what was in my mind, and asked him to join me in the attempt I was about to make, to apply Kirchhoff's methods to the stars. At first, from considerations of the great relative faintness of the stars, and the great delicacy of the work from the earth's motion, even with the aid of a clockwork, he hesitated as to the probability of our success. Finally he agreed to come to my observatory on the first fine evening, for some preliminary experiments as to what we might expect to do upon the stars.

At that time a star spectroscope was an instrument unknown to the optician. I remember that for our first trials we had one of the hollow prisms filled with bisulphide of carbon so much in use then, and which in consequence of a small leak smelt abominably. To this day this pungent odor reminds me of star spectra!

Let us look at the problem which lay before us. It is difficult for any one, who has now only to give an order for a star spectroscope, to understand in any true degree the difficulties which we met with in attempting to make such observations for the first time. From the sun with which the Heidelberg professors had to do—which, even bright as it is, for some parts of the spectrum has no light to spare—to the brightest stars is a very far cry. The light received at the earth from a first magnitude star, as Vega, is only about the one forty thou-

sand millionth part of that received from the sun.

Fortunately, as the stars are too far off to show a true disk, it is possible to concentrate all the light received from the star upon a large mirror or object-glass, into the telescopic image, and so increase its brightness.

We could not make use of the easy method adopted by Fraunhofer of placing a prism before the object-glass, for we needed a terrestrial spectrum, taken under the same conditions, for the interpretation, by a simultaneous comparison with it of the star's spectrum. Kirchhoff's method required that the image of a star should be thrown upon a narrow slit simultaneously with the light from a flame or from an electric spark.

These conditions made it necessary to attach a spectroscope to the eye-end of the telescope, so that it would be carried with it, with its slit in the focal plane. Then, by means of a small reflecting prism placed before one half of the slit, light from a terrestrial source at the side of the telescope could be sent into the instrument together with the star's light, and so form a spectrum by the side of the stellar spectrum, for convenient comparison with it.

This was not all. As the telescopic image of a star is a point, its spectrum will be a narrow line of light without appreciable breadth. Now for the observation of either dark or of bright lines across the spectrum a certain breadth is absolutely needful. To get breadth, the pointlike image of the star must be broadened out. As light is of first importance, it was desirable to broaden the star's image only in the one direction necessary to give breadth to the spectrum; or, in other words, to convert the stellar point into a short line of light. Such an enlargement in one direction only could be given by the device, first employed by Fraunhofer himself, of a lens convex or concave in one direction only, and flat, and so having no action on the light, in a direction at right angles to the former one.

When I went to the distinguished optician, Mr. Andrew Ross, to ask for such a lens, he told me that no such

lenses were made in England, but that the spectacle lenses then very occasionally required to correct astigmatism—first used, I believe, by the then Astronomer Royal, the late Sir George Airy—were ground in Berlin. He procured for me from Germany several lenses; but not long after, a cylindrical lens was ground for me by Brown-ing. By means of such a lens, placed within the focus of the telescope, in front of the slit, the pointlike image of a star could be widened in one direction so as to become a very fine line of light, just so long as, but no longer than, was necessary to give to the spectrum a breadth sufficient for distinguishing any lines by which it may be crossed.

It is scarcely possible at the present day, when all these points are as familiar as household words, for any astronomer to realize the large amount of time and labor which had to be devoted to the successful construction of the first star spectroscop. Especially was it difficult to provide for the satisfactory introduction of the light for the comparison spectrum. We soon found, to our dismay, how easily the comparison lines might become instrumentally shifted, and so be no longer strictly fiducial. As a test we used the solar lines as reflected to us from the moon—a test of more than sufficient delicacy with the resolving power at our command.

Then it was that an astronomical observatory began, for the first time, to take on the appearance of a laboratory. Primary batteries, giving forth noxious gases, were arranged outside one of the windows; a large induction coil stood mounted on a stand on wheels so as to follow the positions of the eye-end of the telescope, together with a battery of several Leyden jars; shelves with Bunsen burners, vacuum tubes, and bottles of chemicals, especially of specimens of pure metals, lined its walls.

The observatory became a meeting place where terrestrial chemistry was brought into direct touch with celestial chemistry. The characteristic light-rays from earthly hydrogen shone side by side with the corresponding radiations from starry hydrogen, or

else fell upon the dark lines due to the absorption of the hydrogen in Sirius or in Vega. Iron from our mines was line-matched, light for dark, with stellar iron from opposite parts of the celestial sphere. Sodium, which upon the earth is always present with us, was found to be widely diffused through the celestial spaces.

This time was, indeed, one of strained expectation and of scientific exaltation for the astronomer, almost without parallel; for nearly every observation revealed a new fact, and almost every night's work was red-lettered by some discovery. And yet, notwithstanding, we had to record "that the inquiry in which we had been engaged has been more than usually toilsome; indeed, it has demanded a sacrifice of time very great when compared with the amount of information which we have been able to obtain."

Soon after the close of 1862 we sent a preliminary note to the Royal Society, "On the Lines of some of the Fixed Stars," in which we gave diagrams of the spectra of Sirius, Betelgeux, and Aldebaran, with the statement that we had observed the spectra of some forty stars, and also the spectra of the planets Jupiter and Mars. It was a little remarkable that on the same day on which our paper was to be read, but some little time after it had been sent in, news arrived there from America that similar observations on some of the stars had been made by Mr. Rutherford. A very little later similar work on the spectra of the stars was undertaken in Rome by Secchi, and in Germany by Vogel.

In February, 1863, the strictly astronomical character of the observatory was further encroached upon by the erection, in one corner, of a small photographic tent furnished with baths and other appliances for the wet collodion process. We obtained photographs, indeed, of the spectra of Sirius and Capella; but from want of steadiness and more perfect adjustment of the instruments, the spectra, though defined at the edges, did not show the dark lines as we expected. The dry collodion plates then available were not rapid enough; and the wet process was so inconvenient for long expo-

tures, from irregular drying, and draining back from the positions in which the plates had often to be put, that we did not persevere in our attempts to photograph the stellar spectra. I resumed them with success in 1875, as we shall see further on.

At that time no convenient maps of the spectra of the chemical elements, which were then but imperfectly known, were available for comparison with the spectra of the stars. Kirchhoff's maps were confined to a few elements, and were laid down on an arbitrary scale, relatively to the solar spectrum. It was not always easy, since our work had to be done at night when the solar spectrum could not be seen, to recognize with certainty even the lines included in Kirchhoff's maps. To meet this want, I devoted a great part of 1863 to mapping, with a train of six prisms, the spectra of twenty-six of the elements; using as a standard scale the spark-spectrum of common air, which would be always at hand. The lines of air were first carefully referred to those of purified oxygen and nitrogen. The spectra were obtained by the discharge of a large induction coil furnished with a condenser of several Leyden jars. I was much assisted by specimens of pure metals furnished to me by Dr. W. A. Miller and Dr. Matthiessen. My paper on this subject, and its accompanying maps, appeared in the volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society for 1864.

During the same time, whenever the nights were fine, our work on the spectra of the stars went on, and the results were communicated to the Royal Society in April 1864; after which Dr. Miller had not sufficient leisure to continue working with me. The general accuracy of our work, so far as it was possible with the instruments at our disposal, is shown by the good agreement of the spectra of Aldebaran and Betelgeux with the observations of the same stars made later in Germany by Vogel.

It is obviously unsafe to claim for spectrum comparisons a greater degree of accuracy than is justified by the resolving power employed. When the apparent coincidences of the lines of the same substance are numerous, as

in the case of iron; or the lines are characteristically grouped, as are those of hydrogen, of sodium, and of magnesium, there is no room for doubt that the same substances are really in the stars. Coincidence with a single line may be little better than trusting to a bruised reed; for the stellar line may, under greater resolving power, break up into two or more lines, and then the coincidence may disappear. As we shall see presently, the apparent position of the star-line may not be its true one, in consequence of the earth's or the star's motion in the line of sight. Our work, however, was amply sufficient to give a certain reply to the wonder that had so long asked in vain of what the stars were made. The chemistry of the solar system was shown to prevail, essentially at least, wherever a star twinkles. The stars were undoubtedly suns after the order of our sun, though not all at the same evolutionary stage, older or younger it may be, in the life history of bodies of which the vitality is heat. Further, elements which play a chief rôle in terrestrial physics, as iron, hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, were found to be the first and the most easily recognized of the earthly substances in the stars.

Soon after the completion of the joint work of Dr. Miller and myself and then working alone, I was fortunate in the early autumn of the same year, 1864, to begin some observations in a region hitherto unexplored; and which, to this day, remain associated in my memory with the profound awe which I felt on looking for the first time at that which no eye of man had seen, and which even the scientific imagination could not foreshow.

The attempt seemed almost hopeless. For not only are the nebulae very faintly luminous—as Marius put it, “like a rush-light shining through a horn”—but their feeble shining cannot be increased in brightness, as can be that of the stars, neither to the eye nor in the spectroscope, by any optic tube, however great.

Shortly after making the observations of which I am about to speak, I dined at Greenwich, Otto Struve being also a guest, when, on telling of my

recent work on the nebulae, Sir George Airy said: "It seems to me a case of 'Eyes and No Eyes.'" Such work indeed it was, as we shall see, on certain of the nebulae.

The nature of these mysterious bodies was still an unread riddle. Toward the end of the last century the elder Herschel, from his observations at Slough, came very near suggesting what is doubtless the true nature, and place in the Cosmos, of the nebulae. I will let him speak in his own words:

A shining fluid of a nature unknown to us. What a field of novelty is here opened to our conceptions! . . . We may now explain that very extensive nebulosity, expanded over more than sixty degrees of the heavens, about the constellation of Orion; a luminous matter accounting much better for it than clustering stars at a distance. . . .

If this matter is self-luminous, it seems more fit to produce a star by its condensation, than to depend on the star for its existence.

This view of the nebulae as parts of a fiery mist out of which the heavens had been slowly fashioned, began, a little before the middle of the present century, at least in many minds, to give way before the revelations of the giant telescopes which had come into use, and especially of the telescope, six feet in diameter, constructed by the late Earl of Rosse at a cost of not less than £12,000.

Nebula after nebula yielded, being resolved apparently into innumerable stars, as the optical power was increased; and so the opinion began to gain ground that all nebulae may be capable of resolution into stars. According to this view, nebulae would have to be regarded, not as early stages of an evolutionary progress, but rather as stellar galaxies already formed, external to our system—cosmical "sand-heaps" too remote to be separated into their component stars. Lord Rosse himself was careful to point out that it would be unsafe from his observations to conclude that all nebulosity is but the glare of stars too remote to be resolved by our instruments. In 1858 Herbert Spencer showed clearly that, notwithstanding the Parsonstown revelations, the evidence from the observation of nebulae up to that time was really in favor of their being early stages of an evolutionary progression.

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On the evening of the 29th of August, 1864, I directed the telescope for the first time to a planetary nebula in Draco. The reader may now be able to picture to himself to some extent the feeling of excited suspense, mingled with a degree of awe, with which, after a few moments of hesitation, I put my eye to the spectroscope. Was I not about to look into a secret place of creation?

I looked into the spectroscope. No spectrum such as I expected! A single bright line only! At first, I suspected some displacement of the prism, and that I was looking at a reflection of the illuminated slit from one of its faces. This thought was scarcely more than momentary; then the true interpretation flashed upon me. The light of the nebula was monochromatic, and so, unlike any other light I had as yet subjected to prismatic examination, could not be extended out to form a complete spectrum. After passing through the two prisms it remained concentrated into a single bright line, having a width corresponding to the width of the slit, and occupying in the instrument a position at that part of the spectrum to which its light belongs in refrangibility. A little closer looking showed two other bright lines on the side toward the blue, all the three lines being separated by intervals relatively dark.

The riddle of the nebulae was solved. The answer, which had come to us in the light itself, read: Not an aggregation of stars, but a luminous gas. Stars after the order of our own sun, and of the brighter stars, would give a different spectrum; the light of this nebula had clearly been emitted by a luminous gas. With an excess of caution, at the moment I did not venture to go further than to point out that we had here to do with bodies of an order quite different from that of the stars. Further observations soon convinced me that, though the short span of human life is far too minute relatively to cosmical events for us to expect to see in succession any distinct steps in so august a process, the probability is indeed overwhelming in favor of an evolution in the past, and still going on, of the heavenly hosts. A

time surely existed when the matter now condensed into the sun and planets filled the whole space occupied by the solar system, in the condition of gas, which then appeared as a glowing nebula, after the order, it may be, of some now existing in the heavens. There remained no room for doubt that the nebulae, which our telescopes reveal to us, are the early stages of long processions of cosmical events, which correspond broadly to those required by the nebular hypothesis in one or other of its forms.

Not indeed that the philosophical astronomer would venture to dogmatize in matters of detail, or profess to be able to tell you pat off by heart exactly how everything has taken place in the universe, with the flippant tongue of a Lady Constance after reading *The Revelations of Chaos*—

"It shows you exactly how a star is formed; nothing could be so pretty. A cluster of vapor—the cream of the Milky Way; a sort of celestial cheese churned into light."

It is necessary to bear distinctly in mind that the old view which made the matter of the nebulae to consist of an original fiery mist—in the words of the poet:

. . . a tumultuous cloud
Instinct with fire and nitre—

could no longer hold its place after Helmholtz had shown, in 1854, that such an originally fiery condition of the nebulous stuff was quite unnecessary, since in the mutual gravitation of widely separated matter we have a store of potential energy sufficient to generate the high temperature of the sun and stars.

The solution of the primary riddle of the nebulae left pending some secondary questions. What chemical substances are represented by the newly found bright lines? Is solar matter common to the nebulae as well as to the stars? What are the physical conditions of the nebulous matter?

Further observations showed two lines of hydrogen; and recent observations have shown associated with it the new element recently discovered by Professor Ramsay, occluded in certain minerals, and of which a brilliant yellow line in the sun had long been look-

ed upon as the badge of an element as yet unknown. The principal line of these nebulae suggests probably another substance which has not yet been unearthed from its hiding place in terrestrial rocks by the cunning of the chemist.

Are the nebulae very hot, or comparatively cool? The spectroscope indicates a high temperature: that is to say, that the individual molecules or atoms, which by their encounters are luminous, have motions corresponding to a very high temperature, and in this sense are very hot. On account of the great extent of the nebulae, however, a comparatively small number of luminous molecules might be sufficient to make them as bright as they appear to us; taking this view, their mean temperature, if they can be said to have one, might be low, and so correspond with what we might expect to find in gaseous masses at an early stage of condensation.

In the nebulae I had as yet examined, the condensation of nearly all the light into a few bright lines made the observations of their spectra less difficult than I feared would be the case. It became, indeed, a case of "Eyes and No Eyes" when a few days later I turned the telescope to the Great Nebula in Andromeda. Its light was distributed throughout the spectrum, and consequently extremely faint. The brighter middle part only could be seen, though I have since proved, as I at first suggested might be the case, that the blue and the red ends are really not absent, but are not seen on account of their feebler effect upon the eye. Though continuous, the spectrum did not look uniform in brightness, but its extreme feebleness made it uncertain whether the irregularities were due to certain parts being enhanced by bright lines, or the other parts enfeebled by dark lines.

Out of sixty of the brighter nebulae and clusters, I found about one-third, including the planetary nebulae and that of Orion, to give the bright-line spectrum. It would be altogether out of place here to follow the results of my further observations along the same lines of research, which occupied the two years immediately succeeding.

I pass at once to a primary spectroscopic observation of one of those rare and strange sights of the heavens, of which only about nineteen have been recorded in as many centuries :

... those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

On the 18th of May, 1866, at 5 P.M. a letter came with the address "Tuam, from an unknown correspondent, one John Birmingham." Mr. Birmingham afterward became well known by his observations of variable stars, and especially by his valuable catalogue of Red Stars in 1877. The letter ran :

I beg to direct your attention to a new star which I observed last Saturday night, and which must be a most interesting object for spectrum analysis. It is situated in Cor. Bor.; and is very brilliant, of about the second magnitude. I sent an account of it to the *Times* yesterday, but as that journal is not likely to publish communications from this part of the world, I scarcely think that it will find a place for mine.

Fortunately the evening was fine, and as soon as it was dusk I looked, with not a little scepticism, I freely confess, at the place of the sky named in the letter. To my great joy, there shone a bright new star, giving a new aspect to the Northern Crown; of the order doubtless of the splendid temporary star of 1572, which Tycho supposed to be generated from the ethereal substance of the Milky Way, and afterward dissipated by the sun, or dissolved from some internal cause.

I sent a messenger for my friend Dr. Miller; and an hour later we directed the telescope, with spectroscope attached, to the blazing star. Later in the evening a letter arrived from Mr. Baxendale, who had independently discovered the star on the 15th.

By this evening, the 18th, the star had already fallen in brightness below the third magnitude. The view in the spectroscope was strange, and up to that time unprecedented. Upon a spectrum of the solar order, with its numberless dark lines, shone out brilliantly a few very bright lines. There was little doubt that at least two of these lines belonged to hydrogen. The great brilliancy of these lines as compared with the parts of the continuous spectrum upon which they fell suggest-

ed a temperature for the gas emitting them higher than that of the star's photosphere.

Few of days, as indeed had been its forbears appearing at long intervals, the new star waned with a rapidity little less remarkable than was the suddenness of its outburst, without visible descent, all armed in a full panoply of light from the moment of its birth. A few hours only before Birmingham saw it blazing with second-magnitude splendor, Schmidt, observing at Athens, could testify that no outburst had taken place. Rapid was the decline of its light, falling in twelve days from the second down to the eighth magnitude.

It was obvious to us that no very considerable mass of matter could cool down from the high temperature indicated by the bright lines in so short a time. At the same time it was not less clear that the extent of the mass of the fervid gas must be on a very grand scale indeed, for a star at its undoubted distance from us, to take on so great a splendor. These considerations led us to suggest some sudden and vast convulsion, which had taken place in a star so far cooled down as to give but little light, or even to be partially crusted over; by volcanic forces, or by the disturbing approach or partial collision of another dark star. The essential character of the explanation lay in the suggestion of a possible chemical combination of some of the escaping highly heated gases from within, when cooled by the sudden expansion, which might give rise to an outburst of flame at once very brilliant and of very short duration.

The more precise statement of what occurred during our observations, as made afterward from the pulpit of one of our cathedrals—"That from afar astronomers had seen a world on fire go out in smoke and ashes"—must be put down to an excess of the theological imagination.

From the beginning of our work upon the spectra of the stars, I saw in vision the application of the new knowledge to the creation of a great method of astronomical observation which could not fail in future to have a powerful influence on the progress of

astronomy; indeed, in some respects greater than the more direct one of the investigation of the chemical nature and the relative physical conditions of the stars.

It was the opprobrium of the older astronomy—though indeed one which involved no disgrace, for *à l'impossible nul n'est tenu*—that only that part of the motions of the stars which is across the line of sight could be seen and directly measured. The direct observation of the other component in the line of sight, since it caused no change of place and, from the great distance of the stars, no appreciable change of size or of brightness within an observer's lifetime, seemed to lie hopelessly quite outside the limits of man's powers. Still, it was only too clear that, so long as we were unable to ascertain directly those components of the stars' motions which lie in the line of sight, the speed and direction of the solar motion in space, and many of the great problems of the constitution of the heavens, must remain more or less imperfectly known.

Now as the color of a given kind of light, and the exact position it would take up in a spectrum, depends directly upon the length of the waves, or, to put it differently, upon the number of waves which would pass into the eye in a second of time, it seemed more than probable that motion between the source of the light and the observer must change the apparent length of the waves to him, and the number reaching his eye in a second. To a swimmer striking out from the shore each wave is shorter, and the number he goes through in a given time is greater than would be the case if he had stood still in the water. Such a change of wave-length would transform any given kind of light, so that it would take a new place in the spectrum, and from the amount of this change to a higher or to a lower place, we could determine the velocity per second of the relative motion between the star and the earth.

The notion that the propagation of light is not instantaneous, though rapid far beyond the appreciation of our senses, is due, not as is sometimes stated to Francis, but to Roger Bacon,

"Relinquitur ergo," he says, in his *Opus Majus*, "quod lux multiplicatur in tempore . . . sed tamen non in tempore sensibili et perceptibili a visu, sed insensibili. . . ." The discovery of its actual velocity was made by Roemer in 1675, from observations of the satellites of Jupiter. Now though the effect of motion in the line of sight upon the apparent velocity of light underlies Roemer's determinations, the idea of a change of color in light from motion between the source of light and the observer was announced for the first time by Doppler in 1841. Later, various experiments were made in connection with this view by Ballot, Sestini, Klinkerfues, Clerk Maxwell, and Fizeau. But no attempts had been made, nor were indeed possible, to discover by this principle the motions of the heavenly bodies in the line of sight. For, to learn whether any change in the light had taken place from motion in the line of sight, it was clearly necessary to know the original wave-length of the light before it left the star.

As soon as our observations had shown that certain earthly substances were present in the stars, the original wave-lengths of their lines became known, and any small want of coincidence of the stellar lines with the same lines produced upon the earth might safely be interpreted as revealing the velocity of approach or of recession between the star and the earth.

These considerations were present to my mind from the first, and helped me to bear up under many toilsome disappointments: "*Studio fallente labore.*" It was not until 1866 that I found time to construct a spectroscope of greater power for this research. It would be scarcely possible, even with greater space, to convey to the reader any true conception of the difficulties which presented themselves in this work, from various instrumental causes, and of the extreme care and caution which were needful to distinguish spurious instrumental shifts of a line from a true shift due to the star's motion.

At last, in 1868, I felt able to announce in a paper printed in the Transactions of the Royal Society for that

year, the foundation of this new method of research, which, transcending the wildest dreams of an earlier time, enables the astronomer to measure off directly in terrestrial units the invisible motions in the line of sight of the heavenly bodies.

To pure astronomers the method came before its time, since they were then unfamiliar with Spectrum Analysis, which lay completely outside the routine work of an observatory. It would be easy to mention the names of men well known, to whom I was "as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice." They heard my words, but for a time were very slow to avail themselves of this new power of research. My observations were, however, shortly afterward confirmed by Vogel in Germany; and by others the principle was soon applied to solar phenomena. By making use of improved methods of photography, Vogel has recently determined the motions of approach and of recession of some fifty stars, with an accuracy of about an English mile a second. In the hands of Young, Dunér, Keeler, and others, the method has been successfully applied to a determination of the rotation of the sun, of Saturn and his rings, and of Jupiter.

It has become fruitful in another direction, for it puts into our hands the power of separating double stars which are beyond the resolving power of any telescope that can ever be constructed. Pickering and Vogel have independently discovered by this method an entirely new class of double stars.

Double stars too close to be separately visible unite in giving a compound spectrum. Now, if the stars are in motion about a common centre of gravity, the lines of one star will shift periodically relatively to similar lines of the other star, in the spectrum common to both; and such lines will consequently, at those times, appear double. Even if one of the stars is too dark to give a spectrum which can be seen upon that of the other star, as is actually the case with Algol and Spica, the whirling of the stars about each other may be discovered from the periodical shifting of the lines of the brighter star relatively to terrestrial

lines of the same substance. It is clear that as the stars revolve about their common centre of gravity, the bright star would be sometimes advancing, and at others receding, relatively to an observer on the earth, except it should so happen that the stars' orbit were perpendicular to the line of sight.

It would be scarcely possible, without the appearance of great exaggeration, to attempt to sketch out even in broad outline the many glorious achievements which doubtless lie before this method of research in the immediate future.

Comets in the olden time were looked upon as the portents of all kinds of woe:

There with long bloody haire, a blazing star
Threatens the World with Famin, Plague, and
War.

Though they were no longer, at the time of which I am speaking, a terror to mankind, they were a great mystery. Perhaps of no other phenomenon of nature had so many guesses at truth been made on different, and even on opposing principles of explanation. It was about this time that a beam of light was thrown in, for the first time, upon the night of mystery in which they moved and had their being, by the researches of Newton of Yale College, by Adams, and by Schiaparelli. The unexpected fact came out of the close relationship of the orbits of certain comets with those of periodic meteor-swarms. Only a year before the observations of which I am about to speak were made, Odling had lighted up the theatre of the Royal Institution with gas brought by a meteorite from celestial space. Two years earlier, Donati showed the light of a small comet to be in part self-emitted, and so not wholly reflected sunshine.

I had myself, in the case of three faint comets, in 1866, in 1867, and January, 1868, discovered that part of their light was peculiar to them, and that the light of the last one consisted mainly of three bright flutings. Intense, therefore, was the great expectancy with which I directed the telescope with its attached spectroscop to the much brighter comet which appeared in June, 1868.

The comet's light was resolved into a spectrum of three bright bands or flutings, each alike falling off in brightness on the more refrangible side. On the evening of the 22d, I measured the positions in the spectrum of the brighter beginnings of the flutings on the red side. I was not a little surprised the next morning to find that the three cometary flutings agreed in position with three similar flutings in the brightest part of the spectrum of carbon. Some time before, I had mapped down the spectrum of carbon, from different sources, chiefly from different hydrocarbons. In some of these spectra, the separate lines of which the flutings are built up are individually more distinct than in others. The comet bands, as I had seen them on the previous evening, appeared to be identical in character in this respect, as well as in position in the spectrum, with the flutings as they appeared when I took the spark in a current of olefiant gas. I immediately filled a small holder with this gas, arranged an apparatus in such a manner that the gas could be attached to the end of the telescope, and its spectrum, when a spark was taken in it, seen side by side with that of the comet.

Fortunately the evening was fine; and on account of the exceptional interest of confronting for the first time the spectrum of an earthly gas with that of a comet's light, I invited Dr. Miller to come and make the crucial observation with me. The expectation which I had formed from my measures was fully confirmed. The comet's spectrum when seen together with that from the gas agreed in all respects precisely with it. The comet, though "subtle as Sphinx," had at last yielded up its secret. The principal part of its light was emitted by luminous vapor of carbon.

This result was in harmony with the nature of the gas found occluded in meteorites. Odling had found carbonic oxide as well as hydrogen in his meteorite. Wright, experimenting with another type of meteorite, found that carbon dioxide was chiefly given off. Many meteorites contain a large percentage of hydrocarbons; from one of such sky-stones a little later I ob-

served a spectrum similar to that of the comet. The three bands may be seen in the base of a candle flame.

Since these early observations the spectra of many comets have been examined by many observers. The close general agreement as to the three bright flutings which form the main feature of the cometary spectrum confirms beyond doubt the view that the greater part of the light of comets is due to the fluted spectrum of carbon. Some additional knowledge of the spectra of comets, obtained by means of photography, will have its proper place later on.

About this time I devoted some attention to spectroscopic observations of the sun, and especially to the modifications of the spectrum which take place under the influence of the solar spots.

The aerial ocean around and above us, in which finely divided matter is always more or less floating, becomes itself illuminated, and a source of light, when the sun shines upon it, and so conceals, like a luminous veil, any object less brilliant than itself in the heavens beyond. From this cause the stars are invisible at midday. This curtain of light above us, at all ordinary times shuts out from our view the magnificent spectacle of red flames flashing upon a coronal glory of bright beams and streamers, which suddenly bursts upon the sight, for a few minutes only, when at rare intervals the light-curtain is lifted by the screening of the sun's light by the moon, at a total eclipse.

As yet the spectrum of the red flames had not been seen. If, as seemed probable, it should be found to be that of a gas, consisting of bright lines only, it was conceivable that the spectroscope might enable us so to weaken by dispersion the air-glare, relatively to the bright lines which would remain undispersed, that the bright lines of the flames might become visible through the atmospheric glare.

The historic sequence of events is as follows. In November, 1866, Mr. Lockyer asked the question: "May not the spectroscope afford us evidence of the existence of the red flames, which total eclipses have revealed to

us in the sun's atmosphere; though they escape all other methods of observation at other times?"

In the Report of the Council of the Royal Astronomical Society, read in February, 1868, occurs the following statement, furnished by me, in which the explanation is fully given of the principle on which I had been working to obtain the spectrum of the red flames without an eclipse:

During the last two years Mr. Huggins has made numerous observations for the purpose of obtaining a view, if possible, of the red prominences seen during an eclipse. The invisibility of these objects at ordinary times is supposed to arise from the illumination of our atmosphere. If these bodies are gaseous, their spectra would consist of bright lines. With a powerful spectroscopic light reflected from our atmosphere near the sun's limb edge would be greatly reduced in intensity by the dispersion of the prisms, while the bright lines of the prominences, if such be present, would remain but little diminished in brilliancy. This principle has been carried out by various forms of prismatic apparatus, and also by other contrivances, but hitherto without success.

At the total eclipse of the sun, August 18, 1868, several observers saw the light of the red flames to be resolved in their spectroscopes into bright lines, among which lines of hydrogen were recognized. The distinguished astronomer, Janssen, one of the observers in India, saw some of the bright lines again the next day, by means of the principle described above, when there was no eclipse.

On October 29th, Mr. Lockyer sent a note to the Royal Society to say that on that day he had succeeded in observing three bright lines, of a fine prominence.

About the time that the news of the discovery of the bright lines at the eclipse reached this country, in September, I was altogether incapacitated for work for some little time through the death of my beloved mother. We had been all in all to each other for many years. The first day I was sufficiently recovered to resume work, December 19, on looking at the sun's limb with the same spectroscope I had often used before, now that I knew exactly at what part of the spectrum to search for the lines, I saw them at the first moment of putting my eye to the instrument.

As yet, by all observers the lines only of the prominences had been seen, and therefore to learn their forms, it was necessary to combine in one design the lengths of the lines as they varied, when the slit was made to pass over a prominence. In February of the following year, it occurred to me that by widening the opening of the slit, the form of a prominence, and not its lines only, might be directly observed. This method of using a wide slit has been since universally employed.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to describe an ingenious photographic method by which Hale has been able to take daily records of the constantly varying phenomena of the red flames and the bright faculæ, upon and around the solar disk.

The purpose of this article is to sketch in very broad outline only, the principal events, in the order of their succession in time, *quorum pars magna fui*, which contributed in an important degree to the rise of the new astronomy. As a science advances it follows naturally that its further progress will consist more and more in matters of detail, and in points which are of technical, rather than of general interest.

It would, therefore, be altogether out of place here, to carry on in detail the narrative of the work of my observatory, when, as was inevitable, it began to take on the character of a development only, along lines of which I have already spoken: namely, the observation of more stars, and of other nebulae, and other comets. I pass on, at once, therefore, to the year 1876, in which by the aid of the new dry plates, with gelatine films, introduced by Mr. Kennett, I was able to take up again, and this time with success, the photography of the spectra of the stars, of my early attempts at which I have already spoken.

I was now better prepared for work. My observatory had been enlarged from a dome of 12 feet in diameter, to a drum having a diameter of 18 feet. This alteration had been made for the reception of a larger telescope made by Sir Howard Grubb, at the expense of a legacy to the Royal Society, and which was placed in my hands on loan by

that society. This instrument was furnished with two telescopes: an achromatic of 15 inches aperture, and a Cassegrain of 18 inches aperture, with mirrors of speculum metal. At this time, one only of these telescopes could be in use at a time. Later on, in 1882, by a device which occurred to me, of giving each telescope an independent polar axis, the one working within the other, both telescopes could remain together on the equatorial mounting, and be equally ready for use.

By this time I had the great happiness of having secured an able and enthusiastic assistant, by my marriage in 1875.

The great and notable advances in astronomical methods and discoveries by means of photography since 1875, are due almost entirely to the great advantages which the gelatine dry plate possesses for use in the observatory, over the process of Daguerre, and even over that of wet collodion. The silver-bromide gelatine plate, which I was the first, I believe, to use for photographing the spectra of stars, except for its grained texture, meets the need of the astronomer at all points. This plate possesses extreme sensitiveness; it is always ready for use; it can be placed in any position; it can be exposed for hours; lastly, immediate development is not necessary, and for this reason, as I soon found to be necessary in this climate, it can be exposed again to the same object on succeeding nights; and so make up by successive instalments, as the weather may permit, the total long exposure which may be needful.

The power of the eye falls off as the spectrum extends beyond the blue, and soon fails altogether. There is therefore no drawback to the use of glass for the prisms and lenses of a visual spectroscope. But while the sensitiveness of a photographic plate is not similarly limited, glass like the eye is imperfectly transparent, and soon becomes opaque, to the parts of the spectrum at a short distance beyond the limit of the visible spectrum. To obtain, therefore, upon the plate a spectrum complete at the blue end of stellar light, it was necessary to avoid

glass, and to employ instead Iceland spar and rock crystal, which are transparent up to the limit of the ultra-violet light which can reach us through our atmosphere. Such a spectroscope was constructed and fixed with its slit at the focus of the great speculum of the Cassegrain telescope.

How was the image of a star to be easily brought, and then kept, for an hour or even for many hours, precisely at one place on a slit so narrow as about the one two-hundredth of an inch? For this purpose the very convenient device was adopted of making the slit-plates of highly polished metal, so as to form a divided mirror, in which the reflected image of a star could be observed from the eye-end of the telescope by means of a small telescope fixed within the central hole of the great mirror. A photograph of the spectrum of α Lyrae, taken with this instrument, was shown at the Royal Society in 1876.

In the spectra of such stars as Sirius and Vega, there came out in the ultra-violet region, which up to that time had remained unexplored, the completion of a grand rhythmical group of strong dark lines, of which the well-known hydrogen lines in the visible region form the lower members. Terrestrial chemistry became enriched with a more complete knowledge of the spectrum of hydrogen from the stars. Shortly afterward, Cornu succeeded in photographing a similar spectrum in his laboratory from earthly hydrogen.

I presented in 1879 a paper, with maps, to the Royal Society, on the photographic spectra of the stars, which was printed in their Transactions for 1880. In this paper, besides descriptions of the photographs, and tables of the measures of the positions of the lines, I made a first attempt to arrange the stars in a possible evolutionary series from the relative behavior of the hydrogen and the metallic lines. In this series, Sirius and Vega are placed at the hotter and earlier end; Capella and the sun, at about the same evolutionary stage, somewhere in the middle of the series; while at the most advanced and oldest stage of the stars which I had then photographed, came

Betelgeux, in the spectrum of which the ultra-violet region, though not wanting, is very greatly enfeebled.

Shortly afterward, I directed the photographic arrangement of combined spectroscope and telescope to the nebula in Orion, and obtained for the first time information of the nature of its spectrum beyond the visible region. One line a little distance on in the ultra-violet region came out very strongly on the plate. If this kind of light came within the range of our vision, it would no doubt give the dominant color to the nebula, in place of its present blue-greenish hue. Other lines of the hydrogen series, as might be expected, were seen in the photograph, together with a number of other bright lines.

In 1881, for the first time since the spectroscope and also suitable photographic plates had been in the hands of astronomers, the coming of a bright comet made it possible to extend the examination of its light into the invisible region of the spectrum at the blue end. On the 22d of June, by leaving very early a banquet at the Mansion House, I was able, after my return home, to obtain with an exposure of one hour, a good photograph of the head of the comet. It was under a great tension of expectancy that the plate was developed, so that I might be able to look for the first time into a virgin region of nature, as yet unexplored by the eye of man.

The plate contained an extension and confirmation of my earlier observations by eye. There were the combined spectra of two kinds of light—a faint continuous spectrum, crossed by Fraunhofer lines which showed it to be reflected solar light. Upon this was seen a second spectrum of the original light emitted by the comet itself. This spectrum consisted mainly of two groups of bright lines, characteristic of the spectra of certain compounds of carbon. It will be remembered that my earlier observations revealed the three principal flutings of carbon as the main feature of a comet's spectrum in the visible region. The photograph brought a new fact to light. Liveing and Dewar had shown that one of these bands consisted of lines

belonging to a nitrogen compound of carbon. We gained the new knowledge that nitrogen, as well as carbon and hydrogen, exists in comets. Now, nitrogen is present in the gas found occluded in some meteorites. At a later date, Dr. Flight showed that nitrogen formed as much as 17 per cent. of the occluded gas from the meteorite of Cranbourne, Australia.

I have now advanced to the extreme limit of time within which the rise of the new astronomy can be regarded as taking place. At this time, in respect of the broad lines of its methods, and the wide scope of the directions in which it was already applied, it had become well established. Already it possessed a literature of its own, and many observatories were becoming, in part at least, devoted to its methods.

In my own observatory work has gone on whenever our unfavorable climate has permitted observations to be made. At the present moment more than one research is in progress. It would be altogether beyond the intention, and limited scope, of the present article to follow this later work.

We found the new astronomy newly born in a laboratory at Heidelberg; to astronomers she was

. . . a stranger,
Born out of their dominions.

We take leave of her in the full beauty of a vigorous youth, receiving homage in nearly all the observatories of the world, some of which indeed are devoted wholly to her cult. So powerful is the magic of her charms that gifts have poured in from all sides to do her honor. It has been by such free gifts that Pickering, at Cambridge, United States, and in the southern hemisphere, has been able to give her so devoted a service. In this country, where from almost the hour of her birth she won hearts, enthusiastic worshippers have not been wanting. By the liberality of the late Mr. Newall, and the disinterested devotion of his son, a well-equipped observatory is now wholly given up to her worship at Cambridge. This Jubilee year is red lettered at Greenwich by the inauguration of a magnificent double telescope, laid at her feet by Sir Henry Thompson.

Next year, the Royal Observatory at the Cape will be able to add to its devotion to the old astronomy a homage not less sincere and enthusiastic to the new astronomy, by means of the splendid instruments which Mr. McClean, who personally serves under her colors, has presented to that Observatory. In Germany, the first National Observatory dedicated to the new astronomy in 1874, under the direction of the distinguished astrophysicist, Professor Vogel, is about to be furnished by the Government with new and larger instruments in her honor.

In America, many have done liberally, but Mr. Yerkes has excelled them all. This summer will be celebrated the opening of a palatial institution on the shore of Lake Geneva, founded by Mr. Yerkes, and dedicated to our fair lady, the new astronomy. This observatory, in respect of the great size of its telescope, of forty inches in aper-

ture, the largest yet constructed, its armory of instruments for spectroscopic attack upon the heavens, and the completeness of its laboratories and its workshops, will represent the most advanced state of instrument making; and at the same time render possible, under the most favorable conditions, the latest and the most perfect methods of research of the new astronomy. Above all, the needful men will not be wanting. A knightly band, who have shown their knighthood by prowess in discovery, led by Professor Hale in chivalrous quest of Truth, will surely make this palace of the new astronomy worthy to be regarded as the Uraniborg of the end of the nineteenth century, as the Danish Observatory, under Tycho and his astronomers, represented the highest development of astronomy at the close of the sixteenth.—*Nineteenth Century.*

AN ENGLISH ENGRAVER IN PARIS.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

It is a curious fact—and, if it has not been recorded, must assuredly have been remarked—that the “Eternal Fitness of Things,” which exercised Fielding’s philosopher, seems always to provide the eminent painter with his special interpreter on steel or copper. Thus, around Reynolds are the great mezzotinters, MacArdell, Fisher, Watson, Valentine Green. Gainsborough has his nephew Gainsborough Dupont; Constable his Lucas. For Wilson there is Woollett; for Stothard there is Heath and Finden. To come to later days, there is Turner with his Willmores and Goodalls, and Landseer with his brother, and (no pun intended) his Cousens. Similarly, for Wilkie, after Burnet, the born translator into dot and line seems to have been Abraham Raimbach. He it was who engraved “The Rent Day,” “Blind Man’s Buff,” “The Village Politicians,” and the majority of Sir David’s chief works. It is of Raimbach that we now propose to speak. Concerning his work as a craftsman,

these pages could scarcely be expected to treat; and his life, the life of a man occupied continuously in a sendentary pursuit, and passed, like that of Stothard, almost entirely in one place, affords but little incident to invite the chronicler of the picturesque. But he nevertheless left behind him a privately printed memoir, of which a portion at least is not without its interest—the interest attaching to every truthful record of occurrences which time has pushed backward into that perspective which transforms the trivial. In 1802 he went to Paris for a couple of months. The visits of foreigners to England have not been unattractive; and it may be that the visit of an Englishman to France, shortly after the Revolution, may also—with a few words as to the tourist—supply its *notabilia*.

Raimbach was born on February 16, 1776, in Cecil Court, St. Martin’s Lane, Westminster, a spot memorable, as far as we can remember, for nothing but the fact that Mrs. Hogarth

mère had died there some forty years before. His father was a naturalized Swiss; his mother a Warwickshire woman, who claimed descent from Richard Burbage, the actor of Shakespeare's day. His childhood was uneventful, save for two incidents. One of these was his falling, as a baby, out of a second-floor window, when he was miraculously "ballooned" by his long-clothes; the other, his being roused as a little boy of four by the uproar of the Gordon rioters as they rushed through the streets, calling to the sleeping inhabitants to light up their rooms. After a modest education, chiefly at the Library School of St. Martin's—where Charles Mathews the Elder was his schoolfellow, and Liston afterward held a post as master—he was formally apprenticed to Ravenet's pupil, John Hall, historical engraver to George the Third, and popularly regarded as the legitimate successor of Woollett. Hall was a man of more than ordinary cultivation, one of whose daughters had married the composer Stephen Storace—the Storace who wrote the music to Colman's "Iron Chest," and (as Raimbach recalled) superintended the rehearsals from a sedan-chair, in which, arrayed in flannels, he was carried on to the stage. Hall in his day had been introduced to Garrick, and he knew John Kemble, who sometimes visited him, impressing the young apprentice with his solemn and sepulchral enunciation, and his manifest incapacity to forget, even in private life, that he was not acting a part. Another remembered visitor was Sheridan, nervously solicitous that Hall, who was engraving his portrait, should not needlessly emphasize the facial "efflorescence"—so familiar in Gillray's caricatures—which the too truthful Sir Joshua had declined to disguise or extenuate.

Sheridan, however, could only have appeared occasionally in Hall's study. But its three flights of ascent were often climbed by other contemporaries. James West (whose "Cromwell dissolving the Long Parliament" Hall engraved), Opie and Northcote, Flaxman and Westall, all came frequently on business and pleasure, while the

eclectic arts were represented by George Steevens, the Shakespeare critic, John Ireland, the Hogarth commentator and Dibdin's "Quisquilus," the print-collector and laceman George Baker, of St. Paul's Churchyard. These with Storace and his theatrical circle must have made variety enough in a monotonous craft (for Hall's larger plates were many months in hand), and their conversation and opinions no doubt conspired to fill the young apprentice with a lifelong interest in art and the stage. When at length, in August, 1796, his period of servitude came to an end, the professional outlook was by no means a cheerful one. The French Revolution was engrossing all men's thoughts, and the peaceful arts—that *ars longa* of the engraver in particular—were at their lowest ebb, the only patrons of prints being the booksellers. Young Raimbach's first definite employment was on Cooke's *Tales of the Genii*, and it may be added to the precarious conditions of the craft that it was Cooke's practice, by prearrangement, not to pay for the work if he did not approve it when finished. Fortunately, in this instance, he did approve, and Raimbach continued from time to time to reproduce for him in copper the designs for books of Thurston, the elder Corbould, and Madame D'Arblay's cousin, Edward Burney. He had long been an assiduous Royal Academy student, and he speedily "doubled" his profession by miniature-painting, in which—"having," as he modestly says, "the very common power of making an inveterate likeness"—he attained considerable success. Then, in 1801, he procured a commission to execute three plates from Smirke's paintings for Forster's *Arabian Nights*. He had for some time been lodging with a French modeller, and had so improved an already respectable acquaintance with the French language. With the proceeds of his three plates in his pocket (about £70), he set out in July, 1802, for a fortnight's visit to Paris.

The short-lived Peace of Amiens, patched up by the Addington ministry, had been signed in the preceding March, and the route to the Continent, which had been closed for ten or twelve

years, was again open. The result was a rush across the Channel of all sorts and conditions of Englishmen, eager to note the changes resulting from the Revolution. The number of painters especially was considerable—West, Turner, Flaxman, Shee, and Opie being all among the visitors. Securing a passport from the Secretary of State's office—a precaution which, in those days, meant an outlay of £2 5s.—Raimbach set out *via* Brighton and Dieppe. Competition had, at this time, reduced the coach fare to the former place to half a guinea. On July 9 he embarked for Dieppe in a little vessel, landing in France on the following day during a glorious sunrise, but drenched to the skin. His first impressions of the French were not unlike those of Hogarth fifty years before. The filth and slovenliness of the people, the number and shameless importunity of the beggars, the dragging of carts and the bearing of heavy burdens by women—all these, with the abrupt revolutionary manners, and the savage *sans-culottism* of the men in particular, were things which not even long ear-pendants and picturesque Norman caps in the women could entirely condone. From Dieppe the traveller proceeded to Rouen in a ramshackle cabriolet, drawn by two ill-matched but wiry horses which went better than they looked. At Rouen he arrived in time for a bread riot, which was promptly suppressed by the soldiery; and he inspected several churches, among others St. Maclou, being attracted thereto no doubt by the famous door-carvings of Jean Goujon. Then, on the *impériale* of a diligence, he made his way through the delightful pasture land of Northern France, by Pontoise and St. Denis, “cemetery of monarchs,” to Paris, which he reached on the evening of the 12th.

At Paris he took up his quarters in the Rue Mont Orgueil, where twenty-two years before Béranger had been born. Here he was again sensible of those exhalations in which the French capital competed with the “Auld Reekie” of the eighteenth century, although, in this instance, they were blended and complicated with another

odor, that of cookery. But, notwithstanding an abhorrence of “evil smells” quite equal to that of Queen Elizabeth, he speedily became acclimatized, and pleasantly appreciative of the bright, cheerful, many-colored life of the Parisian boulevards and the social attractions of the *table d'hôte*. In the capital, too, he found that the people were less savage, shortspoken, and surly, and that the Revolution had not wholly effaced their traditional politeness. On the second day after his arrival took place the annual *fêtes* of July in memory of the destruction of the Bastille. There were to be illuminations, fireworks on the Pont Neuf, dancing and *mâts de cocagne* in the Champs-Élysées, and free plays and concerts in the Tuileries gardens. But the weather was finer than the show. “The fireworks on the bridge would not go off; the concert in the garden could not be heard, and the illuminations, though in good taste, were not sufficiently general.” It is consoling to our insular self-esteem that neither this celebration, nor that inaugurating Bonaparte as First Consul, which took place shortly afterward, could be compared, in the opinion of this observer, with the Jubilee of George the Third, or the Coronation of George the Fourth, at both of which he subsequently assisted.

He was naturally anxious to get a glimpse of the famous First Consul, but of this he had little hope, as Bonaparte seldom appeared in public except at a review or a theatre, and then generally without previous announcement. After fruitless attempts to see the “modern Attila” at the Opera and Théâtre Français, Raimbach was at length fortunate enough to effect his object at an inspection of the garrison of Paris in the Place du Carrousel, where he paid six francs for a seat at a first-floor window. After five-and-thirty years he still remembered vividly the small, thin, grave figure in the blue unornamented uniform, plain cocked hat, white pantaloons and jockey boots, which, surrounded by a brilliant staff (among whom the Mameluke Roustan was conspicuous), rode rapidly along the line at a hand-canter on Marengo, made a brief speech to

the soldiers, saluted them formally, and then passed back under the archway of the Tuileries. Napoleon at this date was about thirty-two. Raimbach never saw him again, and beyond a casual inspection of the ladies of the Bonaparte family at Nôtre Dame, never enjoyed a second opportunity of studying the reigning race. But there were many things of compensating interest. At the Jardin des Plantes, for example, there was an enormous female elephant, which had been transferred from the Hague by right of conquest, and had brought its keeper, an Englishman, with it into captivity. Then there were the galleries of the Louvre, crowded with the fruits of French victories, statues and pictures of all countries, and all exhibited free of charge to an exultant public. The Apollo Belvedere from the Vatican was already installed, and while Raimbach was still at Paris arrived the famous *Vénus de Médicis*. Probably so splendid a "loan collection" had never before been brought together.

It was this no doubt which attracted so many English artists to Paris, where French spoliation enabled them to study comparatively a pictorial collocation which nothing but the Grand Tour could otherwise have presented to them. Here, in all their glory, were Rembrandt and Rubens, with the best of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Raphael's glorious "Transfiguration;" the great rival altar-piece of Domenichino, the "Communion of St. Jerome;" Correggio's "Marriage of St. Catherine"—all these, together with many of the choicest specimens of the Carracci, of Guido, of Albano, of Guercino, were at this time to be seen in the long gallery of the Louvre, which Raimbach not only visited frequently, but drew in almost daily. In the magnificent Hall of Antiques, besides, he made the acquaintance of more than one contemporary French painter. Isabey, the miniaturist; Carle Vernet; his greater son, Horace, at this time a bright boy of thirteen or fourteen, were all living in apartments adjoining the galleries, and in some cases at Government expense. To the illustrious leader of the new Imperio-Classical School, which had succeeded with its wide-

striding and brickdust-colored nudities to the rosy *mignardises* of Boucher and Fragonard, Raimbach was not, however, introduced. M. Jacques Louis David, whose friendship with Robespierre had not only acquainted him with the inside of a prison, but had brought him perilously close to the guillotine itself, was for the moment living in prudent seclusion, dividing his attentions between his palette and his violoncello. Meanwhile, a good example of the artist's manner, "The Sabines" (which Raimbach calls "Rape of the Sabines"), executed immediately after his release from the Luxembourg, and popularly supposed to allude to the heroic efforts which Madame David had made for her husband's safety, was at this time being exhibited to a public who were hesitating between enthusiasm for the subject and indignation at the door-money—door-money having never before been charged for showing a picture. Of David's pupils and imitators, Gérard, Girodet, Gros, Guérin, Ingres, and the rest, Raimbach also speaks, but, as in the case of the master himself, more from hearsay than personal experience. On the other hand, one of his own compatriots, James West, the favorite painter of George the Third

(Of modern works he makes a jest
Except the works of Mr. West),

was very much *en évidence* in public places. He had succeeded Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, and the diplomatic French notabilities were doing their best to flatter him into the belief that Napoleon was not only the greatest of men but of art collectors. Indeed, the First Consul himself favored this idea by personally commending West's own "Death upon the Pale Horse," which he had brought with him from England to exhibit at the Salon. West, whose foible was "more than female vanity," was by no means backward in acknowledging these politic, if not perfidious, attentions, which he accepted without suspicion. "Wherever I went," he said naively, "people looked at me, and ministers and men of influence in the State were constantly in my company. I was one day in the Louvre—all eyes were upon

me, and I could not help observing to Charles Fox, *who happened to be walking with me*, how strong was the love of Art and admiration of its professors in France." Fox, whose reputation as an orator and a patriot had preceded him, was naturally the observed of all observers, and he was besides the object of special attentions on the part of the First Consul.

According to Lord Russell, Fox's chief mission to Paris was to search the archives for his *History of the Revolution of 1688*. But transcribing the correspondence of Barillon did not so exclusively occupy him as to divert him from the charms of the Théâtre Français, or, as it was at this time called, the "Théâtre de la République." He went frequently to see that queen of tragedy Mdlle. Duchesnois, of whom it was said, "*qu'elle avait des larmes dans la voix*."* He saw her in *Andromaque* and *Phèdre*, and as Roxane in *Bajazet*. Raimbach also, as might be anticipated from the schoolfellow of Charles Mathews and the admirer of Kemble, did not neglect the French theatres, which, he notes, were at this time more numerous than in all the other capitals of Europe put together. At the Grand Opera, then rechristened "Théâtre de la République et des Arts," he heard the opera of *Anacréon*, in which the principal male singer was François Lays, or Lais, and the foremost female that Mdlle. Maillard to whom tradition assigned the part of the Goddess of Reason at the celebration of 1793, which, indeed, had been arranged by Lais with the prophet of the cult, Chaumette. Raimbach, however, thought little, as a singer, of the lady, who had just succeeded to the place of that accomplished Mdlle. St. Huberti, who, as Countess d'Antraigues, was cruelly murdered with her husband at Barnes some few years later by an Italian valet. But he was charmed with the vocalization of Lais and delighted with the ballet, which included that *Diou de la danse*, the elder Vestris, and Mme. Gardel. In particular the young engraver remembered an English horn-

pipe, executed in a jockey's dress by one Beaupré, which excelled anything of the kind he had ever seen in his own country. At the Théâtre Français, possibly because his tastes lay rather in comedy than tragedy, he says nothing of Racine and Mdlle. Duchesnois. But he speaks of Monvel, the sole survivor of the old school of Le. kains and Prévilles and Barons, as still charming, in spite of old age and loss of teeth; and he also saw that practical joker and pet of the Parisians, Dugazon, who must have been almost as diminutive as Addison's "little Dickey."* But after Prévilles he was the prince of stage valets, and despite a tendency to exaggeration (which Raimbach duly chronicles), almost perfect in his own line. Another stage luminary mentioned by Raimbach is Monvel's daughter, Mdlle. Mars, at this time only three-and-twenty, and not yet displaying those supreme qualities which afterward made her unrivalled in Europe. But she was already seductive as an *ingénue*, and her performance of Angélique in *La Fausse Agnès* of Néricault Destouches (which Arthur Murphy afterward borrowed for his *Citizen*) was "replete with grace and good taste." Lastly, Raimbach saw the First Consul's tragedian, Talma, then in the vigor of his age and the height of his powers, and continuing successfully those reforms of costume and declamation which he was supposed to have learned in England. John Kemble, who was also visiting Paris with the rest, and was hospitably entertained by the French actors, was now on his side taking hints from Talma, for it was observable that when he got back to London he adopted Talma's costume for the Orestes of the *Distress Mother*.

The Italian Opera, of course, was not open, and of the remaining actors Raimbach says not very much. At

* Thackeray, who applies this to Gay, quotes it of Rubini.

* It was Dugazon who beguiled the original Bartholo of the *Barbier*, Desessarts (who was enormously fat), into applying for the post of elephant to the Court. When the irate Desessarts afterward challenged him, Dugazon, by gravely chalking a circle upon his adversary, and proposing that all punctures outside the ring should count for nothing, turned the whole affair into ridicule.

the Vaudeville he saw Laporte, the leading harlequin of the day, and at Picart's Theatre in the Rue Feydeau witnessed what must have been the *Tom Jones à Londres* of M. Desforges, in which Picart himself, who was a better author than actor, took the part of "Squire Westiarn." This representation, as might be expected, was amusing for its absurdities rather than its merits. But it can hardly have been more ridiculous to an Englishman than Poinciset's earlier *Comédie Lyrique*, where Western and "l'ami Jone" pursue the flying hart to the accompaniment of *cors de chasse*, and the orthodox French *hallali*. Another semi-theatrical exhibition which Raimbach occasionally attended was the Tribunat, one of the new Legislative bodies which at this time held its sittings in the Palais Royal, then, on that account, re-christened Palais du Tribunat. Here he met with the notorious Lewis Goldsmith, not as afterward the inveterate assailant of Napoleon, but for the moment actively engaged in attacking the war and the English Government as the editor of a paper called *The Argus; or, London Reviewed in Paris*. At the Tribunat Goldsmith pointed out several of the minor men of the Revolution to Raimbach. But it was a colorless assembly, wholly in the power of the imperious First Consul, and its meetings had little instruction for a stranger. Goldsmith, however, was not the sole compatriot he met in the Palais Royal. In the *salons littéraires* Raimbach came frequently in contact with Thomas Holcroft, of the *Road to Ruin*. He had married a French wife, had a family, and was engaged in preparing the *Travels in France*, which Sir Richard Philips afterward published. Holcroft was a friend of Opie (then also in Paris), who painted the portrait of him now at Trafalgar Square; but from Raimbach's account he must have been far more petulant and irritable than befitted the austere philosopher of his writings. Of another person whom Raimbach mentions he gives a better account than is given generally. At the Café Jacob in the Rue Jacob, an obscure *cabaret* in an obscure street, was frequently to be seen the once re-

doubtable Thomas Paine, then about sixty-five. Contemporaries represent him at this date as not only fallen upon evil days, but dirty in his person and unduly addicted to spirits. That the general appearance of the author of the *Rights of Man* was "mean and poverty-stricken," and that he was "much withered and careworn," Raimbach admits, and he moreover adds that "he had sunk into complete insignificance, and was quite unnoticed by the Government." But he also describes him as "fluent in speech, of mild and gentle demeanour, clear and distinct in enunciation," and endowed with an "exceedingly soft and agreeable voice"—words which, in this connection, somehow remind one of Lord Poppington's philosophic eulogy of Miss Hoyden. Certainly they scarcely suggest the red-nosed and dilapidated personage who drank brandy and declaimed against Religion in his cups with whom modern records have acquainted us.

Raimbach's remaining experiences must be rapidly summarized. He attended the Palais de Justice, and was much impressed by the French forensic oratory. Concerning the oratory of the pulpit he is not equally enthusiastic, observing, indeed, that he should think the cause of religion derived little support from the eloquence of the clergy. But it must be remembered that at this period most of the priests were expatriated, and many of the churches were still used as warehouses and stables. One close by him in the Rue Mont Orgueil was, as a matter of fact, employed as a saddler's shop. He was much interested in the now dispersed collection brought together in the Musée des Monuments in the Petits-Augustins by M. Alexandre Lenoir, the artist and antiquary. This consisted of such monumental sculpture as had escaped the fury of the Terror—escaping, it should be added, only miserably mutilated and defaced. Lenoir, who had received a severe bayonet wound in attempting to defend the tomb of Richelieu, had admirably arranged these waifs and strays, and the collection of eighteenth-century sculpture was especially notable, as were also the specimens of stained

glass. Among Raimbach's personal experiences came the successful consumption at Véry's in the Palais Royal of a fricassée of frogs. But this was done in ignorance, and not of set purpose as in the case of the epicure Charles Lamb, who speaks of them as "the nicest little delicate things." Raimbach's return to England, somewhat precipitated by the fury of the First Consul at the attacks made upon him in the *Morning Chronicle*, was made by the Picardy route. At Calais he spent a day at the Lion d'Argent, and reached Dover shortly afterward, giving, with his party, three ringing cheers at once more treading upon English soil. He had been absent two months instead of two weeks. His

impressions de voyage, which occupy nearly half his "Memoirs," would have gained in permanent charm if he had described more and reflected less. All the same, his trip to Paris as a young man in 1802 was the one event of his career, for though he went abroad again on two or three occasions, received a gold medal from the Salon in 1814 for his engraving of "The Village Politicians," was fêted by Baron Gérard in 1825, and made a Corresponding Member of the Institute ten years later, the rest of his recollections are comparatively uninteresting, except for his intercourse with Wilkie, of whom he wrote a brief biography. He died in January, 1843, in his sixty-seventh year.—*Longman's Magazine*.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

A LESSON OF THE FAMINE.

It was the evening of a burning Sunday in June, 1844, in an out-of-the-way village in the southern plains of India, when, seated in my long arm-chair in the veranda, I fell asleep and dreamed.

I had been reading Grimm's Fairy Tales, and my mind was full of Rumpelstiltskin, the little old man who could spin straw into gold; and while I was thinking of this, and of how delightful it would be to have such power, I thought some one touched me on the shoulder and said, "Come with me, and I will show you how you may do even greater wonders than Rumpelstiltskin; for you shall spin water into gold, and cinders into cornfields, and ropes of sand into strings of pearl."

And I looked, and we seemed to be standing on a bare hillside commanding an extensive view of a vast level plain, bounded in the far distance by the sea. And somehow I thought that, notwithstanding the great distance, I could distinguish every detail of the landscape as if through a telescope; and a more desolate scene I had never beheld. The whole plain seemed to be one vast desert of burning sand, without a blade of vegetation, and here

and there were clusters of wretched mud hovels, the only human habitation; and at the doors were gathered groups of the most miserable, emaciated creatures—men, women, and children—that I had ever seen.

Then I perceived, to my astonishment, that through this desolate region there ran a great river, with branches like the veins on a man's hand, provided by nature, so it would seem, for the fertilization of the soil. And I thought of Egypt and the Nile, and could not help wondering why, with all this abundant water, there should be no sign of vegetation. Then somehow the scene changed, and I thought I was in some great hall crowded with people, to whom I was going to lecture. By my side was an easel, and on it a huge map of the same vast desert, with all the features I had just seen.

And again my thoughts ran on Egypt, and the words of Moses, which I had heard that morning in church, kept coming into my head, "Must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Then I took up a pointer, and, with Moses still in my thoughts, began to touch the several arms of the great river on the map, as if to illustrate my

lecture ; and behold, as I did so, each branch of the river seemed to break into a thousand tiny channels, like silver threads, and at once the colors of the landscape changed—for I still seemed to be regarding the actual scene—and gradually stretch after stretch of the burnt-up sand was transformed before my eyes into fields of waving corn. The clusters of mud hovels, baking in the sun, became well-built villages shaded by groves of palm ; and under the trees were groups of well-to-do country people, and troops of children in school play-grounds. The reaches of the river too seemed to widen and grow beautiful, with a fringe of dense and lovely foliage ; and on the broad shining waterways I saw, following each other in succession, huge barges loaded to the water's edge with merchandise of every sort and description. Among them were market-boats, with their picturesque cargo of fruits and country folk, forming a scene such as once led to the comparison of a well-dressed Eastern crowd to a garden of tulips. And as I watched them dropping down the stream, a strain of sweet music smote my ear, and voices of women and children singing in chorus rose in the clear morning air. In a word, the whole land had suddenly awakened from death to life, and the desert had been turned into a rich and beautiful garden. And as I was wondering by what magic so marvellous a transformation had been wrought, I awoke, and behold it was a dream ! And on the table by my side lay an unopened letter "On her Majesty's Service," ordering me to headquarters, and inviting me to take charge of a great scheme of public works in another part of the Presidency.

We can imagine that it was in some such fashion as this that, fifty years ago, the brain of a gifted engineer was inspired to undertake and carry to triumphant completion one of the most extraordinary and fruitful works of the present century—a work calculated at any time to fill Englishmen with pride, but at the present moment one of vital importance to the empire, not only in itself, but in the help which its his-

tory may afford in a crisis of the gravest magnitude.

In all the literature of Indian administration—that vast library of yearly reports whose fate is for the most part to gather dust on the shelves of our palatial offices at Whitehall—we doubt if there is to be found a volume of more dramatic interest, or more rich in practical lessons, than the modest and at first sight strictly technical record cited at the foot of this page.*

Embedded in its 150 pages, and half hidden under the statistics and technicalities with which they bristle, there lies a veritable historical romance, hardly a whit less wonderful than the airy fancy we have sketched above, amounting as it does to nothing less than the literal and practical realization of exactly such a dream as we have imagined. "The Conquest of the Godavery," in the hands of a master, might indeed be so presented in the form of drama or romance as to rival many a more famous work which has given immortality to the writer of fiction.

It is the story of a herculean task set for execution, of a foresight in essaying it amounting almost to inspiration, of undaunted courage and perseverance in face of overwhelming obstacles, and of a success far surpassing the most sanguine anticipations, such as would at all times be deserving of careful study, but which has special claims on public attention at the present time, and paramount claims on those responsible in any degree for the welfare of India.

And are we not all at this moment realizing our share of that responsibility?—face to face as we are once more with the hideous spectre of Famine, threatening millions who depend on us for their daily bread. Day after day our withers are wrung by detailed reports from those on the spot, of increasing thousands employed on relief works, and of heroic efforts to arrest the tide of impending starvation, till

* The Engineering Works of the Godavari Delta : a Descriptive and Historical Account. Compiled for the Madras Government by George T. Walch, M.Inst.C.E., Chief Engineer for Irrigation, Madras (retired).

such time as nature shall again furnish the seasonable floods on which the life of the people depends.

Nobly have England and her colonies come forward to give all the help that money and affection can afford; and not less nobly have others joined in the work—kindred States under native Indian rule, and countries far less bound to India than ourselves. The spectacle which India presents to-day is in truth unique in history, and affords striking evidence, if any were needed, of England's capacity for the great charge she has assumed as an Eastern Power, and not less perhaps of the unnoticed but commanding influence gained over mankind by Christian sentiment. No more eloquent proof could be found of the progress of the past hundred years, alike in Indian administration and in popular feeling, than in the contrast presented by the records of the present great famine with the story told in Sir W. Hunter's "Annals of Rural Bengal" of that which in 1770 turned Bengal into a howling wilderness.

But when all has been done, and when the threatened lives of helpless thousands have been rescued, we remain still confronted by the uneasy consciousness that the root of the evil is untouched. Like some irresistible tidal wave, Famine in India recedes for a time, only to gather strength in the interval, returning in a few years with overwhelming volume, to find us still unprepared, and driven in the last resort to heroic remedies. Yet surely here is matter for amazement, at least to the unlearned. Shall we, who stand in the forefront of scientific research, who can bridge Forth and Tay and Menai, who make light of mountain railway or submarine telegraph, and, above all, who pose as the first of Oriental Powers, sit down helpless in presence of natural phenomena so familiar as those on which depends the periodical return of famine to a tropical country? Is it possible that there are no means by which we may render India once and for all independent of such well-understood conditions of Eastern life? With money poured out like water, is it the cost we shrink from? Have we sunk so low that any

sordid thought of private interest stops the way? or have we not trust enough in our children of genius? In vain we search report and speech and lecture and narrative, official and unofficial, past and present, of those most interested in and best acquainted with the country, for any really satisfactory answer to such questions as these. In all alike it seems to be taken for granted, as a foregone conclusion, that there can be no thought of ridding the country forever of the periodical visits of this tremendous calamity, and that all that the resources of man can hope to achieve is to battle successfully with the enemy when he is at the gates. But the note of a more hopeful strain is in the air, and we make bold to say that in this most opportunely published record of a great work actually accomplished is to be found an answer at once convincing and full of encouragement—an object-lesson of incalculable value in the treatment of Indian famine, writ so large that he who runs may read.

It needs exceptional courage, we are well aware, to essay an excursion into the records of a public office, and to face the chilly reception to be met with, alike from liveried porter, from gentlemanly clerk, and from distinguished secretary; but there are times when such an ordeal may be faced, and when we may be rewarded by something even of greater interest than the last Society novel.

If, attracted by the photographs and maps in which this volume is rich, the visitor is enticed to dip into the narrative they illustrate, we can promise him that he will have his reward. It is a chapter of Indian history familiar enough to those on the spot—too familiar, strange to say, to some of our highest authorities—and it is one which needs only to be more widely known so to react on public opinion that its lessons shall not be lost. For we learn here how within the last fifty years a great district covering 3000 square miles, which fifty years ago was in so deplorable a condition as to compel the active intervention of the authorities—decimated by famine, and with population and revenue decreasing year by year—has been permanent-

ly converted into a rich and prosperous province, with revenue and population steadily increasing, and which, when famine visits the land, serves as a granary for starving districts on every side.

Of the twelve short chapters into which the story is condensed the two first contain a brief but clear and interesting sketch of the geography of the Godavery delta, and of the original plans for the utilization of the waters of the great river for the twofold purpose of irrigation and navigation. In the succeeding chapters, from the third to the ninth, we have the detailed history of the works carried out in the delta, and a deeply interesting history it is—notwithstanding its necessarily technical character—with its exciting incidents of varying success and failure, its full extracts from official correspondence, lifting the curtain upon bygone scenes of hot official warfare, of heroic struggles with disappointment and disaster, of battles with overmastering obstacles in storm and flood, in official mistrust and opposition, in sickness and exhaustion of physical strength. In the tenth and eleventh chapters are recorded the means by which the waters, finally bridled by human genius, have been compelled to serve forever the double duty of irrigation and navigation, to the immense advantage of the country. Finally, in the twelfth chapter are summarized, with a brevity more eloquent than pages of comment, the net results of the works as affecting finance, revenue, population, cultivation, and communications. The theme is illustrated not only by statistical tables showing at a glance the results of the system at work, but by a series of clearly drawn maps and plans and of admirable photographs, enabling the general reader to realize vividly the nature both of the country itself and of the gigantic work whose history is here recorded.

Enthusiasm, it is well known, begets enthusiasm, and we prophesy with confidence that no reader—however little acquainted with India or with the mysteries of engineering science—will lay down this book without having caught something of the infection of its hero's spirit, and sharing his earnest, almost pathetic, desire that its lessons should

be applied throughout the length and breadth of India. It was in the year 1843 that the lamentable condition of the Godavery district, with its "decreasing population and dwindling revenue," "forced the Government into action." The "sad case" into which it had fallen is thus concisely set forth:

"The abolition of the East India Company's factories and the competition of Manchester and other European looms had deprived it of nearly all its cloth trade; . . . an unsuitable form of land-tenure, badly administered, pressed heavily on its cultivators; its few irrigation works were neglected; and it frequently suffered from droughts which withered the crops, or from floods which drowned them: for the noble river which runs through the district, and now enriches it, then carried nearly the whole of its treasure of waters uselessly to the sea, or poured them in destructive floods over the most fertile parts of its delta."

By a happy coincidence the government of the Presidency was at this time in the hands of a statesman of exceptional capacity;* and at the same time, among the subordinates of the Public Works Department a young officer of the corps of Madras Engineers had just brought himself into prominent notice by his successful completion of a work of great difficulty and importance in the southern district of Tanjore, where the conditions were remarkably similar to those of the Godavery delta.

Sir Henry Montgomery, "one of the ablest of its servants," was deputed by the Madras Government to inquire into the causes of the decline of the Godavery district, and to advise as to remedial measures. He had himself been Collector of the Tanjore district, and his experience of the remarkable success which had been there achieved by bringing under efficient control the waters of the Cauvery river, led him to the opinion that "much could be done with the Godavery" in a similar manner. He recommended that the officer by whom the Tanjore works had been carried out, Captain Cotton of the Madras Engineers (now General Sir Arthur Cotton, K.C.S.I.), should be deputed to the Godavery district to report on the subject. The hero of

* The Marquis of Tweeddale.

our romance now appears on the scene. In August, 1844, Captain Cotton submitted his first report, from which dates the initiation of the work which has turned that great delta from a desert into a garden, by the simple, if arduous, process of directing and utilizing the forces abundantly supplied by nature in the great river-system by which the district is traversed.

From the outset the story is not wanting in the elements of romance. One of the twelve holy rivers of India, the Godavery, in its uncontrolled state, is described by Sir Henry Montgomery as "a fearful stream, carrying before it all improvements in its course."

Rising 900 miles away, where "its first trickle issues through the mouth of a sacred idol," it is endowed with all the sanctity afforded by the shrines of the faithful dotted along its course, and with all the wild beauty of a passage through mountain defiles, till it expands at last into an ocean of sandy levels, and melts imperceptibly into the sea. For centuries this giant among the rivers of India had brought down only poverty and destruction instead of prosperity to the unfortunate people living within its influence—alternately withholding the water on which depended the very necessities of life, and overwhelming life and property in one widespread ruin. "Ravaged by great rivers" is the expression used by a gifted Anglo-Indian writer of the districts of Lower Bengal in the last century, and one which well describes the condition of the Godavery district at the opening of our story. One need not have been in India to realize something of the scene of hopeless desolation which the district must have presented at this time, with its limitless flats of waste and water, sweltering under a scorching sun, unredeemed by shade of hill or vegetation, and with a sense over all of poverty and decadence and oppression by irresistible forces of nature.

But neither sentiment nor physical obstacles affected for a moment the judgment of the young expert, and Captain Cotton had not been long on the spot before he was able to open the eyes of the Government both as to the causes of the decline of the district and

the nature of the remedies required. In an able and convincing report he showed that the district was, by soil, climate, and natural features, one of vast capabilities; that its decline was due solely to the failure to utilize its great natural advantages; and that if, following the precedent of the very similar district of Tanjore, a comprehensive scheme of irrigation were established, it could not be doubted that similar success would be followed.

This initial report is of special interest, both in the clear light which it throws on the work to which it is the prelude, and on account of the insight we gain from it into the character of the principal figure concerned.

It is no part of our object here to sing the praises of those by whom this miracle of reclamation has been achieved; but it is impossible to dissociate from any single act of the drama the conspicuous personality of the man who was from first to last its informing spirit, nor is there any need to minimize the credit due to one of the most eminent of English engineers. It was a daring scheme which this young officer had the courage to recommend (though we learn that a similar plan had been suggested by a kindred spirit half a century earlier)—viz., to stem by artificial means the course of a river four miles across, and to reclaim from the waste of centuries 800,000 acres of land; and this under a tropical sun and with the untrained labor of natives of the country.

Yet so complete is his confidence in the judgment he had formed, that he looks forward to the results with as much certainty as to those of some mathematical problem; his plans are laid as coolly as if the land to be treated were a home-farm of 1000 acres, and as if the cost of the work were to be reckoned in hundreds instead of in tens of thousands; while again and again the spirit of the man comes out in an enthusiasm which cannot be restrained. The district "can scarcely be surpassed by any part of the world" in its capabilities; "the whole tract is one noble expanse of rich alluvial land, fit for almost any cultivation;" and if only his plans may be adopted, "the last drop of water in the river may be

brought to the surface of the country, so as to command the whole of this vast tract." No wonder that to such a mind, foreseeing clearly the ultimate triumph, considerations of immediate financial difficulty seemed of minor importance, and sums of £120,000 or £130,000 were regarded as "an absurdly small sum" to devote to the object in view. In the later correspondence the true foundation, as we venture to think, of so much confidence and coolness is revealed in the simple and genuine piety of a singularly humble character. But caution, too, is coupled with foresight; for he foresees no less the opposition which such plans as his will meet, and claims earnestly that every objection shall be open and public, that he may have full opportunity to reply. He concludes by asking for means to explore the district thoroughly, considering it "one of those things impossible to explain," how a district with such immense natural advantages "should have greatly retrograded under our management."

The results of this exploration are set forth in a second report submitted eight months later—in which the nature of the country to be treated, of the treatment proposed, and of the results anticipated, are stated with force and clearness. We English are often congratulated on our capacity for dealing with strange countries and with alien races, and it is from such records as these that we may learn something of the secret of our success. In their simple eloquence they are models of what such letters should be, and, for all their official and professional character, they are full of interest even to the general reader—that personage so hard to capture and of so much importance.

"It required neither time nor attention," we are told, "to discover what was required" for this unhappy region; and so sure is the writer of his ground, that "it is rather the question of how a man may be best clothed and fed than whether he needs clothing and food." With the same characteristic and almost childish simplicity, he proceeds to explain that this is to be effected "by converting the water of the Godavery into money instead of letting it run into the sea."

The gigantic plan thus introduced might seem a doubtful project when it was seen that the river, across which a masonry dam was to be placed, was seven times the width of the widest part of the Mississippi; yet to this audacious dreamer the work proves on examination to be "practicable, simple, and easy," and he does not hesitate to promise, in addition to "a complete system of internal navigation," that "a famine in this or the neighboring districts will be placed out of the range of probability."

He proceeds to consider possible objections and to estimate the cost of the work. And here, as we come upon the earliest forecast of the results, we cannot help turning, as in a novel, to the end, to compare fulfilment with prophecy. The interest of the intervening battle need not be diminished by a glimpse of the striking contrast thus presented between the figures "before and after." In 1847 there seems "a fair opening for an increase of revenue to the extent of 20 lakhs;" in 1894 we find the year's revenue 88 lakhs of rupees, in addition to receipts from local taxation. And whereas at the outset the designer "would not be surprised" if the goods traffic on the projected waterways were to average 50 tons a day, the actual traffic in 1893-94 was twenty times that amount. How this revolution has been brought about we have now to learn.

It is to the credit of Indian administration that these reports were at once recognized as the work of no ordinary official. The Collector of the district, the Chief Engineer of the Presidency, and the Government of Madras were at one in supporting Captain Cotton's proposals, and recommending to the Court of Directors an immediate allotment for the work of a sum of £50,000. The curtain falls on the first act with the sanction to the expenditure and commencement of the work.

As it rises again in the third chapter, we are introduced to the site and design of the great work; and if the record here becomes somewhat technical for the lay reader, its substance, which may be given in a few words, is surprising and interesting enough. For

the site is the bed of a river nearly four miles wide (a bed of pure sand), broken at intervals by islands, the whole being swept by a torrent of which the picture makes the brain swim to contemplate, for it is estimated at a million and a half cubic feet of water per *second*. Such being the site, the design of the work consists of a masonry dam or "anicut" 12 feet high from bank to bank, linked by embankments on the islands, the whole to be of such strength as to withstand not only the force of stupendous periodical floods, but the perpetual scouring of under-currents, and the shock of gigantic timbers borne down from the forests and dashed with great velocity against the works. Of the proportions of this huge barrier, some notion may be gained by the incidental statement of the quantities of rough stone thrown into the river below its face. "There can be no doubt," we read, "that one million tons of stone, in addition to that used in constructing the anicut, have had to be deposited below it to secure its safety."

But the by-play of the introduction now gives place to the serious action of the piece, and the next chapter contains at length the history of the construction of the great dam, from the receipt of sanction in 1847 to its virtual completion in 1852. To the professional engineer a more exciting record could hardly be presented; and even the layman who has been enticed to follow the story so far, will almost have his breath taken away as he realizes the scale of the work, and the conditions under which it was done. Only to look at the photographs which accompany this chapter, is to gain some idea of the herculean nature of the task so gallantly undertaken and so brilliantly executed—the enormous breadth of the river (of which the farther bank is hardly visible), and the dull featureless landscape broken only by the boatloads of country people, for whose benefit and by whose labor the entire work was executed.

And every page adds to the interest and excitement of the narrative, which suggests nothing so much as the despatches of a war-correspondent. At one time a great siege seems to be in

progress, with mine and countermine, sally and repulse; at another it is a hand-to-hand fight in the open against overwhelming odds, with thrilling alternations of hope and despair, and the lives and fortunes of millions depending on the issue. Now it is a war of Titans—genius pitted against dulness, or against rival genius; and giants of indolence and self-seeking against heroic self-devotion. A civil war it was in truth, between departments of the same administration—the revenue authorities with eyes fixed on the columns of the yearly budget; the engineers, under the command of a genius, fired with enthusiasm, looking to an ultimate prosperity, in which budget estimates would form only a minor part of the profit assured. Meantime, once the order was given, there was no lingering in the camp. Ten thousand workmen were assembled in no long time, and there is no doubt that their collection was facilitated by the popular appreciation of the benefits promised by the undertaking. Yet it is only those who have lived in India who can realize what is meant by dependence on unskilled native labor, or who can appreciate the patient devotion required to bring such a work to successful completion under such conditions. The principal difficulty, we read, has been "in keeping the people to their work, it being almost impossible to find a *peon* (or overseer) who is not more idle than the men he superintends." In a subsequent chapter the heart-breaking nature of the struggle is thus illustrated by Lieutenant Haig, one of the most devoted and distinguished of Colonel Cotton's subordinates:

"In a work carried on in this country at the rate at which this was, one European to every 400 coolies would be only sufficient; whereas the most I ever had was one to 1000, and for the greater part of the time one to 2000. The coolies are grossly idle, the bricklayers worse, the *peons* worse still. It is not too much to say that there was scarcely a native employed on the work who, if unwatched, would not have sat still half the day and done nothing."

It was a race, too, against time—for every season gained meant a gain of tens of thousands to the revenue. Cost, therefore, was of secondary moment, and it was "a question not how

cheaply, but how quickly, the work would be executed." In the first year good progress was reported; but with the opening of the second, disappointment and disaster set in. Expenditure is greatly out of proportion to progress; there have been miscalculations as to time and material, and too little account of the eccentricities of the great river itself, which behaves like some live monster. Finally, just when things are going from bad to worse, the mainspring gives way in the health of the guiding spirit, and Colonel Cotton is driven to take leave of absence.

Now the plot thickens indeed, and the whole scheme comes near to total collapse. Untimely "freshes" of the river in June had caused serious damage, and before a first supplementary estimate had been complied with, a second has to be sent in. The tone of the engineer's reports is not less hopeful than ever; but already the courage of those on whom supplies depended had failed them, and the reply of the Directors, even to the first supplementary estimate, showed their undisguised mistrust of the whole vast and costly design.

It is impossible not to sympathize to some extent with the timidity of men who were placing the fortunes of the country in the hands of a specialist whose success was at least not a certainty; and at this moment there is no doubt that the fate of the whole invaluable work hung on a thread, its continued prosecution being avowedly due only to the reluctance to sacrifice "the large expenditure already incurred."

In May, 1849, Captain Orr, the officer in charge, hopes to have "all safe" before the first freshes descend; but a week later the river suddenly rose eighteen inches in an hour, and on one branch there was "a breach of forty-four yards in the centre of the work," while on another "both dams went" in the same manner. In a month's time the damage has been repaired, and it is hoped that "all will still be well"—the patient is *in extremis*, but while there is life there is hope—but in three months more, under stress of storm and flood, three hundred feet of the anicut "settled and cracked," and

a fresh estimate has to be sent in of £2500.

In the following year there was a turn of the wheel, and in June it seemed as if all serious difficulties were over; but the river "did not yet submit to the curb," and a fortnight later a heavy flood on the Ralli branch caused a wholesale ruin of the masonry works; "pier fell after pier," as though of some child's castle on the sea-shore. At this most critical juncture Colonel Cotton returns from leave, and it is no disparagement of the gallant and loyal efforts of his lieutenants to say that his arrival had the effect of a *deus ex machina* on the course of events. It was as if the river owned its master's hand, and there is an immediate change of tone in the record, and even in the fortune of war.

A succession of determined and happily successful struggles is now witnessed, not less with the authorities for the essential supplies than with the great river itself. Colonel Cotton's report of December, 1850, explaining scientifically enough the causes of failure in work and estimates, must have been anything but pleasant reading to those ultimately responsible for the great venture. Yet it was impossible to resist the confidence of a report which contained the gratifying announcement that the anicut was in effective operation. The ground thus at last made good was never again wholly lost, and the next working season was so fruitful that the "virtual completion" of the anicut and head-works was achieved, and in the spring of 1852 Colonel Cotton is able to submit a report amounting to an announcement of victory along the whole line, and the complete success of the great experiment. Like the rest, it is a report both interesting in itself and eminently characteristic of the writer. For between the lines of the official record we read the transparent honesty and loyalty of the man—fearlessly avowing his own mistakes, and warmly giving the chief credit of success to his subordinates; the enthusiast's impatience of red-tape delays; his eager anxiety for the best interests of the people; his unaffected reliance on a higher than human power.

There is a characteristic story of how

in the course of the work he applied to Government for the services of certain military subalterns, but was told he could not have them because they had not passed an examination in Hindustani (not the language of the district!). To which he replied, "Let me have men that are deaf, let me have men that are dumb, but let me have somebody."

Even among the technical details we come upon some surprising discoveries, as when we learn that (provided it can be secured from currents of water) "there is no better foundation for masonry than sand"—a statement to be accepted on such authority, but which seems to contradict some of our most elementary notions.

Of the completeness of an engineer officer's equipment for his work it is hardly for us to speak; but each succeeding report makes it clearer that it was not only as a designer of great works that Arthur Cotton was conspicuous, nor only as an accomplished administrator, securing a devoted loyalty from his subordinates, and inspiring them with his own enthusiastic zeal, but no less as an executive officer and master of minutest details. The very grass growing on the margin of the river, by which the formation of sandbanks may be modified, has to pay tribute to this far-seeing engineer. The central act of the drama now ends with the order of Government cordially congratulating Colonel Cotton and his officers on the complete success of the work—an order to be shortly followed by Colonel Cotton's promotion to be Chief Engineer of the Presidency.

But if the fate of the great experiment is no longer in doubt, so that the chief excitement of the story is ended, there is abundance in the remaining chapters to keep up the interest of the reader to the end, illustrating as they do in vivid and picturesque detail the nature of this truly sensational contest against the combined forces of man and nature.

Immediately after the record of the triumphant completion of the work there follows such a chapter of accidents that one is disposed to think all congratulation has been premature. We have to remember, however, that

the history is spread over a long period; that five-and-forty years separate us from the date when the work was completed; and that such works are, after all, not self-supporting. Through these years alterations and repairs and new works follow each other so thickly, that it almost seems as if the whole design has been recast. Yet it will be seen that the victory has been a real and gigantic one, and that there has been no failure in the large promises held out from the first—notwithstanding that in the interval the initial estimate of 16 lakhs has been swelled to the undreamt-of figure of 130 lakhs of rupees expended on the Godavery delta.

In the first year after the completion, one of the main locks at the head of the delta collapsed, and had to be rebuilt at heavy cost; and five years later, in that year of disaster to India, 1857—and as if in sympathy with the political convulsion—a huge breach was made in the main anicut. Similar minor catastrophes have followed in later years, but through all there has been no shadow of anxiety as to results, and no outcry that has not been abundantly recouped.

Exceptional interest attaches to the account which follows of one of the most exciting episodes of the history, in the building of the Gunnaram Aqueduct, the great artificial waterway which crosses one of the arms of the Godavery and serves with water from the river a tract of 32,785 acres. The photographs here inserted give a clear and intelligible picture of the nature and importance of this great structure, while there is no lack of excitement in the narrative of an almost unexampled race against time under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty. There are special features, too, in the story which stamp it as something altogether unusual, and seem to justify the enthusiastic terms in which it has been always mentioned by the profession.

For example, it was in pursuance of an ancient native principle that the masonry pillars of the aqueduct have for their foundation shallow wells of eight feet in a bed of pure sand; while there is sensation enough in the story of how the bricks were burnt on the

spot, how their size was gradually increased till one brick formed a man's load, and how, so great was the haste, that these monster bricks were borne from the kiln to the works when so hot that they could hardly be touched by hand.

When it is further remembered that, among the six thousand natives employed, not one was a skilled workman, and that this great work—as it still stands—was finished within three months of its commencement, we can understand how Colonel Baird Smith, an eminent officer of the Bengal Engineers, on visiting the spot in the following year, could hardly find words to express his astonishment and admiration. "Anywhere," he says, "it would have been a noteworthy achievement, but under the circumstances it was an extraordinary feat." For this exploit the credit was due to Lieut. (now General) Haig of the Madras Engineers, of whom Colonel Cotton recorded that he had "never yet seen such energy displayed by any other man." But the whole chapter will repay perusal, ending as it does with some general remarks on the policy of public works in India, which may well be laid to heart at the present day.

The interest of the next succeeding pages lies mainly in the incidents of the hot official warfare which raged round this gigantic enterprise from beginning to end, and which seems to have been in no way relaxed even when the victory had been assured. The records teem, we are told, with remonstrances from Colonel Cotton, and with replies, "now wrathful, now penned more in sorrow than in anger," on account of surprises sprung on the authorities in ever-increasing demands for funds. Well worth reading, as a commentary on Indian administration, is Colonel Cotton's despatch of November, 1852 (sent direct to Government in violation of all ordinary routine) with its pent-up indignation, restrained only by the soldier's sense of discipline; its withering complaints of the want of support; its entreaty for inquiry and inspection, for his "disappointment is that too little, not too much, interest has been shown respecting the works."

An angry reply from the Governor seemed likely to bring things to an *impasse*, but the tide had happily turned, and the next report was so highly encouraging that henceforth money was more readily granted; so that on one page we find a list of sums sanctioned on these works at thought of which a few years earlier the revenue authorities would have stood aghast. The pace now quickens, and in 1882 we have a notable despatch from the Secretary of State in which the total expenditure of £1,300,000 is reviewed, and which contains a cordial and gratifying acknowledgment from the Home Government of the success of the works.

We are now rapidly brought down to the year 1891, when a full report is submitted on the "Construction Estimates" by Mr. G. T. Walch, the able compiler of the present record, who was himself for twenty years in charge of the works as Chief Engineer for Irrigation.

How completely the tone of those in authority had now changed we may read in the order of Government on this report: "In recording the completion of this magnificent project, which, while amply remunerative to the public exchequer, has conferred tenfold benefits on the people of the district, the Governor in Council cannot but claim for the works that, in conception and execution, they are such as any State might well be proud of."

The two following chapters, filled though they are with technical and professional details, contain a mass of information of great general interest, rendering complete in every detail the history of the construction of this monument of engineering skill.

Before parting with our author, we are acquainted with the actual main results of the work in the two great departments of Irrigation and Navigation.

As regards *Irrigation*, it is well known that rice, the staple crop of the district, requires throughout its growth an abundant supply of water; and under this head we may be content to learn that "it enables valuable crops to be grown with certainty year by

year over 1000 square miles, where without it there would be but a comparatively small area of uncertain cultivation; and it thereby not only prevents the famines which used to ravage the district, but provides a large surplus of food grains for export to less favored regions." Incidentally we gather also that the "aggregate length of irrigation distributaries in the whole Godavery delta system is nearly 2000 miles." Moreover, a further indefinite extension of the irrigated area seems to be only subject to provision for the regulation of the water-supply of this inexhaustible river—which, while excessive during one period of the year, is inadequate at another.

For such a state of things the main remedy seems to be arrangement for the storage of water, of which even yet vast quantities "flow uselessly to the sea." And it is to measures for effecting this on an adequate scale that the attention of hydraulic engineers will probably be devoted at an early date, whenever the value of water to India is fully understood and its utilization undertaken in earnest.

On this most important subject Sir Arthur Cotton has long ago written with great earnestness, pointing to the noble example set by the natives themselves in their innumerable works, and showing that "there are very few countries that have such facilities as India for the storage of water," which he regards as "one of the very first questions" in the management of the country, for "the returns from it alone would be far beyond those from any gold-mine."

Under the head of *Navigation* we catch sight for the first time of one of the principal battlefields of Indian administration—a field where the fight still rages, and where the victory is even yet not finally declared, though the spoils of war have so far gone almost exclusively to one side. In the great war of canals *versus* railways the genius of Arthur Cotton has for years maintained an unequal struggle against the advocates of land-transport; and notwithstanding such evidence as is furnished by the too little known story of the "Conquest of the Godavery," his opponents have hitherto prevailed.

The case for and against the employment of irrigation canals for navigation is here presented with great fairness, and if it is made clear that there are difficulties in the system, and much room for development in the means of transport by water, the net result, as illustrated by the example of the Godavery delta, seems to be a distinct triumph to those who have so strenuously maintained the superiority of water-carriage over land-transport for India—both as regards economy of construction and cheapness of carriage.

An interesting comparison is added with the Erie Canal in the New York State, where after many trials steam is now increasingly used. But we need not go to the far West for an example of how water-carriage has been the making of great countries. Nothing is perhaps more striking in these papers than to learn how much knowledge of practical engineering was possessed by natives of the East from very ancient times. And if India has had her early hydraulic engineers, we may go still farther East and learn a lesson from the great Imperial canal of China, which serves, through a course of near 700 miles, for both irrigation and navigation, and regarding which we read that "the fertility of its soil and the advantages resulting from the internal navigation afforded by the great canal and its numerous branches, have rendered this plain"—a plain seven times as large as that of Lombardy—"the most populous spot on the earth."

As regards irrigation, signs are indeed not wanting that some effect has been produced by the spectacle of the contrast presented this very year between the irrigated districts of India and those dependent only on the aid given by a network of railways. So high an authority as the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces—the most famine-stricken region of the continent—writes as follows in reviewing his Provincial Budget estimates for the current year:

"It is an interesting fact that the total area irrigated by canals will, for the first time in the history of canals in these Provinces, exceed 3,000,000 acres, and that the receipts, direct and indirect, of the canals will, also for the first time, exceed a crore of rupees. The estimated value of the crops raised on

canal-irrigated lands is likely to be more than twelve times that sum, or about 50 per cent more than the total capital cost of canals from their beginning to the present time. The whole of these crops have been secured by canals, and but for them, a very large portion would never have been sown."

There is at least nothing visionary in such a statement as this, and the pity is that it should have to be followed by the "Times" correspondent's pointed remark that "the annual Imperial grant for irrigation is still only 75 lakhs, while over ten crores yearly are being allotted to railways." For that it is in the reversal of these proportions that the salvation of India lies, the story of the Godavery delta is surely enough to prove.

Meantime the lesson has not been wholly lost, and the example of the Godavery works has already been imitated with great success in the Bengal provinces of Orissa and Behar, and in the Punjab, as well as in the North-West Provinces. On this subject much light is thrown by a most interesting lecture lately read to the Society of Arts by Sir Charles Elliott, one of the first authorities on Indian famine, who takes a broad and statesmanlike view of the whole question. Nowhere has more emphatic testimony been borne to the efficacy of water as the primary agent in dealing with famine. By fact and figure the lecturer demonstrates not only that "irrigation is the only possible remedy for drought," but that wherever the remedy has been applied, there is perfect immunity from famine, and this at less than no cost to the State; for while in nearly every case the works are even financially remunerative, the least "paying" of them have at all events saved the region affected from both the expenses and the horrors of famine. The lecturer proceeds to show that the result even of the partial adoption of this remedy is that "the irrigated area raises half the food-supply required by the entire country." It is a surprise, therefore, to find that, with such evidence before him, Sir Charles Elliott here turns aside, and abandons as hopeless any attempt to place this one acknowledged panacea in the forefront of our future measures. With strange inconsistency he argues that "a famine arising from

drought is a calamity which human efforts are unavailing to prevent." "For," says he, as if with conclusive emphasis, "canals cannot be constructed everywhere;" for success in their construction certain conditions are essential, and "there are not many tracts which satisfy these conditions"!

We wonder who was consulted before this lamentable conclusion was reached. The point is not revealed; but on this high authority the word goes forth that it is not to prevention, but to mitigation only that we can look, and even the Secretary of State feels quite happy in drawing the conclusion that "railways are almost a panacea for the mitigation of famine." Be it remembered here that the famine is upon man and beast alike; that on their cattle largely depends the welfare of the population, and that in the railway there is at least no salvation for cattle.

We are far indeed, however, from having any quarrel with railways, which in their place are invaluable. We grudge only the absorption, by this avowedly partial remedy for the evil, of the lavish funds which would suffice for one of an infinitely more far-reaching and permanent nature. What is wanted, in short, is that certain elementary truths should be borne in upon the minds of all who have at heart the welfare of India. These are: That India can be set free forever of famine only by an adequate supply of water to the land under cultivation; that in the great river-systems of the peninsula there exists a supply of water abundantly sufficient for this purpose; that at present in the greater part of the country (as in the Godavery delta prior to 1847) almost the whole of this plentiful supply (a supply of untold value) is allowed to flow uselessly into the sea; that, given the engineering skill competent to deal with the continent on a large and comprehensive plan, there is no reason whatever why the greater part, if not the whole, of the area should not be permanently rescued from all fear of scarcity; that the cost of such plans would be as nothing compared with that already devoted to railways; and that once the necessary hydraulic works were in active operation, the outlay on

their construction and maintenance would be repaid again and again in the ever-increasing prosperity of the country.

When the truth of such propositions has been fully realized by public opinion, no long time will elapse before the necessary steps are taken, and among them we may look forward to a modification in the direction given to the training of our Indian engineers. Whenever Cooper's Hill devotes its energies more exclusively to the subject of hydraulic engineering, there will be better hope for the future prosperity of India than there is at present.

But there must be no hasty submission to the apparently impossible, and the spirit which should animate our teaching is that expressed in some well-known lines of Arthur Clough, where the forces of outward Nature—

"Rise to provoke thee against them ;
Hast thou courage ? enough, see them exult-
ing to yield.
Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild
sea's fuming waters
(Violent, say'st thou, and hard, mighty thou
think'st to destroy),
All with ineffable longing are waiting their
Invader,
All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come
and subdue ;
Still for their Conqueror call, and but for the
joy of being conquered
(Rapture they will not forego) dare to resist
and rebel ;
Still when resisting and raging, in soft under-
voice say unto him,
Fear not, retire not, O man ; hope evermore
and believe."

Let this veritable fairy tale of science tell its own story in conclusion of the wonders it has worked, and which in truth read more like some fable of the "Arabian Nights" than the dry record of a Government department. The record is a professional one, but it needs no professional knowledge to understand the evidence of "direct money returns," or of a clear surplus of receipts over expenditure down to the end of 1894 of 284 lakhs of rupees. Whereas in the twenty years preceding the construction of the works the yearly revenue of the Godavery district had dwindled from 21 to 17 lakhs, in the twenty succeeding years it rose by steady yearly increments to 88 lakhs of rupees. During the same period it

is officially recorded that the imports were increased tenfold, the exports twentyfold.

Whether the rapid increase of population, which is one of the consequences of English rule, is an unmixed blessing to India may be questioned ; but we cannot omit from the list of the fruits borne by this great work that a gradually dwindling population of 560,000 has been transformed to a population of over 2 millions, showing a density greater than that of Belgium, the most populous country of Europe. The area of irrigated land rendered safe for a yearly crop has been increased in the same period, and by the same means, from less than 150,000 acres of precarious cultivation to near 700,000 acres on which the crops are grown "with almost absolute certainty."

While for communications, in lieu of mere rough and devious footpaths, the delta has been furnished with 500 miles of navigable canals and an equal length of roads constructed from local funds, raised through the prosperity of the country.

In the words of the "District Manual," with which the record is brought to a close—

"Famine is unknown. It is the garden of the great Northern province. Its revenue is more elastic than it has ever been—its population has more than doubled—its commerce has flourished, and its trade has developed to a marvellous degree, and it may be confidently asserted that it is in as peaceful, happy, and prosperous condition as any part of her Imperial Majesty's dominions." "That these results," adds the writer, "are largely due to the great Engineering works of which this history treats is not open to question."

One word more of the hero of this memorable episode in the making of India. It is a strange thing that, for all his triumphant justification by the inexorable logic of results, the name of Arthur Cotton is to this day regarded in influential quarters as that of a "visionary." "His estimates are not to be trusted," they say, "his figures are too large," "the scale of his plans too heroic for practical adoption. He deals in nothing less than millions." But, in the name of common-sense, in what else should he deal, with an area to provide for like that of India ? And what are his millions to those

which crowd the columns of our daily Famine reports at this moment?—millions of rupees thrown into the breach, like the stone into the Godavery, and millions of famished people barely rescued from death by starvation at an unheard-of cost.

If ever there was an authority who has proved his right to be heard on such a subject as this, assuredly it is Arthur Cotton. And the fire of this fruitful genius is not yet extinguished. It is only four months since the old lion was roused to write to the "Times" by the sight of this very record of which we speak, and which must have brought to him as pure a pleasure as was ever vouchsafed to a devoted and too little understood public servant. Very pithy and characteristic is his comment on the situation, in a letter published in the "Times" of the 1st February last, and of which an extract may fitly be given here :

"Surely," he writes, "this is an amazing lesson at this moment. The remedy now proposed for the famine is to spend 45 millions sterling on railways, but the question is not one of carriage for corn, but of corn for carriage.

"The railways will not produce a grain of corn, and consequently the world is being searched for grain to import.

"This sum would irrigate from the great rivers, which never fail, many million acres, producing in rice sufficient for two persons per acre, besides providing some thousands of miles of steamboat canal, carrying so cheaply as really to meet the needs of India with its long distances.

"At present the Government irrigation works in all water 11 million acres, applying to the land about 3 per cent of the rich water of the great rivers, containing abundance of all the food which grain crops require beside moisture, and the remaining 97 per cent are annually carrying to the sea, and so to waste, hundreds of millions of tons of water and plant food for want of which hundreds of thousands will now perish.

"If one-fifth of the money expended upon the small branch lines of railway had been expended upon irrigation works scattered over India, there is every reason to believe there would have been no deaths from famine at this time. The great rivers in the worst years bring down abundance of rich water for food for hundreds of millions more than the present population.

"I should remind readers that the statements I have given above respecting the Godavery district are entirely free from estimates, being purely facts brought forward in the Madras Government report."

There are those who think so bare a statement of the truth to be injudicious, but there is a time to speak as well as a time to be silent, and unquestionably now is the time to speak the whole truth on this momentous subject. Nor is there any conceivable reason for silence. At this moment, in his ninety-fourth year, we do not doubt that the writer of this letter could draft for our Indian authorities, if they would have it, such a programme of hydraulic works for the whole continent—so comprehensive, so well thought out, so entirely to be trusted—that it might be accepted on his *ipse dixit*. The skeleton of such a plan might indeed be formed from his extant writings on the subject—writings which we feel confident will one day be estimated at their true value.

And so we come back in the end to the point from which we started. For, while India sits wringing her hands in despair, weeping for the dead and hopeless for the future, somewhere in the folds of the Surrey hills there lives a venerable old man who even yet knows the secret, and for love of India would gladly impart it, if she would only listen, of spinning water into gold, and cinders into cornfields, and ropes of sand into strings of pearl.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

BRITISH INTERESTS AND THE WOLCOTT COMMISSION.

I.—THE MONOMETALLIST VIEW.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY was elected last year on the two issues of a Reform of the Currency and an increase of the Tariff. During the campaign the Tariff Question receded more and more

into the background, and the final struggle was between the Silverites and the Sound-Money men. President McKinley has decided, however, that an amendment of the Tariff is more

urgent than the Reform of the Currency. Apparently he is of opinion that the experience derived from the Bland and the Sherman Acts proves that the United States acting alone cannot establish an entirely satisfactory currency system, and therefore, that it is desirable before practically undertaking the task to endeavor to arrive at some agreement with the leading European nations respecting silver. He has appointed a Commission of three gentlemen to visit Europe for that purpose, and it is understood that they are now negotiating with the French Government. The President and his Commissioners have decided wisely, from their point of view, in preferring negotiations to a conference. We have had very many conferences since the depreciation of silver began, and they all seem to prove that nothing effectual can be done by assembling together a multitude of gentlemen from all the leading nations to discuss in public how best silver is to be rehabilitated. The Chancellor of the Exchequer in March of last year, during the bimetallist debate, expressed his own opinion that negotiations would be much better than another conference. And it is satisfactory to find that President McKinley takes the same view. The President has also judged wisely in electing to begin with France. Of all countries in Europe, France undoubtedly has the greatest interest in the silver question. Hitherto, she has suffered wonderfully little from the enormous amount of silver held in France, and in the other countries of the Latin Union. She has been able to keep silver at the old par with gold mainly because of the admirable management, and the consequent high credit of the Bank of France. The Bank has practically withdrawn from circulation, and laid up in its own vaults, over fifty-one millions sterling worth of silver at the old par. Thereby, she has reduced the quantity of the metal in circulation to what is needed in the ordinary course of business; and she herself has suffered no inconvenience because the confidence of the people in the Bank is so complete that they are willing to take its notes under all circumstances,

and without questioning whether those notes are secured by gold or by silver. But though the Bank suffers no inconvenience, it is obvious that circumstances might arise which would be very dangerous for the Bank. Silver in the open market is worth not much more than half as much as it was thirty years ago. Therefore, if such a combination of unfortunate circumstances were to occur as should compel the Bank either to pay out all its gold, or endeavor to use a very large part of its silver, the Bank might find itself in a very awkward position. I do not mean, of course, that the solvency of the Bank of France is really in question, for I have no doubt that if such a combination were to arise as I have hinted at, the whole French nation would feel bound to make good the loss in the capital of the Bank—a loss which clearly is incurred in discharge of a most important public duty. All the same, it is clearly wise on the part of the French Government to do what it can while the peace of Europe is assured to prevent even the possibility of serious losses to the Bank. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, to assume that the present French Government desires to bring about some such arrangement as the Commissioners of the United States have in view. Putting aside, then, the question of the relative strength of the Bimetallist Party in France, and looking at it as one simply affecting the position of the Bank of France, and, through it, the finances of the nation, it seems safe to say that the French Government has a strong interest in helping the United States as far as it can to establish a fixed par of exchange between silver and gold. Whether the other nations of the Latin Union would assist is open to doubt. But it is not really of very serious importance. Greece, clearly, is not in a position to establish either a gold or a silver currency. For the moment, at all events, Italy is in a similar case. And though Switzerland and Belgium are very flourishing, they are small countries whose policy cannot very materially affect the trade of the world.

Hitherto, all the nations which took part in the various International Cur-

rency Conferences have declined to enter into any engagements unless this country was willing to make herself a partner in any resolutions taken. It is, however, the settled policy of this country not to interfere with the Gold Standard. The present Chancellor of the Exchequer on the 17th of March last year made this very clear so far as the present Government is concerned, and it is notorious that all Liberal Governments through the mouths of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt have asserted the same thing over and over again. Beyond all that, the City is so clearly determined to maintain the existing system that no reasonable statesman would think of an alteration. Is it possible, then, that such a change has taken place in the opinions of Americans and Frenchmen that they would be willing now to dispense with an agreement with England and to enter into an arrangement between themselves, provided that we were to give such help as is in our power while maintaining the Gold Standard? That President McKinley is so willing seems to follow from the fact that after sending Senator Wolcott to feel the way he has appointed a Commission to open negotiations in Europe. He can have no doubt as to the policy of his country. And, therefore, since he is willing to negotiate, he must have accepted the British decision. As regards France we have not the same means to judge, but it may be pointed out that a great change has taken place since the Brussels Conference, the latest of the series of international monetary gatherings. Very shortly after the breaking up of that conference the Indian Government decided to close its mints. As a result, the United States Congress a few months later repealed the Sherman Act. The closing of the Indian mints is thus not only a capital event taken by itself, but it has completely altered the preceding condition of things quite as much as did the decision of Germany to adopt the Gold Standard a quarter of a century ago. India, which used to be the greatest consumer of silver in the world, now takes less than half what she used to take, and there is an active agitation on foot among the currency agitators

in India for increasing very considerably the duty on the metal so as to stop altogether, or nearly altogether, the imports of silver. Thus the new policy adopted by India has changed our position in regard to the great silver-using countries so completely that we are now in a very favorable position to negotiate. Formerly, it was assumed in the United States and upon the Continent as a matter which hardly admitted of discussion that the Indian mints must be kept open, and, therefore, that India would continue in the future as she had in the past to buy about seven millions sterling worth of silver every year. Consequently, the United States, France, and the other countries put aside as of no value our offer to pledge ourselves to keep the Indian mints open, and demanded that this country itself should join in the general arrangement proposed. When Mr. Goschen was Chancellor of the Exchequer he offered on the part of this country, to show its goodwill toward those states which desired to rehabilitate silver, and to give evidence likewise of our own desire to aid in the work, that the British Government should pledge itself to keep open the Indian mints, that the Bank of England should undertake to keep one-fifth of its reserve in silver, and that the gold half-sovereigns should be withdrawn so as to make room for a larger internal silver circulation. As already said, these offers were then considered little more than evasions. But times have changed so completely that the offer now would probably be regarded not merely as advantageous, but as guaranteeing very largely the success of whatever plan might be adopted. It is possible, then, that the French Government might consider that, if we were to offer now what was offered by Mr. Goschen we had done all that could be fairly demanded of us toward bringing about a fixed par of exchange.

As regards other European countries, the probability does not seem great that much concession will be made. Just a quarter of a century ago Germany adopted the Gold Standard, called in and melted down most of the old silver in circulation, and sold a

large part of it at a considerable loss. It is true that she was not able to dispose of the whole of the old silver, and that roughly about ten millions sterling of the old Thalers are still held by the Imperial Bank of Germany, the value being reckoned, of course, at the old par. Germany, therefore, is not quite indifferent in the matter, and possibly might be willing to make some concession. But that she would give up the Gold Standard, and adopt bimetallism, does not seem likely, in spite of the undoubted strength of the Bimetallist Party in the Empire. Russia, again, seems resolved upon adopting the Gold Standard. It is just possible that, if a different policy had been pursued some years ago, Russia might have been found more complaisant, but now Russia has accumulated about 130 millions sterling in gold. She has formulated a law establishing the Gold Standard, and it is difficult to see how she could be induced to go back from her decision. In the same way, Austria-Hungary has issued a series of loans amounting in the aggregate to a very considerable sum for the purpose of procuring gold. She has abolished the Silver Standard and adopted the Gold, and it does not seem likely that she could be induced to alter her resolve. In fact, the relations between Austria-Hungary on the one hand, and Germany on the other, are so close that Austria-Hungary has a strong inducement for adopting as nearly as possible the currency system of Germany. Each of the three countries mentioned, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia, no doubt, recognize that it would be useful to establish a fixed par of exchange, and probably, therefore, would be willing to make some concessions; but that they could be induced to adopt bimetallism seems hardly possible. And the same may be said of Japan, which has followed in the footsteps of these three countries, and quite lately passed a law adopting the Gold Standard. If anything is to be done to carry out the ideas of President McKinley it will be wise on the part of the United States and France to limit their demands in regard to these countries, and to look chiefly to India for help. They may fairly ask for con-

cessions of some kind from the other countries, but they will in all probability meet with a direct refusal if they ask for bimetallism in any shape. So far as India is concerned, I entertain no doubt that the highest interests of that country are involved in the reopening of the mints as soon as possible.

The interest of India would be best served by getting rid of the present state of things. In the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech last year, already twice referred to, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach very properly observed that India has now an inconvertible and appreciated currency which cannot be regarded as either satisfactory or permanent. And every man who understands the subject thoroughly agrees with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Every one is of accord that the present is only a provisional state of things, and that India must either go back to the single Silver Standard as of old, or must follow the example of the European countries and adopt a single Gold Standard. I will not now enter into an elaborate discussion to show that India is too poor to adopt a Gold Standard, and that the attempt to acquire the metal would disturb the trade of the whole world, and add formidably to the difficulties of India. It is enough to say that if a binding arrangement can be entered into between the United States, France, and India, it is at least possible, if not reasonably probable, that a fixed par of exchange may be established. And if a fixed par of exchange can be established that is all that is required for the prosperity of India. The advocates of the closing of the mints argue with much force that India acting alone cannot keep up the price of silver. But if the United States and France were also to open their mints to the coinage of silver, the demand for the metal would be so increased that we might reasonably look for some material recovery in the price, and ultimately for a steady range of value.

I am not a bimetallist, and I do not believe that a combination between two or more countries will be able to maintain a bimetallic system. But if the United States and France think

differently, and are prepared to enter into a Bimetallic Agreement, provided that we give such help as we can, I freely admit that we ought to do as much as is in our power, consistently with our own principles and our own interests. There is a widespread belief in the United States that this country not only maintains the Gold Standard at home, but keeps up a propaganda abroad to induce other countries to adopt the same standard. British readers need not be told that the British nation maintains no such propaganda. Still, the fact that the belief does exist makes it desirable to do what we can to dispel it. Our real feeling toward the United States is one of the sincerest friendship, and we have no desire to mix ourselves up in the internal affairs of the country. But we do wish to show our friendship in whatever way we can without hurting American susceptibilities. If an arrangement could be made between France and the United States on the condition that the Indian mints should be reopened, I am convinced that we should adopt the right course in the interest of India, and that in the long run the Indian Government would benefit from what would be an advantage to its subjects. Therefore, in reopening the mints at the desire of the United States and France we should not act inconsistently, but we should do what, in my opinion at all events, is our plain duty with or without any such request. Furthermore, as a monometallist, I see no objection to the Bank of England undertaking to keep one-fifth of its metallic reserve in silver. The Bank Charter Act gave it the power to do so, and though, as a matter of fact, the Bank never has ex-

ercised the power, I can see no objection, in principle, to its doing so, provided the United States and France accept such action as a token of our goodwill, and of our desire to help to carry out a policy which they think is for their good. Further, I see no good objection to the calling in of gold half-sovereigns, and for the substitution of silver pieces. A silver coin of the value of half-a-sovereign would be too cumbersome, but there is no need for such a coin. As a matter of national thrift I hold that the existing half-sovereign ought to be done away with. It wears more quickly than the sovereign, and it is of little real use. No doubt, large employers of labor find it convenient to use gold when they can in payment of wages. But the large employers are not so numerous and so important that the tax-payers should be put to the expense of maintaining a costly coin simply for their convenience and without imposing upon them any contribution to the expense of keeping the half-sovereign of full weight. Moreover, if the half-sovereign saves clerical labor in the case of the large employer of labor, it is very inconvenient in the case of the work-people, whose first act usually is on getting their wages to change gold into silver, often thereby having to resort to the public-house. Excellent arguments, then, can be produced for reopening the Indian mints and for getting rid of the gold half-sovereign, altogether apart from the wish to oblige the United States and France. The only questionable suggestion is that of keeping silver as a part of its reserve by the Bank of England, and, personally, I attach no weight to the objections that have been made.

T. LLOYD.

II.—THE BIMETALLIST VIEW.

THE present time is opportune and inviting for a survey, as nearly judicial as may be, of the salient points of the monetary controversy, which has now run on over nearly a quarter of a century. No one indeed, who has followed it closely during that comparatively long period, and has become familiar with the facts and principles in-

volved can have failed to range himself, in thought at least, either among the monometallists or the bimetallicists. Yet it is possible, I imagine, for one thus equipped to review the position as it exists to-day in a fair and critical spirit, if not with an open mind. That a solution is possible of all intellectual differences or doubts is beyond hope.

Nor can the materials of a practical agreement as to policy between the disputants be yet discerned. But at least it may appear that some obscurities have been removed, and some matters of controversy put out of the way. It would be disheartening indeed if twenty years of almost incessant discussion had revealed no common ground, no narrowing of the field of controversy.

There are some people who think that the course of events is, in fact, solving the whole question in favor of a universal, or nearly universal, Gold Standard. Germany, Austria, Japan, and a few minor states have already adopted it, and the Presidential election in the United States last November brought that nation decisively into line with the rest. India, too, is looking in the same direction, and even at home the improvement in some important branches of industry is sufficient to warrant the hope that the widespread discontent with the long-prevailing monetary unsettlement will become gradually weaker. So it is thought and said.

These and similar assurances are prevalent and potent enough to warrant respectful consideration, and the greatest respect that we can show to them is to examine them with sincerity and frankness. There is no need to inquire now into the motives which have induced the Governments of these states to try their hands at the establishment of a gold monetary system. It is of much greater moment to ask, Have they succeeded? Are they likely to succeed? What are the consequences upon industry and trade—our own in particular—of their endeavors? And what further similar attempts lie in the future?

Very little reflection is needed to convince any thoughtful man that upon the answers which may be returned to these questions hang issues of the greatest importance. On all hands it is admitted that the industrial interests, agricultural and manufacturing alike, of the most advanced nations, of our own especially, have suffered grievously from the world-wide monetary unsettlement of the last twenty years. If no hope can be held out of its disappearance, and if we must re-

sign ourselves helplessly for an indefinite period, to the chances and vicissitudes of constantly changing monetary systems, now here and now there, the prospect is in the highest degree depressing. It is of course perfectly true that if it could be confidently anticipated that before long the Gold Standard will be securely established everywhere, it would be possible to rest in the assurance that much of the disorder and suffering which have afflicted our industries within the last twenty years will pass away, though a good deal will still remain. So much even bimetalists may allow, although they have the support of all the most eminent authorities for their contention that the Joint Standard is demonstrably more stable than either of the single ones.

But is there the slightest shadow of justification for the hope that the Gold Standard will ever become general? Not one of the great States which have tried to adopt it has yet perfectly accomplished the task; not even Germany. A large amount of the old silver thalers—estimated at about £23,000,000—possessing the attribute of legal tender without limit at the full nominal value of 3 marks per thaler, is still in existence. It is true that a law passed in 1876 gave power to the Federal Council to declare the thaler legal tender to the extent of only 20 marks, thus converting it into a merely subsidiary coin, but this permissive authority has not yet been exercised. Italy was obliged to abandon the task almost as soon as it was well begun, and Austria, after some years of preparation, is still struggling on with the preliminary work. Japan has undertaken to solve the problem of passing from silver to gold by coining a half-dollar in gold, and making it legal tender for a dollar. But even this short path she has not yet begun to traverse, her Government having postponed to some undetermined date the demonetizing of the present silver currency, although, with the aid of the Chinese indemnity money, a considerable amount of gold is being accumulated for the purpose. India set out upon the path toward a Gold Standard four years ago, the coinage of rupees

having been stopped on June 26th, 1893. Adopting the plan since followed by Japan, the Government of India hoped to secure its object by fixing the gold value of its monetary unit at very much less than its old par—fifteen rupees to the pound sterling, instead of ten rupees—making the English equivalent 1s. 4d. per rupee. But notwithstanding that no more silver rupees have been coined, even this desideratum has not been attained, and the rupee is worth to-day only 1s. 2½d. The attempt to establish a Gold Standard in India has thus been a complete failure, and the abundant warnings that this would be the result, which were given at the time by both monometallists and bimetallists, have been amply justified. But if mere failure to attain the end desired were all that could be urged against the scheme, nothing more need be said from the present point of view, except by way of recording an unrealized ideal. Unfortunately the means employed have wrought much havoc within and outside India, which would have been serious enough even if they had led to success.

In the United States the Gold Standard, established afresh by the resumption of specie payments in 1878, has no doubt been preserved. But it has been in peril on more than one occasion, and the maintenance at par of the large proportion of legal tender instruments other than gold is evidently a precarious and costly business. It is hard to believe that the English writers and speakers who have so frequently affirmed or assumed that the victory of Mr. McKinley in the Presidential contest of November was a declaration of the American people in favor of the Single Gold Standard have any intimate acquaintance with the monetary history of the United States during the last twenty years. For if there be any fact more prominent than another in that history it is that the American people have been all along earnestly desirous of seeing the Joint Standard restored by international agreement. It was at their instigation that the abortive International Conferences, of 1878, 1881, and 1892 were convened. Wearied by these repeated failures, a

section composed of members of both political parties, though mainly of Democrats, under the leadership of Mr. Bryan, resolved to labor for its restoration by the United States alone. That its defeat was not a decision on the part of the Americans for the Gold Standard is proved by the prompt steps taken by President McKinley toward the renewal of negotiations with a view to the adoption of the larger measure. The United States are therefore very far indeed from having fallen in with what is assumed to be the "inevitable tendency" of the times in the direction of a universal Gold Standard.

The obvious and necessary answer to the first question is, therefore, that although more than twenty-five years have gone by since the present movement toward a Gold Standard with a gold currency began among foreign nations, that end has nowhere yet been reached. To the second question, whether it is likely to be reached within any assignable period, the reply will be hardly doubtful when the nature of the obstacles to, and the consequences of, the movement are clearly apprehended.

The difficulty of converting a metallic currency, consisting exclusively or largely of silver, to one of gold, is often assumed to consist entirely in the acquisition of sufficient gold for the purpose. But the really embarrassing part of the task is the substitution of the new for the old coinage, and the getting rid of the latter. A certain considerable space of time must be allowed during which both the old and the new currency are legal tender side by side. But during this interval many incidental changes in commercial or financial operations may occur inducing the export of the new coinage. Trouble of this kind arose during the five or six years over which the exchange of German thalers for gold coin was protracted. Still more troublesome was the process of getting rid of the discarded silver, and, in fact, the process was suspended long before it was completed, and has not since been resumed. With this experience before our eyes, it is surely no rash or inconsiderate statement to say that the Japanese project of resorting to a gold

currency is not likely to be accomplished for a long time to come, nor without much obstruction and halting, notwithstanding that the conversion is to take place on the basis of a "50 cent." dollar.

The Government of Russia is apparently well aware of the risks attending the actual carrying out of a gold currency scheme. It has for a good while had at its disposal, according to credible estimates, an amount of gold arithmetically sufficient for the purpose, and announcements of the coming adoption of the scheme have for some time past been put forward again and again. No authoritative statement to this effect has, however, yet been made. But why should there be any hesitation, unless it be that the Russian Administration has serious apprehensions as to the risks in the actual work of conversion, although in this case, as there is little silver in circulation in Russia, one of the difficulties which hampered the German operation is absent.

Sufficient has now been said, in this rapid review, to induce the reflection that the supposed solution of the monetary problem by a general resort to the Gold Standard is altogether illusive. Indeed, the experience of the last twenty years goes far toward establishing as an indisputable fact the opinion expressed by Mr. Goschen at the International Monetary Conference of 1878, that "the theory of a universal Gold Standard is altogether Utopian." In one instance—that of India—where the creation of a Gold Standard is, according to the prevailing conviction, hopeless, and in another—that of the United States—where it lacks the conditions of assured permanence, British interests are very deeply involved. It is important, therefore, that these two cases should be considered more fully.

It cannot be said that the Indian movement was either hasty or insufficiently considered, although the precipitating cause was the nervous excitement and alarm produced in India by the prospect, which was becoming clear in the latter half of 1892, of a suspension of the purchases of silver then being made by the United States

Treasury to the extent of 54,000,000 ounces per annum. Repeatedly, and with one voice, the Viceroy and his Council urged upon the Government at home the importance of assenting to the closing of the Indian mints to the coinage of silver, with a view to the introduction of a Gold Standard in default of an international agreement to restore the Joint Standard, which they had long and consistently advocated. The main reason put forward in favor of this step was the heavy burden cast upon the Indian Treasury in consequence of the fall in the gold value of silver and the certainty that this burden would be increased by a cessation of purchases of silver by the United States Government. The loss already involved was roughly about Rs. 8,726,000 per annum. Some reduction of this large amount would, however, be necessary upon a scrutiny of the items composing it, because in certain of them there were compensations to be taken into account. But what chiefly alarmed the Indian Administration was the fear of an addition of unknown, though certainly very serious, loss from the further decline of silver in the event of the contemplated change of monetary policy in America. The Financial Secretary, Sir David Barbour, summed up the position in the following words: "The immediate cause of our financial difficulties, and the cause which, by comparison and for the time being, dwarfs all others, is the fall in the gold value of silver, which, as I have already shown, has added to the Indian expenditure in two years more than four crores of rupees. If that fall could be stayed, and the rate of exchange with England fixed permanently at even its present low figure, the difficulty of dealing with the present deficit would be comparatively light. The revenue continues to grow in a satisfactory manner; even under the influence of indifferent seasons and poor harvests it has made fair progress. If we could feel assured that there would be no further fall in exchange, I have little doubt that increase of revenue, restriction and reduction of expenditure, with possibly some taxation of a temporary nature, would, in a very short

time, re-establish equilibrium. A serious effort would no doubt be required in the first instance, but with a fixed rate of exchange we would have a definite task before us, and our measures could be regulated accordingly. But it unfortunately happens that, unless some settlement of the currency question is obtained, there is no prospect of even the most moderate degree of stability in the rate of exchange." And he added: "It will be obvious, from what I have just said, that what we have got to consider in making our arrangements for next year, is not so much the question of increasing the public revenue, or restricting that portion of the public expenditure which is under our control, but the chances of a settlement of the currency question."

Before consenting to the scheme of the Indian Government, the Secretary of State in London submitted the whole question to the judgment of a Committee, of which Lord Herschell was chairman. This was appointed in October, 1892, and its report was presented at the end of May, 1893. The document is probably the most concise and instructive official paper on the Indian aspect of the currency question which has yet been published. It sets forth very clearly the various ways in which India has been affected by the monetary changes of the last twenty-five years, and reviews briefly the action of several States in respect of their own currencies within that period. The proposals of the Indian Government are then discussed, as well as the objections urged against them on the ground of their impracticability and their inexpediency. Finally, the report recommends that consent should not be withheld from the endeavor to establish a Gold Standard in India, but that the basis should be 1s. 4d. per rupee instead of 1s. 6d., the ratio suggested by the Indian Administration.

It is now no longer debatable that profuse leakage at the Indian Treasury, to the amount of several millions sterling annually, is the direct consequence of the fall in the gold value of silver since 1873. To this extent, therefore, the people of India are the poorer. Moreover, the loss is persistent, and is irreducible except in the

degree in which the divergence between the Indian and the home standards of value can be lessened. But for this loss it would have been possible to reduce the fiscal burdens of India, leaving so much more wealth to fructify in the hands of the population every year, or to be devoted to much-needed works of public utility. Unhappily the necessity of fresh taxation has been forced upon the Government, and the reimposition of the import duties with the levying of concurrent excise duties on the production of the Indian cotton mills is the painful consequence of the gratuitous sacrifice caused by the fall in exchange. It was mainly for the purpose of minimizing this sacrifice that the endeavor to attain a Gold Standard was made. But another object was to remove the discouragement to the investment of British capital in the Dependency, which has existed ever since the great fall and the wide fluctuations in the silver and Eastern exchange markets began. That this discouragement has been great and highly injurious alike to India and to investors at home is beyond doubt. One eminent merchant—Mr. Stephen A. Ralli—whose firm has an enormous stake in the export and import trade of the country, in giving evidence before the Indian Currency Committee, was questioned upon this subject. His reply was simply that, so far as his own business was concerned, the exchange difficulty had made no difference in the amount of his investments in India. He had just before explained, however, that as soon as the fall and the disorder in the exchanges began, his firm took care to have no assets there which were not "covered by sterling." No more significant example could be adduced in proof of the statement that the breach of the old par of exchange has tended most powerfully and effectually to withdraw capital from India, and to prevent its flow thither. Ordinary investors have not at their command the unique facilities possessed by a great merchant engaged in many branches of both export and import trade, for insuring themselves against loss in the homeward remittance of interest, profits, and principal. The fact, therefore,

that a shrewd and experienced man of business has, for the last twenty-four years, avoided having any capital in India not secured against the risks of fluctuations and decline in exchange, is eloquent testimony to the formidable and effective character of the barrier which has been set up to the employment of European capital in the Dependency. The very important growth of the cotton, jute, and other manufacturing and semi-manufacturing industries in India within the last quarter of a century is in no way opposed to this view. For much the larger proportion of these enterprises is in the hands of Indian residents, native or European. A striking illustrative instance of the manner in which the most lucrative business carried on in a Silver Standard country by means of British capital may be converted by an adverse exchange market into a disastrous investment, is supplied by the Imperial Bank of Persia. That establishment, founded several years ago, has enjoyed very great advantages, and has earned large profits. These have to a large extent never brought any corresponding benefit to the shareholders because of the impossibility of remitting home the profits actually realized. Not only have they lost the greater part of the earnings of their money in Persia, but they have been compelled to write off much of their original capital. If a careful collation of such experience as this could be presented, there would be no further need to insist upon the incalculable injury which the existence of two widely fluctuating standards of value has inflicted upon the important British interests connected with external investments, presenting otherwise opportunities of abundant reward.

Of the extent to which the profitable employment of English capital in Silver Standard countries has been cut off it is impossible to form even a conjectural notion; but no one who has fully considered the subject can doubt that it is enormous. More clearly within the range of the imagination, though still immeasurable, is the damage sustained actually, or through loss of opportunity, in the direction of the United States in consequence of the

monetary unsettlement of the last twenty-five years. When the old par between the values of silver was broken, the American currency consisted of inconvertible paper. Resumption of specie payments on a gold basis took place in 1878, when the consequences of the suspension of the free coinage of silver within the Latin Union were only beginning to be realized. But the large infusion into the currency of other forms of money than that of gold it has at times been difficult to maintain at par. Yet if the Americans had long ago redeemed the "greenback" notes, and had not brought silver into extensive employment either as coin or as a colleague of gold in the metallic basis of the note circulation, the monetary troubles which have marked the last twenty years would unquestionably have been greatly magnified. The momentous changes of policy with respect to these other elements in the American currency have no doubt wrought much mischief, but they are all subordinate to, and derivatives from, the great unsettlement of 1873. Those who quite justly ascribe some of the most serious of the fluctuations in the relative value of silver and gold to varying and unsystematic monetary legislation in the United States may, therefore, be usefully invited to reflect upon this undeniable fact and upon the much more serious injury which would have been brought upon the world if in the years of scanty production of gold—from 1873 to 1891—the Americans had redeemed all the greenbacks, refused to employ silver, and had adhered to a strictly gold system.

But the important consideration suggested by the present aspect of the currency question in the United States is that the monetary conflict has by no means been settled by the Presidential Election. This fact is deeply impressed upon the mind of Mr. McKinley, and he sees no prospect of a final settlement apart from the international adoption of a Joint Standard formed by the co-ordination of silver and gold. It is obviously impossible for us to rest in the delusive assurance that this is a purely American affair. The vast magnitude of our commerce with the United States, and the fact that so

long as the monetary system of that country remains undetermined, a large potential field for the profitable investment of British capital is to a large extent closed to us are considerations of the highest moment, and are not the least among the numerous motives which should lead the English people to reflect seriously upon the solution on an enduring basis of the existing monetary disorganization. The "battle of the standards" in America is very far from being over, and the earnestness with which President McKinley is laboring to bring about another International Monetary Conference is striking evidence of his anxiety to avoid a new conflict, keener it may be, and more full of danger than that in which Mr. Bryan was so prominent a figure last year.

Reverting for a short space to the state of the question in India, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that there also we have no assurance of a settled monetary condition. The Gold Standard experiment is a failure, and there is not the slightest prospect that the object it was intended to achieve will be realized. Meanwhile the closing of the mints has not only brought much depression upon our trade with India, but has also inflicted a wanton injury upon the people. It has aggravated in a measure beyond calculation the sufferings of the present famine. In the first place, to it may be attributed most of the falling off in the Indian demand for textile manufactures which has led to the stoppage of a good deal of weaving machinery, within the last six or eight months, in the British cotton industry, and has compelled the proprietors of very much more to keep it going without profit or with absolute loss. The famines of 1876-78 had no such disastrous results. The exports of cotton goods to India at that time suffered little diminution. For although the purchasing power of those who had to endure the physical privations of the famines was for the moment nearly extinguished, that of the population in other parts of the country was much enhanced by the high prices which they received for their harvests and their stocks of grain. But at that time the mints

were producing to the full extent of their capacity the greatly increased quantity of rupees needed to carry on the grain trade at the advanced prices. In the present calamity the mints are closed, and at the very time when more money is needed to carry on the vast internal trade of India, an artificial scarcity of it has been created. This scarcity has borne heavily upon all branches of business, small and large, and it is the main reason for the decreased demand for cotton goods for India in Manchester and Glasgow. Exporters to India have been made painfully aware of the hardly pressed condition of native distributors for lack of money by their failure to accept delivery of goods previously bought, and the consequent absence of remittances. How could the case be otherwise when the rate of discount in the bazaars has mounted up to 14 and 16 per cent.? But there is a second consequence of the closing of the mints, indirectly affecting the interests of our commerce with India, because it tends to impoverish large numbers of people in the Dependency, those who rely upon the realization of their savings in time of temporary impoverishment. Their hoards of silver, in the shape of ornaments, can no longer be sold, approximately weight for weight for rupees, as in former times. The rupee price of uncoined silver has fallen greatly, and rupees are scarce and dear. Mr. Forbes Mitchell, of Calcutta, a forty years' resident in India, has recently published the results of his inquiries during a tour through the famine-stricken districts of the Central and North-West Provinces and Oude. He says:

"What savings banks, insurance companies, and kindred societies are to the people of England, the practise of hoarding their savings by converting coined silver into jewelry or ornaments has been to the thrifty artisans and peasantry of India. When an Indian artisan or peasant farmer has saved up ten or twenty rupees he takes them to the village jeweller and has them made into ornaments for his wife or children, and such ornaments being made from coined silver could, with open mints, always be exchanged again for almost their full weight in rupees when hard times came round, and the hoarder had to reconvert his hoardings into current coin. Practically, all jewelry in India is merely hoarded money. Many of the wealthy natives

have hoards of coined money : yet, though such hoards are often large, their number is small compared with the countless hoards of the great mass of the Indian artisan and middle-class peasantry, the bulk of the Indian people. Now, these are not the classes which come to the Government for assistance on charitable famine relief works and almshouses ; but they are the classes whom the Government has cruelly robbed of their savings by keeping the mints closed against the free coinage of silver. During my late tour throughout the famine stricken districts I mixed largely with this class, and also with the mahajans, or banker class, and heard their views freely expressed on the late currency legislation of the Government. Most bitter are the complaints against the action of Lord Lansdowne's Government, and frequent the predictions that the historian of the future will have to brand that Act as one of the most cruel and unjust pieces of legislation that was ever enacted by any civilized Government. I will give your readers one instance out of many which came under my notice of how the closing of the mints is robbing the people of their savings. In the city of Allahabad I met a man who had come in from one of the most severely famine-stricken districts with silver jewelry weighing Rs. 2000, which, in former years, he could have sold for about Rs. 1980 ; but, owing to the mints being closed, the silversmiths, who are the bullion merchants of India, had offered him only Rs. 33 for Rs. 100 weight of silver, or only Rs. 660 for what had cost the poor man Rs. 2000."

The main object of the present article is to draw attention to the very deep interest which British investors have in some permanent settlement of the monetary question, and especially to the utter hopelessness of any such settlement as a result of the supposed tendency toward a Single Gold Standard. Two examples of this interest have been selected—those of India and the United States. They are but illustrations of the injury sustained by investors, or would-be investors in many other parts of the world. One of its consequences is the great glut of loanable capital and capital for which no remunerative employment can be found. As if in despair, investors are now being drawn into a multitude of home ventures for which there will be a disastrous reckoning-day before we are much older. With the effects of the monetary unsettlement upon British

industry, agricultural and manufacturing, I have dealt minutely and at some length in another place.* These effects are unquestionably very serious, and they are in no degree lessened by the substantial revival which has recently taken place in the iron and steel trades. That revival is, no doubt, important and gratifying, and it has, in accordance with a well-known principle, given a fillip to other trades. But the great cotton industry of this country has been, in recent years, and is still, non-progressive, and in other directions prosperity yet lags behind. My principal purpose is served, however, if I have succeeded in showing that British investing interests which are commonly supposed to have little or no concern in the battle of the standards are in truth very deeply involved in it. It is vain to imagine that because we have in the United Kingdom a settled monetary system we can escape the consequences of the troubles in which other nations and our own Colonies and Dependencies are involved. In commerce they are our customers : in finance and in enterprises of many kinds they offer a wide field for the profitable employment of British savings. That which hurts them hurts us, and we cannot afford to be indifferent to the existing monetary confusion, and the frequently recurring changes and crises to which they give rise in one part of the world or another. Only one remedy has yet been propounded—the restoration of that Joint Standard which was in fact the sole standard of value in all countries having a metallic monetary system until 1873. Is it worthy of the nation which is politically, industrially, and commercially at the head of all to stand aloof from the effort shortly to be made to cure disorders from the consequences of which our own people—the people of the whole Empire—are, in one way or another, seriously suffering?

ELIJAH HELM.

—*National Review*.

* *The Joint Standard*. Macmillan & Co.

MARSTON MOOR—JULY 2, 1644.

AN ANNIVERSARY STUDY.

BY C. H. FIRTH.

MARSTON MOOR was the third great battle between the Royalists and the Parliamentarians, but the only decisive one of the three. Unlike Edgehill or Newbury it had, in Cromwell's phrase, "all the evidences of an absolute victory." Between seven and ten on the evening of Tuesday, July 2, 1644, the fate of all England north of the Trent was decided, and henceforth the complete conquest of the northern counties was simply a matter of sieges. If the results of Marston were less important than those of Naseby, the forces engaged were far greater; and the Royalists brought together at the battle for York twice as many men as they could on the field where the King's crown itself was at stake.

For more than two months the Marquis of Newcastle and his army had been cooped up in York. About the end of April the Earl of Leven with the Scottish army and Lord Fairfax with his army of Yorkshire Roundheads had established their camps before York. The north side of the city was still open, and Newcastle sent out his cavalry to forage for themselves, and join the troops collecting for his relief. On June 2, Manchester and the army of the Eastern Association came up from Lincolnshire, and the investment of the city was completed. Bridges of boats over the Ouse at Poppleton above York and at Fulford below it connected the positions of the three armies, and the siege now began in earnest. The suburbs were taken and partly burnt, two detached forts stormed, and an unsuccessful assault was attempted on June 16. Meanwhile Rupert, marching from Shrewsbury, had forced his way through Lancashire, stormed Bolton, joined Goring and Newcastle's cavalry at Skipton, and was advancing toward York. On June 30 news came that he was at Knaresborough with 15,000 men.

Leven and his two colleagues, holding themselves not strong enough both

to continue the siege and to give battle to the relieving army, drew off their forces on the night of Sunday, June 30, to bar Rupert's march from Knaresborough to York. On Monday they drew up in battle array on Marston Moor, south of York, and waited for the Prince to advance. Their soldiers, "oppressed with heaviness" for a time at the abandonment of the siege, "were again full of joy, expecting to have a battle with the enemy; being assured by their scouts that the Prince with all his forces would pass toward York that way."

All Monday the Parliamentary forces remained on the moor, but Rupert was not disposed to fight till his own time. Sending a few horse to "amuse" the enemy, he turned north; and crossing the Ure at Boroughbridge and the Swale at Thornton Bridge, marched down the north bank of the Ouse to York, and encamped outside it. On the way he beat off the regiment of dragoons which Manchester had stationed at Poppleton, and captured his bridge. York was relieved without striking a blow, and the possession of the bridge secured Rupert from attack, and gave him, if he thought fit, the power to take the offensive himself.

When the news that they had been outmanœuvred reached the Roundheads they were greatly depressed. "Our hearts generally were filled with sorrow," wrote Manchester's chaplain. At evening they drew off the moor and encamped on its southern edge, about Long Marston. "Provisions," he adds, "were scarce in their camp; very few had either the comfort of convenient lodging or food; our soldiers did drink the wells dry, and were necessitated to make use of puddle water. The Parliamentary generals held a council of war, and determined to march south to Tadcaster and Cawood, partly to prevent Rupert from going south himself and attacking the Eastern Association, partly, by the help of

a bridge of boats then at Cawood, to stop all provisions going to York either from the West or East Riding, and so in time to necessitate him to draw out to fight."

Nothing now was farther from Rupert's intention than to avoid fighting. Success had made him sanguine, and his orders seemed not only to warrant but to require him to fight. In an ambiguous letter Charles had intimated to his nephew that York must be relieved at any cost, and one sentence seemed to imply that he must rout the besiegers as well as raise the siege.

"If York be relieved, and you beat the rebel armies of both kingdoms which are before it, then, but otherwise not, I may possibly make a shift (upon the defensive) to spin out time until you come to assist me," were the King's words. Accordingly Rupert never even entered York, but at dawn on Tuesday pushed his troops across the bridge at Poppleton to complete his strategic success by "beating the rebel armies." Newcastle was ordered to have his infantry drawn out of York by four o'clock in the morning, for the Prince intended to give battle about midday, so that he might have plenty of daylight to follow up the victory he felt confident of winning. During the forenoon the cavalry of his van, though impeded by the difficulties of the ground, skirmished continually with the horse who formed the Parliamentary rear-guard, and he looked eagerly for Newcastle's forces that he might attack in earnest. At nine o'clock Newcastle joined Rupert with a troop of horse. "My lord," said the Prince, "I wish you had come sooner with your forces, but I hope we shall yet have a glorious day." The Marquis apologetically explained that his infantry could not be got together at the prescribed hour; they had fallen to plundering in the deserted camp of the besiegers, but General King was collecting them, and would bring them up with all possible expedition. Impatient at the delay, Rupert was for falling upon the enemy with his own infantry only, but the Marquis urged him to wait, saying he had 4000 as good foot as were in the world. Per-

sonally Newcastle was averse to fighting at all at present, as he expected a reinforcement of 2000 men under Colonel Clavering the next day, and believed that the Parliamentary generals would divide their forces if their retreat was suffered to proceed. But to this argument Rupert replied that he had an absolute and peremptory order to fight under the King's own hand, and the Marquis was obliged to give way. Noon passed, and it was near four o'clock when King and his infantry arrived, and he, too, was against fighting. Rupert showed King the plan of the battle as he meant to fight it. "By God, sir," replied the blunt veteran, "it is very fine on the paper, but there is no such thing in the field." He objected that the army was "drawn too near the enemy, and in a place of disadvantage," but added that it was too late to move it further back. As the day was far spent, and the golden moment for attacking already past, Rupert yielded to the arguments of King and Newcastle, and resolved to give battle on the morrow. He sent to York for provisions for his troops, and retiring to the rear, dismounted and began a hasty meal, while Newcastle went to his coach and refreshed himself with a pipe.

On the Parliamentary side the news of Rupert's advance in force had caused a sudden change of purpose. Cromwell, David Leslie, and Sir Thomas Fairfax, who commanded the rear-guard, had sent word to the generals of the necessity of making a stand. "Else," wrote Fairfax, "the enemy having the advantage might put us in some disorder, but by the advantage of the ground we were on, we hoped to make it good till they came back to us." The Scottish infantry who led the van had almost reached Tadcaster, when orders came to them to face about. By the afternoon the whole army was collected on the rising ground to the south of the moor. The enemy in the meanwhile, according to Scout-master Watson, had drawn up "with part of their foot close to our noses, so near that we had not liberty to take the moor and to put ourselves into battalia, so that we were put to draw our men into a cornfield close to

the moor, making way by our pioneers to get ground to extend the wings of our army to such a distance that we might conveniently fight; which was very difficult for us to attain. The right wing of our army being placed just by Marston townside, the town on our right hand . . . and as our foot and horse came up we formed our battalia and the left wing, still desiring to gain as much of the left point as we could, so that at the last we came with the utmost point of our left wing to Tockwith; so our army fronted to the moor from Marston to Tockwith, being a mile and a half in length; the enemy being drawn up just under us, the wings of their army extending a little further than ours in length, but the hedges and our dragoons secured the flanks."

By two, or at latest by four, the formation of the Parliamentary army was complete, and the artillery of the two armies began a short and ineffective cannonade. Then the guns became silent, the Roundheads in the cornfields fell to singing psalms, and each army waited for the other to attack.

On both sides the soldiers were eager to fight. "We looked," says a Parliamentarian, "and no doubt they also, upon this fight as the winning or losing the garland. . . . In their army the cream of all the Papists in England, and in ours a collection out of all the corners of England and Scotland of such as had the greatest antipathy to popery and tyranny; these equally thirsting for the extirpation of each other. And now the sword must determine that which a hundred years' policy and dispute could not do."

In numbers the Parliamentary army was somewhat the larger. It consisted of about 25,000 men, of whom some 7000 were horse. The Royalists according to their opponents had about 13,000 or 14,000 foot, and 8000 or 9000 horse, but according to the plan of the battle afterward drawn up for Rupert, they brought into the field only 11,000 infantry and 6500 horse. It was afterward said that 1500 or 2000 of Rupert's horse were "gone rambling into York," and that 1000 of the 4000 foot promised by Newcastle had never arrived at the moor.

For three hours the two armies remained stationary, "each expecting who should begin the charge." From the ridge where the Parliamentary army was placed, the ground sloped gently toward the moor, and on the edge of the moor was an obstacle which fills a prominent place in contemporary narratives of the battle. Watson describes it as "a small ditch and bank, through which we must pass, if we would charge them upon the moor, or they pass it if they would charge us in the great cornfield and closes; so that it was a great disadvantage to him that would begin the charge, seeing the ditch must somewhat disturb their order, and the other would be ready in good ground and order to charge them before they could recover it." A Scottish officer calls it "a great ditch which ran along the front of the battle, only between the Earl of Manchester's foot and the enemy there was a plain." In the Royalist plan it is marked simply as a hedge, which was lined with musketeers by the Prince.

About seven o'clock, just when the soldiers on both sides had come to the conclusion that no battle was to be expected that day, the whole Parliamentary army began to advance. To Chaplain Ashe, their regiments, as they moved down the hill, looked "like so many thick clouds." The left wing which Cromwell commanded was the first to come into collision with the enemy. It consisted of all Manchester's horse, about 3000 in number, and three regiments of Scottish horse under David Leslie, probably about 1000 or 1200 men; attached to it also was half a regiment of Scottish dragoons under Colonel Frizell. The dragoons rapidly drove the musketeers from the hedge and cleared the way for Cromwell's cuirassiers.

"In a moment," writes Watson, "we were past the ditch in to the moor upon equal ground with the enemy, our men going in a running march. Our front divisions of horse charged their front. Lieutenant-General Cromwell's division of 300 horse, in which himself was in person, charged the front division of Prince Rupert's in which himself was in person. Cromwell's own division had a hard pull of

it, for they were charged by Rupert's bravest men, both in front and flank. They stood at the sword's point a pretty while, hacking one another; but at last he brake through them, scattering them before him like a little dust." Rupert, who, according to a Royalist officer, had not been with his regiment when the battle began, strove in vain to stem the tide. "Upon the alarm he was set upon the earth at meat a pretty distance from his troops. . . . The Prince mounted to horse, and galloping up to the right wing, met his own regiment turning their backs to the enemy, which was a thing strange and unusual. 'S wounds,' said he, 'do you run? Follow me.' So they facing about, he led them to a charge, but fruitlessly, the enemy having before broken the force of that wing." There was a momentary check, but a charge from the second line under Leslie completed the rout. Early in the *mêlée* Cromwell was wounded by a pistol shot. Though the wound was not dangerous, "being but a rake in the neck, yet the pistol being discharged so near, the powder burnt his face and troubled his eyes." For a few minutes he must have been incapacitated from personal leadership, and probably David Leslie, as second in command, took direction of the whole force during that period. Cromwell never left the field, and was soon at the head of his horsemen again, but this gave rise to the report circulated among the Scots that at the beginning of the fight Cromwell got "a little wound on the craige, which made him retire, so that he was not so much as present at the service, but his troopers were led on by David Leslie."

Little time was spent in the pursuit of the Royalist right. As at Naseby, Cromwell kept his men well in hand, "taking special care to see it observed that the regiments of horse, when they had broken a regiment of the enemy's, should not divide, and in pursuit of the enemy break their order, but keep themselves still together in bodies to charge the other regiments of the enemy which stood firm." While Cromwell's heavy cavalry turned to charge either the foot of the Royalist centre (or, more probably, the cavalry of the

reserve under Widdrington and Blakiston, which Rupert had posted in the rear of the Royalist infantry), Leslie's lighter horse completed the rout. The three Scottish regiments were mounted on "little light Scottish nags," and had been stationed in the rear of Cromwell's division, because they were thought unfit to cope with Rupert's better-horsed squadrons so long as their ranks were unbroken. "If the Scots light, but weak, nags had undertaken that work, they had never been able to stand a charge or endure the shock of the enemy's horse, both horse and men being very good and fighting desperately enough." Now, as soon as a regiment of the enemy was broken, Leslie and his Scots "fell in and followed the chase, doing execution upon them, and preventing them from rallying and getting into bodies."

Meanwhile nearer the centre of the Parliamentary line, and on the right hand of Manchester's horse, Manchester's foot was attacking with equal success. It numbered some 5500 well-drilled and disciplined men, "who stood as a wall of brass, and let fly small shot like hail," and was led by Major-General Laurence Crawford. As the ground between Manchester's division and the enemy was more level than in other parts of the line, Crawford had more room to manoeuvre, and "having overwinged the enemy, set upon their flank, and did good execution." This flank movement became more pronounced as the advance continued, the foot thus co-operating with the similar movement of Manchester's cavalry. Watson describes them as "charging by our side, and dispersing the enemy's foot as fast as they charged, still going by our side cutting them down; so that we carried the whole field before us, thinking the victory ours, and nothing to be done but to kill and take prisoners."

On the right wing, however, a disaster had overtaken the Parliamentarians, and the Scots in the centre held their ground with great difficulty. The cavalry of the right was commanded by Sir Thomas Fairfax, and consisted of about eighty troops of horse, including three regiments of Scottish cavalry. But many of the horse were

newly raised levies from Lancashire, and the ground in their front was unfavorable to attack. "The whins and ditches we were to pass over before we could get to the enemy," says Fairfax, "put us into great disorder." Lord Eglinton, who commanded one of the Scottish regiments, explains that "there was no passage but at a narrow lane, where they could not march but three or four abreast." Upon one side of the lane was a ditch, and on the other a hedge, both whereof were lined with musketeers. Fairfax himself and Colonel Lambert succeeded in getting their regiments through the lane, and, forming on the open ground beyond it, charged the horse opposed to them with success, and eventually joined the victorious left wing. But the rest of his cavalry were routed, and their rout was fatal to the infantry of the right wing also. "Being hotly pursued by the enemy, they came back upon the Lord Fairfax's foot, and the reserve of the Scottish foot broke them wholly, and trod the most part of them under foot." Of the three Scottish regiments, however, Eglinton's, though suffering severely, remained unbroken, and Balgony's lancers made their way to the left wing.

The Scottish infantry who formed the Parliamentary centre had crossed the ditch, and aided by the simultaneous advance of Crawford's and Fairfax's foot, captured some of the Royalist guns. Now, while they were hotly engaged with the Royalist infantry in their front, Lucas and the bulk of Goring's cavalry assailed them in the flank. Lindsay's and Maitland's regiments stood their ground stubbornly; a third of each Scottish regiment consisted of pikemen, and by their pikes two charges were beaten off. A third charge "had almost put them in some disorder," but a timely reinforcement enabled them to hold their own, and Lucas was not only repulsed but taken prisoner. Other regiments behaved badly. "I," wrote the lieutenant-colonel of one of them to the nobleman who was its titular commander, "was at the head of your lordship's regiment at Buecleuch's, but they carried themselves not so as I could have wished, neither could I prevail with them; for

those that fled never came to a charge with the enemy, but were so possessed with a panic fear that they ran for an example to others." Half the Scottish foot, or even a larger proportion, broke and fled, and the road to Tadcaster was covered with a mob of flying horse and foot. Yet there was little bloodshed, for Goring's cavaliers stayed to plunder the baggage train of the Parliamentary army, and gave up the chase. The Earl of Leven had made every effort to stay the flight of his men, but when he failed "the little old crooked soldier" regarded the day as lost, and never drew bridle till he reached Leeds. Lord Fairfax was carried off the field by the fugitives, but returned later, and Manchester succeeded in rallying 500 men and bringing them back to the battle.

By this time, however, the victorious left wing had begun to make its advance felt. Wheeling across the moor, and still co-operating with Crawford and Manchester's foot, Cromwell and Leslie came to the relief of the remnants of the Scottish centre. Goring's cavalry streamed back from plundering the baggage and charging the Scottish pikes to face this new foe, and met Cromwell's horsemen "at the same place of disadvantage" where Fairfax had been routed.

Watson describes the decisive charge as one who took part in it. "Here came the business of the day (nay almost of the kingdom) to be disputed; for the enemy seeing us to come in such a gallant posture to charge them, left all thoughts of pursuit, and began to think that they must fight again for that victory which they thought had been already got, they marching down the hill upon us from our carriages, so that they fought upon the same ground, and with the same front that our right wing had before stood to receive their charge, and we stood upon the same ground and with the same front which they had when they began the charge. Our three brigades of foot of the Earl of Manchester's being on our right hand, on we went with great resolution, charging them so home, one while their horse, and then again their foot, and our foot and horse seconding each other with such

valor, made them fly before us, so that it was hard to say which did the better, our horse or foot. Major-General Leslie, seeing us thus pluck a victory out of the enemy's hands, professed Europe had no better soldiers." Goring's horse, disordered already by their previous success and their conflict with the Scottish infantry, were completely scattered and lost all semblance of organization. Sir Philip Monckton describes the futility of his efforts to rally them. "I saw," he says, "a body of some 2000 horse that were broken, which as I endeavored to rally, I saw Sir John Hussey, major-general to the Prince, come galloping through the glen. I rid to him, and told him that there were none in that great body but they knew either himself or me, and that if he would help me to put them in order we might regain the field. He told me 'Broken horse would not fight,' and galloped from me toward York." In the end Monckton and Sir Marmaduke Langdale got together a body of horse, and according to his account kept the field till midnight, when they were ordered to follow the rest to York.

More destructive to the vanquished was the rout of the Royalist infantry. Some of Rupert's veteran regiments from Ireland seem to have effected their retreat to York, but of Newcastle's foot very few escaped. His whitecoats who contrived to get into a small parcel of ground ditched in, and not easy of access to horse, refused to lay down their arms. At push of pike and with volleys of musketry they maintained their position till Leslie brought up Frizell's dragoons to beat them from their fences, and made a way for the horse to enter. Then still fighting with the courage of despair they were cut down in hundreds.

The next day the Parliamentarians counted up the spoils. Sixteen guns, nearly 130 barrels of powder, over 100 colors, and 6000 muskets were collected from the field. Newcastle's coach, full of compromising correspondence, Rupert's sumpter horse, and the body of his favorite poodle were among the trophies. The prisoners, who numbered 1500, included two major-generals, Porter and Tillier, and one lieu-

tenant-general, Sir Charles Lucas. According to the victors the Royalists lost 3000 men. The countrymen employed to bury the dead computed that they buried 4150 corpses. "By reason of the very white and smooth skins" of the dead it was believed that many of the slain were gentlemen and persons of quality. Lucas was taken to view the dead, in order that the men of rank might be carried away for more honorable burial. He selected some, but refused to give their names. "One gentleman, that had a bracelet of hair about his wrist, he said he knew, and desired the bracelet might be taken off, saying that an honorable lady should give thanks for it."

On the Parliamentary side the loss was much smaller. Three days after the battle, Leven and his colleagues compiled a joint despatch, in which they summed up the history of the battle with judicious vagueness. They described it as "a very hot encounter for the space of three hours, whereof by the great blessing and good providence of God the issue was the total routing of the enemy's army. . . . Our loss," they added, "is not very great, being only one lieutenant-colonel, a few captains, and 200 or 300 common soldiers." These figures are certainly too low, but the Parliamentarians lost surprisingly few officers. Sir Thomas Fairfax was wounded, and both his brother, Charles Fairfax, and his cousin, Major William Fairfax, died of their wounds. Two Scottish colonels also were mortally wounded, and Algernon Sidney, who commanded Manchester's regiment of horse, was incapacitated from service for the next year or two. Among the killed was Captain Walton, one of Cromwell's officers, the son of Colonel Valentine Walton and Margaret Cromwell. It fell to Cromwell to break the news to his brother-in-law. "Sir," he wrote, after a few lines on the victory, "God hath taken away your eldest son by a cannon shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died." Then alluding to the death of his own son, he continued, "You know my own trials this way: but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the hap-

piness we all pant after and live for. There is your precious child, full of glory, to know sin nor sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceeding gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort, that to Frank Russell and myself he could not express it, it was so great above his pain. This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after he said one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what that was; he told me it was that God had not suffered him to be no more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, I am told he bid them open to the right and left that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army of all that knew him."

This letter, with its mingling of tenderness and fanaticism, of praise for the dead and comfort for the living, contains the only reference to Marston Moor by Cromwell which has reached us. "England and the Church of God hath had a great favor from the Lord in this great victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this war began. It had all the evidences of an absolute victory, obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the godly party principally. We never charged, but we routed the enemy. The left wing which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot without horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe of 20,000 the Prince hath not 4000 left. Give glory, all the glory, to God."

Cromwell's letter has been criticised with some harshness. It has been accused of ungenerously concealing the services of David Leslie, and one modern authority says that he "assumes the whole credit of the defeat of the Royalist right, at the expense of both truth and honor." But a letter of condolence should not be judged as if it were a despatch, or a document written for the information of future historians. The summary of the battle is but an introduction to the story of Captain Walton's death. Cromwell declines to enter into the particulars of the one, and dwells at length on the details of the other. He exults at the completeness of the victory not to magnify his own part, but that the sense of national gain may lessen grief for personal loss. "Let this public mercy make you forget your private sorrow," is the keynote of the letter.

Men called Cromwell the savior of the three kingdoms, but he was angry when he heard the expression, and rightly. An examination shows that the victory was due not to a single leader, but to the harmonious co-operation of Cromwell's heavy cavalry, Leslie's light horse, and Crawford's infantry, and of the three generals who commanded them. Some Scottish regiments fought well, but their army in general, as a Scottish soldier observed, was composed of men who were "lusty and well clothed, but raw, untrained and undisciplined, and their officers for the most part young and inexperienced." But the army of the Eastern Association was "exact in discipline," and both its training and its temper were mainly Cromwell's work. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE GROWTH OF CASTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY JOSEPH EDGAR CHAMBERLIN.

I REMEMBER hearing in Boston, from one who was alive at the time, a queer story of Mr. Thackeray's visit to that town. Mr. Thackeray brought from England a letter of introduction to an important gentleman of Beacon Street. By him he was most hospitably enter-

tained, and passed from dinner party to dinner party. But Thackeray's interest in the capital of New England did not end with Beacon Street dinner parties. He had heard something of the eminent men of the town, and at that moment happened to be particu-

larly interested in Theodore Parker. He wished very much to hear this celebrated Unitarian preacher. He mentioned this desire to his host. The Beacon Street gentleman seemed much surprised, but, without abating any of his outward courtesy, and making some valid excuse, took him to King's Chapel on Sunday morning instead of to Music Hall, where Parker preached. At King's Chapel, the Beacon Street gentleman said, people of the best society might always be found. Thackeray, it is needless to say, was a mild-mannered man, not fond of a struggle to free himself from his entertainer's clutches. He saw that it was impossible for him to get on Sunday to Music Hall. But during the week he heard that Parker was to deliver a discourse at the funeral of a rich and public-spirited merchant. Thackeray went alone to the funeral, and was greatly interested and thrilled by the address. He also saw many people who looked as if they were more interesting than any he had seen at the Beacon Street dinner parties. He went home that afternoon to dinner, and found that his host had invited to meet him several gentlemen of the best society, most of whom were bores. Thackeray could not help telling about Parker and the funeral, and confessing how much he had been impressed by the preacher and the people. His host was visibly distressed, and presently managed to whisper in his ear, "I beg of you, Mr. Thackeray, to remember that Mr. Parker does not belong to our best society!" This was more than the Englishman could stand, and he replied, loud enough to be heard by at least one at the table: "Upon my word, I begin to wish I hadn't got into good society when I came to Boston!"

The story is amusing, perhaps, and expresses the general impression that "high society" is not always the company of the most intellectual and entertaining members of the community. But supposing the story to be true, as undoubtedly it is not, might not the choice circle in which Mr. Thackeray found himself so terribly bored have been after all the highest society of Boston in the opinion of the people of the town and the country about, and a

most desirable circle to get into, whether it was stupid or not? We in America have all heard of the long and terrible struggle, which was quite in vain, of Margaret Fuller, Countess d'Ossoli (before she was Countess d'Ossoli), to get into this same circle; and she was by all accounts a most cultivated, intellectual and entertaining person, as well as a proper one. She was subject to social influences and motives which a foreigner was free from; and the force which impelled so gifted a woman as she was to work for years to obtain entrance to a social set which, with all her effort, she could not get into, must be, if it continues to animate many people, a force well worth study.

I also remember a certain significant remark of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who did not belong to the "best society" any more than Theodore Parker did, but who knew the circle better, perhaps. Dr. Holmes said (in 1886) that class distinctions are more sharply drawn in the United States than they are in England, though they are also harder to define. The remark seems paradoxical; but the contradiction is only in its terms: it is true enough in fact. The line is sharply drawn to exclude people; it leaves definitely enough one man on one side of it and another on the other. But the qualifications of the man who is within may be very vague indeed; it may require an expert to tell why he is in and the other is out. It is actually true that the man who is left outside may have better blood as well as more wealth than the man within, and those within will not for a moment think of questioning his claim to a more illustrious descent. He may be Governor of the State, Federal senator, even President; but the bar of this little circle will be resolutely kept up against him and his family. It is a question of interest to seek the reason for such a distinction.

American social classes or castes are mainly in a state of formation, but the grade which is commonly recognized as the highest social set is probably nearer to a state of crystallization than any other. It has long possessed certain aids toward the establishment of a peculiarly exclusive and self-renewing circle which are really not pos-

sessed by the fashionable society of a country like England, which is at once aristocratic, national, and distinguished. The British aristocracy is often reinforced by Government appointment; the personal arrangements of English high society are in a sense overseen and in certain particulars sometimes upset by influence and authority above and beyond it; and it is compelled, at least in a way, to recognize the public distinction which is always coming to new people.

In the United States there is nothing national about the upper grade of society. The official society of Washington is a thing quite apart from the "Society" of New York or Boston, and has merely accidental relations with it. American "Society" consists of a number of local circles, each uncontrolled by any force above or below it, whose members may be said to nominate their own successors. Public distinction establishes no claim for even momentary admission to it. The separate circles may be as close corporations as their members wish, drawing their lines as sharply as they will. Once firmly founded, a social set so utterly uncontrolled may be as exclusive and self-perpetuating as the College of Cardinals.

But any group of people may set up a social circle of their own; hundreds of such groups do set up their own circles. Why has any one group been able to arrogate to itself the name of Society? In itself this is an interesting question; and the broader one, which should concern itself with the actual division of the population into all its social castes, whether high or low, in a republic where all members of society in the large sense are supposed to be equal in privilege, is still more worthy of the attention of the student of sociology. The general struggle to get into a superior set may be a laughable thing, but it is also something more. Let us see how large a thing it may signify in a republic where rank and title are not officially recognized, and in which democracy is supposed to be triumphant.

Through their government, the American people have set up certain political arrangements, relying on these

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to effect certain objects essentially social in their character. Having done this, and proclaimed their purpose with great emphasis and undoubted earnestness, they then go on to create, by a perfectly voluntary process of social gravitation working quite outside of government, a social arrangement which neutralizes, so far as each citizen's ease, peace of mind, and daily endeavor and "pursuit of happiness" are concerned, their political system. It seems to me idle to assume that this social arrangement is of no consequence compared with political equality. Most men's daily toil and worry (not alone in the United States, I may remark, but in European countries as well, though this inquiry is concerned with the United States) are spent in doing things which have reference, in a way direct or indirect, to what is called the social position and appearance of themselves or their families. The majority of people, including women in the count, are, save in some exceptional moment of war or great public excitement, thinking much more about some fact, accessory, or appearance connected with their own or their children's social position than they are about anything connected with government or politics. It comes to this, that men risk their lives to secure free political institutions, or possibly to avoid the payment of threepence a pound on tea, to the imposition of which they have not consented, and then tie themselves hand and foot in a long bondage to a social or family ambition quite out of harmony with their political pretensions. It is a common estimate, and I think a fair one, that two-thirds of the toil of the head of a family at the present day goes to the obtaining of superfluities, practically all of which are connected with social appearance. We all live more or less slavishly and unhappily for the sake of working our way along in a social movement toward an apex represented by a circle which we often affect to despise, and sometimes really do despise. Is the motive behind all this merely our own universal weakness and vanity, or something else?

Our situation is very cleverly represented by the French rural mayor

whose story is told by M. C. Wagner in his admirable book, *La Vie Simple*. This worthy man was the principal functionary of a village which was close by a watering-place sometimes visited by the Emperor Napoleon the Third. He had gone on for many years living contentedly in a good house such as the people of his village ordinarily inhabited; but when he became possessed of the notion that some day the Emperor would come to visit the place, and that as mayor he should receive the head of the State, his surroundings grew in his own eyes altogether too mean for such a presence. So he called the masons and carpenters; he replaced his wooden staircase with one of marble, and pulled down the partitions of his rooms, converting three much-needed domestic apartments into one grand salon, which he furnished pretentiously. Then, with his family, he withdrew into one small room, to live in a wretched huddle. Having emptied his purse and destroyed his comfort, he waited for his imperial guest. Alas! the fall of the Empire came, but never the Emperor.

If we had been able to enter into this rural functionary's heart, and learn there what motive it was that led him to make a fool of himself, we should probably have learned that it was not himself, nor his blushing honors of an hour, that he was thinking of, but his family. The little touch into which he expected to come with the head of the State would have greatly distinguished his family for a long time among his neighbors, and, judging by the ordinary standard of opinion, would have rendered his grand salon a profitable investment.

The motive of American social struggle is practically the same. The credit and advancement of the family is not only the spring of our action—it is the foundation of the circle which is the apex of the American social pyramid. How was our fashionable society formed? Clearly, it was supplied with a nucleus by a tradition that certain families of more or less inherited wealth had always occupied a superior position in the community; to this nucleus have been added from time to time certain other families who for a sufficient period, by no means determinable, have

been habitually associated with the indubitably "old" ones in their social pleasures and solemnities, and who are rich enough to give the entertainments in which the members of the little set are gathered and, in a way, numbered. If from time to time the ranks of this society are recruited, the recruiting is done, I believe, so far as people living in the same town are concerned, by the admission of some family of wealth which has undergone a sort of probation satisfactory to those who are already members of the circle. Bachelors are found in the circle, of course, and are admitted to it, but there must have been a satisfactory family behind them somewhere; they scarcely come into permanent membership as individual raw recruits. In Boston, at least, people who are definitely outside the circle can hardly hope to get into it in their own persons; but they often cherish a hope of getting their children into it. There the key of fashionable society has been, it is said, found in the admission of children to a certain dancing class; so that women have been known to spend the energy of years, with an almost incredible amount of careful cultivation of appearances and diplomatic improvement of acquaintances, to obtain admission for their children to a class which met at a certain hall at five o'clock, rather than to one which met at the same hall, with the same master, at four o'clock. The victory of this admission won at last, the children might some time, if all subsequent endeavor went well, and especially if each one were married to a person who had reached at least the same round in the ladder of social ascent, hope to be enrolled in the list of the most select circle. Very likely even then the parents would but hang on the remotest verge of society, appearing at certain "functions," but being excluded as completely as ever from the more or less official lists that occasionally come before the public. But the position attained for the children would be definite enough, and with difficulty forfeited, so long as the new family retained its wealth.

Some considerable degree of wealth, or at least of access to ready money, is essential to more than latent member-

ship in the circle, for, though it is far from being a company of the millionaires of the United States—many more millionaires being found outside it than within it—some wealth is necessary, as I have said, for the entertainments which are to a considerable extent the constitution of this grade of society. The members of society are not the only persons who appear at its entertainments. Those who belong to the set are not content with seeing merely the members of their own and one another's families on all occasions. Certain receptions of some of them are quite "miscellaneous." But invariable invitations ticket the member of the set; and certain social ceremonies in the course of a year quite rigidly shut out all resident persons who do not belong to "Society," performing thus a function analogous to that of the round-up on the Western plains, at which all cattle which are found not to bear the brand of a certain establishment are summarily excluded.

This sifting process, together with the jealousy of new-comers, keeps each local circle down to a small number. One of the members of fashionable society in New York, who was sometimes quoted as an authority on matters connected with its usages and its enrolment, said a few years ago that society in New York did not consist of more than one hundred and fifty families. Probably no local set of the exclusive sort is larger than this, although the size of the town has extremely little to do with the size of this circle. I am credibly told that in Chicago, society does not in strictness include more than forty families, and that these families are poor, as compared with thousands of commercial people outside the circle. If the teeming and shifting life of a new and great city like Chicago, where society of any sort had no existence until late in the present century, and where enormous fortunes have been continually making, should not only repeat but accentuate the exclusive conditions found in the old cities of the East, with many millionaire families below striving to get into the select upper circle, the case would be peculiarly instructive as to the tendency of social hankerings to neutralize demo-

cratic conditions in politics and democratic influences in commerce and daily affairs.

But to establish completely the significance of this state of things anywhere, it would first be necessary to ascertain whether it were true that the majority of people outside this supposed socially highest circle were engaged, either purposely or not, in an attempt to work themselves along through the social grades which have their apex in such a circle. This can be ascertained only by means of such observation as individuals who have chosen to study such social phenomena may give the subject. It is hardly a question that can be answered by statistics, since social ambition, though a tremendous force in life, is outside the field of the census enumerator. Observers are likely to be interested and partial, and as yet authorities on the subject scarcely have any existence. And yet, so far as America is concerned, any candid person who has lived an active life, social in the broad sense, who has not been content to spend his existence in the community in which he was born, and who in various places has been studious of social phenomena, may contribute data which will help to answer the question.

In a broad way, the question is, Do people care rather more for the chance of getting on in the world in the respects of appearance and social estimation, and for helping their families to a position of increasing consequence or distinction in the community, than they care for the doctrine of the freedom and equal right of all persons? A question which goes with this—perhaps it is really the primary one, and the other the dependent one—is the one whether the family spirit does not necessarily neutralize democratic institutions wherever it prevails.

If any American observer of the sort I have just spoken of goes back over his own social experience—and I repeat that the science of this subject has not progressed beyond the point where it is greatly in need of personal evidence—it must resolve itself into significant incidents and illustrative occurrences. For instance, I derive my own earliest recollections in this field from what is

probably still the most democratic society, in the respects of its political arrangements and the customs of personal intercourse, in the United States—a rural community in Vermont, where no poor foreign or rich native element has yet obtained a foothold. In this community all persons who have “support” for themselves or their families—if they maintain themselves fairly by their own or inherited resources—are apparently on an equal footing socially as well as politically; if they require the help of the community in the material struggle of life they sink beneath contempt. I say they are apparently on an equality; certainly there is no formal outward deference of a sort that instantly implies the inferiority of one person to another. I remember that, a good many years ago, when I had returned to the neighborhood to which I have referred after a considerable absence, I was invited to attend a “sugar party”—a vernal festivity, in this case given by the wife of a farmer on a hill farm, at which the guests were to take part in the enjoyment of spreading the hot wax of maple syrup on snow smoothly packed in pans, and partaking of this delicacy. Among the guests was the Governor of the State, who happened to be a resident of the neighboring village. The Governor drove to the farmhouse in his own “buggy,” which was of the same one-horse, four-wheeled and covered type as the conveyances driven by most of the farmers; two or three of the farmers, I noticed with no little pride in my kinsmen of the hills, had better buggies than the Governor. The man who was entitled by our usages to be addressed as His Excellency, but who certainly was not so addressed by any of these people, himself took his horse out of the vehicle, though he was assisted by one or two of the farmers in unfastening the traces and unbuckling straps, as they had assisted one another. With his own hands the Governor tied his horse under a shed and blanketed the animal; then he went into the house with two or three of the farmers and went directly to the kitchen-sink to wash his hands at the tap. He and the farmers took their turns at this. To me the

spectacle of such democratic simplicity was inspiring; but presently my notions were to receive a distinct shock. The Governor had engaged me in conversation, and together we had gone into the parlor, where half a dozen or more persons were already sitting and talking. Presently an inquiry for me in the next room came to my ears through the open door; and I heard my hostess, the farmer's wife, say in reply, in a somewhat hushed tone, “Oh, he's settin' in the parlor with the Quality.”

I had never heard this word “quality” used in actual homely speech in this sense, though I had heard it in cities in connection with bitter allusions to aristocrats, swells, and the like. This woman was in every sense a simple countrywoman, and I knew she did not borrow the word from books or use it in any scornful sense, but spoke it deferentially and also as a matter of course. I became convinced by inquiry, too, that it had not reference wholly to the Governor's presence. I learned that not only was there in the neighborhood a considerable self-supporting element which was not represented at this party, being deemed of insufficient social importance for invitation, but that within the assemblage itself a certain social distinction was without question allowed to be set up. Subsequently I was able to observe that the people of this most democratic of communities were strongly influenced by considerations of one another's relative social importance. In the local estimation, every family was definitely assigned to an ascertained niche; and as a rule people remained in their niches. Certain young men, indeed, earned approbation for an attempt to advance from the less respectable local element to the more respectable; but their definite promotion seemed to depend on their “marrying the right sort of girl.” While the lines of social caste did not appear to be drawn relentlessly, and did actually seem to depend in a degree on a certain local standard of merit in “respectability,” the principle of social superiority residing in a particular circle, and founded on marriage and the family, was distinctly recognized; and

it was evident that, taking the year through, the majority of the members of the community thought much more about social appearance, respectability, convention, and position than they did of political questions of any kind. Though every man had a vote, it was undeniable that the voter who belonged to one of the families who were little regarded failed of equality of political influence and material opportunity when compared with the man of one of the more highly regarded families. To this extent, certainly important to the individual, social consideration had given the lie to the current political assumption in the most simple and supposably democratic of communities.

Afterward I had an opportunity to study class conditions in a town whose social arrangements are apparently the opposite of the Vermont rural community. This town was Newport, in Rhode Island. To Newport a section of fashionable New York society is transplanted every summer; it comes into contact there, and to a considerable extent coalesces, with a section of the fashionable society of Boston. These elements are joined by a few fashionable people from Philadelphia and other cities; and they fuse into one "aristocratic" group representing many parts of the country more distinctly, I believe, than they ever do in any other place—surely more than in Washington. In the same town live descendants of colonial governors and "old families" famous in the history of the little State. There are officers of the United States army and navy; there are resident and sojourning *nouveaux riches*; there are representatives of the American typical "business man" or *bourgeois* class; and I found there something which is very unusual in New England, adult native Americans, of Yankee race, who could not read or write. At the time of my residence at Newport there were families or clans whose voting members were bought in a bunch, so to speak, the political head of the family—not usually the head of the family in the Old World sense, but rather a self-constituted "boss"—disposing of its whole vote for money and dividing the spoil with the voters. I have reason to be-

lieve that at the present time this feudal practice has been superseded, at least to a great extent, by the methods of political influence more customary in American towns. There were in Newport also several varieties of foreigners (including German and Polish Jews whom the absentee descendants of the Sephardim or Portuguese Jews who founded the local synagogue in the last century were endeavoring to exclude from the synagogue—itsself a very curious instance of the transplanting of an Old World caste prejudice to the New World); and there was a somewhat notable and exceptional grade of society, composed of a residue of former wealthy sojourners become permanent residents as a result of the fascination of the local climate and atmosphere—a most delightfully and systematically idle circle. Between and among these more distinct elements other intermediate social groups had grown up; so that society was composed of a large number of well defined "chops," as the people themselves called their curiously intricate divisions.

Here, it is hardly necessary to say, the social motive openly dominated the life of the people. Social rivalries and ambitions and appearances absorbed a great part of their energies and their time, and particularly the time and energies of the women. It seemed to me here, indeed, as it has seemed to me almost everywhere else in the country, that the women were engaged, all unconsciously, in an attempt to avenge their exclusion from the suffrage, in a republic where the suffrage is commonly spoken of as "universal," by neutralizing or nullifying, through their powerful influence in the family, the supposed equality of American institutions. If women could turn to a mockery democratic or equal institutions in which they have no direct part, and at the same time greatly increase the influence and advantage in the struggle for existence of certain social elements in which they as individuals are powerful, at the expense of the mass they might be held to have accomplished a very neat piece of retribution for their exclusion from participation in political affairs, as well as to have proved

the unwisdom of that exclusion. I hardly suppose that any woman, in her social struggles, was ever animated by such a motive; but the effect is very much as if all women were. If to aggrandize the family is to take away something from democratic equality, then American women must be, whether they intend or know it or not, the enemies of the democratic idea; for they are mostly engaged in an attempt to push their particular families along into a position of greater relative importance in the community.

In Newport I saw evidences in abundance, not only in the prevalence of frank worship of social position, and in the growth of castes, but in the demoralization of the tradespeople through much dealing with corruptible flunkies, that a whole community may be unfavorably influenced by the example set by a wealthy, fashionable, and exclusive class.

In a subsequent residence of nearly three years at Fall River, which is quite near Newport, I had an opportunity to get what might be called a cross-section of all American society by taking the two places together. Fall River is an exclusively manufacturing town of large population which developed with great rapidity from what was, early in the present century, a small farming community. The town has been remarkably free from outside influences except in the lower strata of its society. I found here a great foreign population which was governed industrially, and for the most part politically, by a small native community descended from the handful of farmers who had once wrung a hard living from the thin soil that covered the granite ledge on which scores of cotton-mills now stand. These mills are owned, chiefly, by the descendants of the old farmers who owned the ground along or about the stream which flows through the town, and which afforded a fine water-power. The advantage which the possession of the ground gave them resulted, apparently, in their perpetual domination in the affairs of the city which was to grow up here. Of "aristocracy" there was never any in the place; the mother of one of the chiefest mill-owners and social heads of the existing community

had once been an operative in a cotton-mill; her condition in this regard—for it dated from the days of Lucy Larcom and the "Lowell Offering," celebrated in Dickens's *American Notes*—being not exceptional, but ordinary.

Naturally, many of the frugal ways and some of the democratic notions of a more primitive period clung to these people; but their usages were strongly marked with the conceit of the social superiority of certain families, of the same sort as that of the Vermont community which I have described. These Fall River families had the advantage over the members of "Society" in New York or Boston of being really dominant in the affairs of their town. When I was there these people had developed little likeness to or connection with the fashionable society of the greater or older cities. Nevertheless, by a slow process of individual selection, the assimilation of the descendants of these very humble New England crofters with the elegant and exclusive society of New York and Boston could be seen already progressing; and their position in their own community gave them a prospect of eventual affiliation with it.

The effect of the concentration of influence in a small mill-owning and land-owning class upon the opposite pole of society was what, I should suppose, was exactly to be expected. I saw little snobbery in the place, and little fawning, but rather the most implacable enmity, on the part of the imported working population, toward the American masters. Great numbers of these operatives possessed votes, but by pitting the voters of one imported nationality against another—English against Irish, and Canadian-French against both—the American minority generally ruled the town politically without much trouble. The close combination of the mill-owners in industrial matters was answered by several labor unions, whose hostility to the masters was at least intense, if their cohesion was not as great as that of the ring of brothers, cousins, and old neighbors who stood above them. Thus this promising caste of farmers grown mill-masters had very cleverly reproduced the most marked social conditions of

industrial Europe, with an angry proletariat clamoring at their doors.

Social details of the sort I have mentioned may not appear very important in themselves. They would be of importance, however, if, taken with other facts, they pointed to a prospect of an eventual triumph of a social arrangement founded on caste over a democratic impulse which had a highly favorable opportunity for its development. Caste questions form the theme of plays and romances, but they are seldom studied by economists. It seems to me that serious data concerning them are worthy of presentation. In America we concern ourselves much with the "dangerous elements," with anarchistic sentiments which are supposed to have been imported into our great cities from Europe, and hear much about the division of society into two great camps of rich and poor, a division which is supposed to rest on legislation which favors the rich; but

we hear little about the perfectly voluntary growth of caste feeling, though I should count this really a more important matter, because more inveterate in human thought and much further beyond the reach of legislation. It is a thing which general prosperity does not check, but rather stimulates, by bringing a greater number of persons within the range of social ambition; the accumulation of even a small amount of wealth in a family kindles to white heat the desire for progression toward the charmed upper circle. And it is a thing which is so peculiarly voluntary, and apparently so inevitably the outgrowth of the organization of society on the basis of the family, that the very people whom we hear vaguely lamenting the social stratification as contrary to the principles of the Fourth of July orations, are every day doing their utmost to assist it.—*Nineteenth Century*.

A NEW FIBRE.

How many bankruptcies does it take to establish a new industry? British manufacturers are by all accounts among the most conservative of mankind, and if the name "ramie" suggests anything to a Lancashire cotton-spinner it is the recollection that a great many people have dropped money over this particular fibre. Nevertheless, it seems probable that the British manufacturer will have to take ramie seriously. It is by no means a new invention; no one can say for how many centuries Orientals have used the fibre, which is found in the bark of a particular kind of nettle, to make themselves rough, strong cloths and nets or lines for their fishing. But as an article of European commerce it is so new as hardly to be counted among our imports; and, though the plants which produce it have for many years been cultivated under European supervision, it has only been for the purposes of speculative experiment. The plants can be seen growing any summer at Kew; one of them, *Rhea nivea*, the Chinese variety, flourishes in the open

air. It grows like a Michaelmas daisy in a clump of tall shoots springing from a perennial root, and has big palm-shaped leaves, with the under side white, like those of the wild guelder-rose or cherry-apple. If you strip the bark from one of these shoots and fray it with a knife there is disclosed a white, silky fibre, very fine in the strand and extraordinarily strong. What is called China-grass is simply these ribbons of bark carefully decorticated by hand till the fibre is left bare. It is, however, still coarse and hard, and the immensely laborious process of cleaning makes it cost too much to be of any use in general trade. The ramie of commerce, which is to supersede flax, hemp, and all other textile fabrics (according to the true believers), is the same fibre more cheaply and better prepared from a tropical variety of the same species, *Rhea tenacissima*. This differs from *Rhea nivea* only in having a green leaf; but the essential point of the matter is that it is tropical, and will produce at least four crops a year, while the Chinese plant can at most yield two. The

intrinsic value of the fibre has for a long time been fully admitted; so much so that the Indian Government twice offered a price of £5000 for rhea filasse of high quality produced at a limited cost. The prize was never won. The difficulty lay, as it has lain always, in the production, for which two distinct operations are necessary. First, the stems have to be stripped of their bark, which is done by hand or machinery, though no machine has yet been invented which does the work so well as the cheaply purchased Oriental hand labor. Secondly, in the ribbons so stripped off, the fibre has to be disengaged from the gummy bark, and this is only possible by a chemical process. No mechanical method can thoroughly separate the gum and the fibre, although at least two companies exist which aim at preparing ramie wholly by machinery. Various chemical processes were applied, all of which succeeded in turning out a clean "filasse" of fibre; but unfortunately when the filasse was worked up into yarns, threads, or stuffs, it was found to perish after a few months. The strong chemicals employed rotted the fibre. This happened particularly with the products of rhea prepared in France, where about ten years ago great interest was taken in the matter. After the French, the Americans took it up and prophesied great things; but they also dropped money over it. Now it really seems that England is going to step in and solve the problem. Mr. Gomess, a chemist trained in this country but of Indian origin, has patented a method which turns upon the employment of zincate of soda. A company has been formed, patents taken out all over the world, and a sort of experimental factory is actually at work in London which turns out about two tons a week of ramie ready for spinning.

The process is simple to the last degree. Two things have to be guarded against. First, fermentation of gum in the ramie-ribbons before they come to be manufactured; this is avoided by steeping them in a solution of soda. At present, of course, the preparation of these ribbons is by no means perfect, since no regular market has existed for them. Now, however, in many tropi-

cal countries plantations of ramie are being set, and in time planters will learn to send their ribbons carefully packed and cut, with proper precautions against the fermentation which rots them. Secondly, the chief trouble has been to find chemicals which would convert the ribbons into filasse with a sufficiently weak solution. This is what Mr. Gomess has done. The ribbons are first steeped in tanks with a little infusion of nitric acid to soften the gum; after twelve hours of this they go into a bath of alkaline solution. Then they are boiled in a tank of water impregnated with the zincate of soda, and what comes out is pure fibre; the gum and epidermis of the bark is completely dissolved. At no stage is anything used stronger than a 1 per cent. solution. The filasse, when washed and bleached, may be mixed with inferior silk, or worked up by itself; and it can be sold at a profit for 3*d.* a pound. Flax in the same stage of preparation costs from 8*d.* to 1*s.* Thus the ramie-fibre can be sold almost as cheaply as the cheapest cotton; it has strength sufficient for any use, and it will neither shrink nor stretch. It is very light, and as much sail-cloth can be made from six pounds of ramie as from ten pounds of flax; indeed its advantage in this respect has been already recognized. The "Defender's" canvas was made of rhea-fibres, which had to be bought up piecemeal in England and were woven in America. It will take dyes of all shades, and from it are made fabrics resembling damask linen, silk, plush, and tapestry. These were good enough to look at, but all somewhat harsh to handle. It is fair, however, to remember that the manufacture is in its infancy, and that the weavers do not yet know how to use the stuff to the best advantage. But there seems no doubt that in the qualities of cheapness and durability it will be a real addition to the wealth of mankind. The filasse is naturally so glossy that it seems specially fitted to compete with linen, and Belfast merchants would probably be well advised to look into the matter at once. Silk it will probably never rival, but it might very well sweep off the face of the earth all the innumerable cheap combinations of

silk and wool, which are used in upholstery and the like ; and for towels, dish-cloths, and the whole paraphernalia of washing up it ought to be unsurpassable. These, however, are high matters, too hard for anything but the far-reaching experience of woman. The most interesting point about ramie is that the new industry, when created, may not improbably solve a very awkward problem in the management of Great Britain's enormous tropical estate.

The West Indies are in a bad way, as every one knows, because there is no price for sugar, and because the sugar-growing colonies have imported coolie labor to an immense extent. Demerara, for instance, has half a million of them. These coolies must, by the contract made with the Indian Government, receive constantly their shilling a day, or else Demerara must pay their passage and expenses back to India. Say that costs £10 a head. Demerara cannot get rid of her coolies without paying a fine of five millions ; she must therefore go on sugar-growing whether she likes it or no. But wherever sugar can be grown rhea can be grown also ; and coolie labor is quite sufficiently skilled not only for cutting the crop and stripping the bark by hand or machine, but also for preparing the filasse. There is everything to be said in favor of employing the Gomess process at the place where the crop is grown. First, a plant which yields four or five crops a year exhausts the soil with great rapidity. The fibrine is only 5 per cent. of the whole, and the other 95 per cent. should go back into the ground—the leaves as leaf-mould ; the sticks, after they have served for fuel,

in the form of ashes. Secondly, the less chemicals used the better ; and if the process is applied when the bark is soft and freshly peeled, a weaker solution will suffice to dissolve the gum. Also, out of a ton of rhea-ribbons only 60 per cent. of filasse is produced, so that to import filasse instead of ribbons would save 40 per cent. of freightage. It is not to be supposed, of course, that any casual person can go and make his fortune by starting a ramie-farm. But it does seem probable that much of the tropical soil and cheap labor which cannot be productively employed in growing sugar will be turned to this account. Practically, the question resolves itself into this—Can rhea-fibre be produced cheaply ? And does any existing process produce it cheaply without impairing its qualities ? It is too early for a final answer. But cloth made from fibre prepared by the Gomess process is two years old by now, and shows no sign of any defect ; nor is there reason to apprehend any, since no chemical of any injurious power is used in the preparation. And as to the cheapness, rhea-ribbons can be bought here for about £12 a ton, leaving a good profit to the grower ; from these filasse can be produced, which will fetch about £50 a ton, having cost in all perhaps £30 to turn out. These are facts which every one would do well to consider who has an interest in the matter. To put the case concisely, ramie is a fibre which can supplant flax and compete with silk, and it can now be produced almost as cheaply as cotton. If that is true, as a careful inquiry leads us to believe it is, can the tropical colonies do better than cultivate ramie ?—*Spectator*.

THE "CURE" AT CARLSBAD.

For various reasons, chiefly of health and fashion, a sojourn for a longer or shorter period at one or other of the numerous Continental spas has become almost part of the annual routine of life of the moneyed classes. How often have we read in our newspapers during the past season that the Prince of W., or the Duke of Midland, or the

Countess of Blankshire, or Mr. and Mrs. Midas have gone to "Waterbad," or some other "Bad," to take the waters, or the "cure" as it is called. No doubt our own home watering-places, such as Bath, Harrogate, and Strathpeffer, have claimed their share of visitors, but the Continental spas have had a far larger measure of patronage,

affording as they do a more radical change of life and of surroundings; and among the oldest and most famous of these, from a medicinal point of view, must be ranked Carlsbad, although not so much frequented by English people as Homburg, Aix-les-Bains, and some others which seem to attract our countrymen. The aggregate number of persons of all nationalities taking the annual cure at Carlsbad is greater than at any other spa, reaching, during each of last season and this, the large number of about forty-two thousand, of whom one thousand were English and two thousand American.

Beautifully situated in the valley of the clear-flowing river Tepl, just where it flows out of the hills forming a spur of the Erzgebirge ("Ore Mountains") in the northwest of Bohemia, Carlsbad, which stands over twelve thousand feet above sea-level, has a special advantage which one would suppose ought to recommend it to the inhabitant of cool climates. It is seldom too hot, the mean temperature during the season being about 57° Fahrenheit, and even when it does become close in the town itself, which lies along the valley, one has only to ascend to the pine-clad hills lying all around to find shade and fresh-blowing breezes. Seventy miles of walks through the woods offer numerous diverging routes to the pedestrian, and afford here and there vistas of scenery that remind one very much of similar views in our own Highlands, wanting, however, in the attraction of the purple heather. The place takes its name from the Emperor Charles IV. of Germany, but it seems to have been known so far back as the twelfth century, though it is indebted to Charles for the commencement of its reputation as a watering-place.

The regular season extends from May 1st to October 1st, but the crowded months are July and August, and then most of the good hotel and lodging house accommodation is full, the weekly charge for a fairly good bedroom in one of the best hotels running to from thirty to fifty gulden (£2 10s. to £4 3s. 4d.), exclusive of light and attendance. In addition to this, each visitor remaining more than a week is

charged a municipal tax called "Kur-tax," and a music tax, amounting together to from six to fifteen gulden, depending on the visitor's rank in life. This tax is exigible only once, however long the visitor remains, and the payment admits to the springs and concerts free, though to some special concerts a charge for admission is made. Including the journey of twenty-six hours from England by express train, cost of living, amusements, and doctor's bill, the expense of a three to four weeks' stay may be estimated at not much under £50; so of course persons of moderate means, unless upon strong recommendation of the physician, will not lightly incur the cost of a sojourn, though most people who have been there say it is well worth the money.

To enumerate the various diseases and derangements for which Carlsbad's waters are a remedy is rather beyond the scope of this article; but it may at once be said that persons with organic disease, as distinguished from functional derangement, are seldom sent to Carlsbad except in cases where the organic lesion is slight. The waters are of course not a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to, nor can they, like many a patent pill, cure every disease from premature baldness to a sprained ankle. But as a remedy for many disorders they are *facile princeps*. For all the consequences of high living and want of exercise, such as stomach and liver troubles, gout in its various forms, and many other kindred complaints, Carlsbad waters, together with the regimen prescribed for each special case, act in general like a charm, though it may be that just at the time the patient may not feel much or any benefit, and it may be some weeks or even months before the good results of which he went in search ensue.

Now, be it understood, people do not go to Carlsbad to play themselves, though of course amusement is and must always be incidental to life at every watering-place. They go for the cure, and though no doubt there is no compulsion, still seldom indeed can anybody be seen transgressing the well-known rules of health enjoined during the stay.

Arrived at Carlsbad, the visitor or "Kurgast," as he is called, will, if an Englishman, doubtless elect to take up his abode in one of the fine hotels or lodging-houses on the Schlossberg, a hill immediately above the Springs, along the front of which lies the densest portion of the town. The buildings on this hill being for the most part new, are replete with every comfort; and as they are elevated some two hundred feet above the rest of the town, it is cooler, and the air fresher and more bracing. Having fixed on his quarters, he will now seek out the physician to whom he has been recommended by his own doctor, or whom he may select from the numerous list he will find hung up in the house he is to stay at. As may be fancied from the number of patients, the body of physicians practising in the town is large and increasing, numbering at present over a hundred; but with some exceptions, physicians are only in residence for the season, leaving with the last of the visitors when the town narrows down to its resident population of thirteen thousand and most of the large hotels and houses are practically shut up. Many of the physicians speak five or six languages, so a knowledge of German is quite unnecessary to enable the "Kurgast" to describe his symptoms. After which, and a careful examination, he will be told what springs to drink from, and in what quantities, what baths he is to take, and what regimen he must adopt.

At most Continental spas the methods of treatment have varied from time to time, and Carlsbad is no exception to the rule. The history of the "Kur," or course of waters and baths, may be divided into several more or less distinct periods. During the earliest, until about the middle of last century, excessive bathing was the rule, and patients remained in the bath until the skin became actually sore, and the term "Hautfresskur" ("flaying cure") was derived from this barbarous method; gradually, however, this was modified, and eventually it went for a time entirely out of date, and its place was taken by a mania for absorbing enormous quantities of the waters internally, patients swallowing thirty to

forty glasses a day. When one considers that this means three hundred to four hundred ounces, and that thirty to forty is quite a large allowance of liquids for an adult to consume in twenty-four hours, it is evident that the lifelong day must have been spent glass in hand, and even then the wonder is that patients managed to consume the enormous dose and survive. The third or rational treatment, which is a combination of judicious drinking and bathing, set in about the end of last century, and is still in vogue.

The main basin of Carlsbad waters is estimated to be about eight thousand feet below the earth's surface, and as at that depth the temperature is high, all the springs are more or less hot, ranging from the "Sprudel," with a temperature of 162.5° Fahrenheit, down to "Spital-brunnen," with a temperature of 95.3°. There are nearly twenty different springs, but the best known and most frequented are "Sprudel," "Schlossbrunn," "Mühlbrunn," "Neubrunn," "Felsenquelle," and "Marktbrunn." The chemical analysis has remained unchanged ever since analyses began to be made, and strange as it may appear, in view of the fact that the different springs have somewhat different effects, the analysis of all is very much the same, the chief difference consisting in the different degrees of temperature. It may be, of course, that there are subtle differences existing in nature's chemistry, but not yielding their secrets to the tests of modern science. The chief ingredients are sulphates of soda and potash, chloride of sodium, carbonate of soda, and carbonic acid, but there are many others in smaller quantities. The waters are all pleasant to taste, but not two of them taste exactly alike, though the analyses are so similar, the pleasantest being the "Schlossbrunn." None of them ever produce nausea, and none of them has any smell more than ordinary hot water has. All the springs are led into pipes, some of which pour out their contents at surface level, others at some depth below the surface at the bottom of a kind of well, with steps descending to the bottom, and the "Sprudel" with its upright pipe of three or four inches diameter spurt-

ing its contents in steaming, intermittent jets, ten or twelve feet into the air.

The action of all the waters is extremely mild, as they are not nearly so highly charged with drastic chemical constituents as some of our home waters, and the curative principle seems to be the absorption of the waters into a system as devoid as possible of nutriment, and the maintenance of this condition for as long as possible daily, so as to permit of the retention of the waters in the system, and allow their action to be fully developed in the tissues. To carry this principle into effect means the reduction as far as possible of the quantity of nourishment to be taken while the waters are being drunk and for four or five hours afterward; and though this means the exercise of considerable self-denial, it is founded on reason, and in the general case recommended as absolutely essential in properly carrying out the "cure." It at once follows that our ordinary English breakfast is "taboo," and that the dietary generally is prescribed on the principle of giving as little work as possible to the digestive system, and as much nourishment as can possibly be derived from the reduced quantity allowed.

In the ordinary case the patient will be instructed to begin with two glasses (twenty ounces) of water per day, gradually increasing the quantity to three, four, or sometimes five glasses, and going on from the cooler to the hotter springs, eventually reaching the hottest of all, "Sprudel." In many cases, however, this spring is not reached at all, and is quite unnecessary and even harmful. A typical day will be spent thus: The visitor will rise about six, Continental time, which of course corresponds to five o'clock English time, and having slung his glass over his shoulder, will stroll down to the "Schloßbrunn" or "Mühlbrunn" spring, where he will fall in at the end of the queue of people bent on the same errand. Woe betide the person who endeavors to save time and trouble by cutting into the line instead of going to the end—speedy ejection will be his fate. In five to fifteen minutes he will have come up to the spring,

and his glass will be handed down at the one side from one attendant girl to another, be filled at the spring, and come up full at the other side, when he will stroll about and sip the contents slowly, listening perhaps the while to the band playing in the colonnade, and inwardly criticising the surrounding crowd of various nationalities.

He will not fail to notice that though probably nearly all the people he sees are patients taking the cure, there is a comparative absence of persons who show evidence of being very ill. Here and there of course may be seen the yellow hue of jaundice, or the gray, bloodless look of those suffering from disorganized nutrition, but the great majority will strike him as fairly robust, and indeed sometimes the robustness will take the shape of overrepletion, to which a little simple starvation might be predicted to prove, if not grateful, at least beneficial.

The brilliant sun and the crisp morning air are quite exhilarating; but, alas! for many people this is for the first two or three days only, to be succeeded, as the waters begin to exercise their depressing alkaline effect on the system, by a dragging lassitude ever present in the mornings, which, however, generally diminishes. In twenty minutes or half an hour he will have his glass refilled, and so on till he has completed the prescribed number. Then he will set out for a walk of three quarters of an hour or an hour, having perhaps for his destination one of the cafés in the environs, the Post-hof, Kaiserpark, Jägerhaus, or Freundschaftsaal, and arrived there will have his meagre breakfast of one lightly-boiled egg, one roll, or a couple of zwieback, or twice-baked rusks, and one cup of tea or coffee. Then after a rest he may continue his stroll through the pine woods, resting at intervals on one of the thousand and one rustic seats provided by the municipality. Before one o'clock he will probably have begun to feel the pangs of hunger, and having arrived at a "Restauration" or returned to town, he will dine. He is always free to dine where he pleases, and the general rule is to change about a good deal, and not to patronize exclusively his hotel or lodg-

ing-house. Indeed, none of the lodging-houses profess to supply any meal except breakfast, though dinner or supper can be had in most of them by ordering in advance. Dinner is always *à la carte* and at midday, there being no late *table d'hôte* dinners, such as are in vogue at Homburg; at Carlsbad the "cure" is first, and everything else second. Dinner will probably be recommended to consist of a plate of roast veal, lamb, or chicken, with green vegetables, and just a morsel of bread, with perhaps a little *compôte* of fruit to follow, and with or without a glass of Austrian red or white wine mixed with some of the native natural mineral aerated waters, such as "Biliner," "Gieshubler," or "Kronendorfer"—no potatoes, butter, cheese, raw fruit, spices, spirits, or indeed any of the usual auxiliaries of our dinner are permitted, these not being "*kurgemäss*." Should this be one of his bath days, and these occur from twice to four times a week, he will spend part of his forenoon in taking his bath, either a mud bath, sprudel bath, or perhaps some more fanciful form, such as a pine-needle bath. The mud bath is a hot black slimy combination of peat-moss brought from Francisbad, mixed with sprudel water into a sort of gigantic elongated mud pie, and the sprudel bath is the plain heated water from the "Sprudel" spring. After the bath, rest in bed for an hour before dinner is recommended. Most kinds of baths can be had at the four different bathing establishments existing in the town, the finest of which, the Kaiserbad, opened in 1895, is perhaps the most perfect establishment of the kind in Europe. In it, besides the ordinary baths, may be had electric baths, massage, and Swedish medical gymnastic treatment.

Dinner over, rest will be found congenial, and the fragrant weed may be indulged in, while the daily paper is looked over for home news, or the "Kurliste," published daily by the municipality, is scrutinized for the names of the visitors arriving the previous day.

Then perhaps at four o'clock a con-

cert may be fixed to take place at some of the open-air cafés, and especially if he is a family man his party will wish to attend it. One of the bands is very fine, being composed of seventy performers, and the appreciation with which its performances are received by a somewhat critical audience vouches for its perfection. While listening to the music a cup of coffee or tea and a zwieback is permitted. The concert will be over at six, and then a walk home through the pine woods as the sun is going down and the coolness of the evening has set in will be found enjoyable. Possibly, instead of a concert, a driving excursion may be made to one of the neighboring places of interest, or simply through the pine woods. A light supper, generally a plate of cold meat with a morsel of bread, will follow about eight o'clock, and then to bed at ten. All Carlsbad, or at least the "Kurgast" population, goes to bed at ten, to prepare for the early start on the following morning.

While this may be taken as a sample of the treatment in the general case, of course each particular case has its own special treatment as that may be dictated by the medical adviser, and this may vary in many ways either in taking the waters, bathing, diet, or exercise.

After a course varying from three to four weeks, our visitor will generally find that though his capacity for exertion, mental and bodily, has for the time somewhat diminished, his appetite has improved, and what is more important, his digestion, if applied only upon such diet as is prescribed to be maintained for some little time afterward, during the "aftercure," is also much improved. He will almost invariably find that he scales a good few pounds less than when he arrived, but he may comfort himself that his loss in avoirdupois will, if that is consistent with good health in his individual case, be regained within a month or two. In short, in his improved all-round condition, his temperance and regularity will be amply repaid by an effectual "cure."—*Chambers's Journal*.

INDIA AND HER FRIENDS.

BY E. PRATT.

I AM a retired Indian public servant temporarily residing in England, and I have been for some years a member of the Social Democratic Federation. Assenting to the main principles of Socialism, and recognizing the urgent need of large reforms in the government of India, I am constrained nevertheless to dissent from the spirit of some recent political demonstrations. Claiming kindred as I do with the governed as with the governors, and having, perhaps, on that account a double claim to be heard, I am desirous of stating briefly the nature and the grounds of my dissent.

No one who has thoughtfully considered the complex problem of our government of India can doubt that the extravagance which unhappily, but not necessarily, attends British rule in India is an iniquitous tax on a deplorably impoverished country. To attempt within the limits of this paper the history of the development and growth of that iniquity is quite impracticable. I can only here briefly indicate headings for separate chapters in a discourse on that large subject.

The iniquity, as we know, began with unscrupulous practices like those for which Clive and Warren Hastings set an unworthy example to the Administration in all its grades. The public conscience, revolting against those practices, perceived the necessity for reform; but a grave mistake at that time was made in the selection of a reformer. Lord Cornwallis belonged to a ruling class at home, a class who were in possession of the greater portion of the lands of Great Britain and Ireland, which gave to each of its individual owners a princely revenue. His lordship's notions, therefore, as to the pomp and state which it was essential or desirable for English rulers in India to keep up, were derived from what he had been accustomed to at home, and his ideal was naturally a morbid one.

In these circumstances, to which we may add, perhaps, that he was not

specially skilled in the economic science of his own time, Lord Cornwallis overlooked, when, for the laudable purpose of placing them above the temptation of misconduct, he undertook the fixing of a new scale of remuneration for public servants, that, whether India be taxed *irregularly* by their malpractices or *regularly* by the assignment of a princely income to each of them, the economic effect on the country would be the same. India thus has grievously suffered, the injustice being afterward enhanced by the approximation of England to India through steam and electricity, and by injudiciously liberal absentee and pension regulations; a change of conditions, wholly unforeseen, which has made it more and more difficult to bring public servants to look upon India as their permanent home; the reproaches of conscience being silenced by a willing acceptance of the false teaching that the physical well-being of Europeans and their offspring is injured, not by unwholesome habits of living, but by the innocent Indian climate, whereas just the reverse is the truth.

In another direction also has India grievously suffered. Governed till 1858 by the Court of Directors of the East India Company with a large office established in the City, after that year India came under the government of the Crown, and the change was attended by the error of keeping up and even augmenting that large separate establishment for the control of the Crown's delegates in India, instead of transferring the work to the Colonial Office. We know that the late John Stuart Mill was opposed to a resumption of government by the Crown, and that his opposition was founded on reasons which subsequent events have fully justified. In the arrangements for giving effect to the change Mr. Mill, we may well suppose, was not consulted; but it is more than probable that his refusal of a seat in the then newly organized Council of India

was intended by him as a protest against the inconsiderately extravagant character of those arrangements.

The errors alluded to in the two preceding paragraphs, plus some subsidiary abuses, have necessitated a large annual tribute from India for a long succession of years, a tribute which is now officially estimated at £17,000,000, but which, it is said, probably amounts to about £30,000,000. Deplorable as all this undoubtedly is, I certainly find no difficulty in believing that the errors to which they are due are the errors of men who, misled by a questionable if not an utterly false social ideal at home, had sought to realize their ideal under conditions still more unsuitable than those at home; that each successive Administration continued thus a traditional and an iniquitous system from a thoughtlessness as to its inevitable economical result, rather than in deliberate indifference to future disasters which might not come in its own time.

But the effect of this enormous tribute has been the impoverishment of India; and it is right, equally for the relief of depressed Indian populations, and in the interests of our own great manufacturing country, which cannot hope to find markets for its goods except among prosperous peoples, that strenuous efforts should be made to awaken the public mind in England to the gravity of the situation. To this extent I agree with the demonstrators.

The political demonstrations which have as yet taken place have been got up by the Social Democratic Federation, and the chief demonstrators have been Mr. Hyndman, its President; Mr. Michael Davitt, an Irish Member of Parliament; and Mr. Dadabhoi Naoroji, formerly prime minister to the Gaekwar of Baroda, and lately M.P. for Central Finsbury.

With the best of intentions, if erroneously acted on, and with, doubtless, unquestionable purity of motives, but not, I fear, thinking very much about India, Messrs. Hyndman and Davitt, with Dadabhoi's cordial approval, arrived at the conclusion that British rule was a curse to India, and they demanded our departure thence with bag and baggage.

If the question under consideration

were how we might best promote the interests of the Socialistic propaganda, in which, in common with Mr. Hyndman, though not with the same zeal and ardor, I am sincerely interested, it must be confessed that compliance with the demand in question might prove a useful preliminary step. Our withdrawal from India would give us ample leisure to elaborate the details of the Socialistic programme as far as they may be wise and practicable, and I also admit that it might greatly tend to promote the schemes of those who hope some day to compel our withdrawal from Ireland; schemes which, to Irish patriots like Mr. Michael Davitt, are the end and aim of their existence. But our withdrawal from India is not what India and her real friends want. A very limited knowledge of the condition of that country and of the present position of the political world is sufficient to make it obvious that our abandonment of India before she has been educated into organizing for herself a strong and a righteous Government would be a cruel injury to her.

The right remedy for her troubles, I venture to think, is to be devised only by those who, in dealing with the subject, are prompted by a love of justice for India, not by a hatred of injustice, or supposed injustice, in some other direction. Yielding to no one in my admiration of the unflinching energy and the complete self-abnegation with which Messrs. Hyndman and Davitt have worked each for the cause with which his whole life may be said to be identified, I wholly disagree with them as to their proposed solution of the difficulties of the situation in India. I say it with reluctance, but I say only what I honestly think, when I add that it is wrong in India's troubles to seek the opportunity of promoting pet projects of our own, whatever the merits of these projects are. To come to the front with that view, passionately posing as champions of India, but really indifferent whether the measures which we advocate be harmful or otherwise, is to take a course which must be held to be indefensible, however deserving we may be in a general sense of esteem and respect.

After Messrs. Hyndman and Davitt in London, it was Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji's turn, and he took it at Leeds and Liverpool. At the London meeting, *forgetting* that he was a Parsee, that he belonged to a small community of foreign refugees in India, who, more than any other section of the Indian populations, have been repeatedly indebted to British rule for their protection, who more than once might have been swept out of the country by hostile races except for our presence there; forgetting all this, the late member for Central Finsbury, as we have seen, had agreed with his colleagues that British rule was a curse to India. The former premier to a Hindoo sovereign went now a step farther. It has long been an axiom in statecraft that the king can do no wrong, and that, when anything of that kind occurs, the prime minister should be hanged and the king congratulated on a good riddance. At Leeds, *not forgetting* that, while prime minister at Baroda, he had succeeded in obtaining a signal departure from the wholesome traditional practice of dealing with sovereigns and their ministers, and clumsily betraying a desire to use his success on that occasion as a new precedent, the truculent Dadabhoy, with tongue in cheek perhaps, made a remarkable speech. He virtually personified British authority in India as a reigning sovereign, stigmatized him as a murderer in his supposed responsibility for the Indian famine, and exhorted his audience to do justice lest "the blood of the murdered" Indian peasantry should "lie at their door." After this abuse of his freedom of speech on English soil, he proceeded from Leeds to Liverpool, and wound up with a demand for the substitution of native for English agency in India.

Now, though the wrong done to India by injudicious champions has a tendency unfortunately to prejudice the public mind equally against what is reasonable and what is unreasonable in their demands, I shall presently show to what extent I think their latest demand deserves consideration. But I must first finish what I have to say respecting India's involuntary tribute to England.

I certainly think that the public writer who first drew attention to the inevitable eventual effect on the economic condition of India of its involuntary tribute to this country is one of the best friends of both. The first enunciator of the principle, that the drawing away year after year of produce from a country with no return to it in kind must end in the exhaustion of its lands and the starvation of its people, deserves to rank with the benefactor of his race who conclusively established the economic truth that the monopoly by a few of the lands of any country must necessarily cause the poverty and destitution of the many, and also with that other benefactor whose masterly analysis of economic phenomena has demonstrated unanswerably that wealth accumulated as capital is the product of unpaid surplus labor. He deserves, in short, to rank with Henry George and with Karl Marx.

If I have, as I think I have, justly estimated the debt that we owe to this third benefactor, it may be desirable that I should contribute such evidence as I can offer toward the solution of a question which in the Press and elsewhere has been incidentally and not very satisfactorily discussed—the question, namely, as to who really has done us this good service.

The editor of the *Daily News*, in an article published in that journal soon after the famine relief meeting at the Mansion House, named Mr. Hyndman as the right person. We were afterward told that this was a mistake. According to a statement made by Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji at a meeting at Leeds, it was he, Mr. Dadabhoy, who, like a voice in the wilderness, drew attention to this subject thirty years ago, and Mr. Hyndman, whom he patronizingly called his friend, only followed in his footsteps ten years later. It seems almost a pity to disturb the interesting hallucination that we are indebted to a quasi-Indian patriot for the revelation in reference to India of an important economic law; but I fear that the honor belongs to an Englishman after all, and truth compels the correction which I am about to make.

More than thirty years ago appeared

in an Indian journal, the *Times of India*, some able and suggestive articles on the probable eventual effect on the economic condition of India of our system of governing the country. The editor of the journal was the late Robert Knight, a self-made man, who went out to India as a youth, and whose acquaintance I there made when he was a boy in his teens. Robert Knight was long connected with the Press in Bombay and Calcutta, and during the latter years of his life appropriately edited a journal called *The Friend of India*, and also *The Indian Economist and Statesman*. Recognizing his important services to India as a journalist, a former Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, the late Sir George Campbell, conferred upon him some years ago an Assistant Secretaryship in the Bengal Secretariat, an appointment which he relinquished when he found it to be incompatible with his duty to the public as a journalist. Whether the articles to which I allude were written by Robert Knight I am unable to positively state; I have always regarded him as the author; but they may have been the work of a contributor, perhaps of that singularly able and conscientious member of the Bengal Civil Service, Mr. Geddes, who, at great peril to his position and prospects, wrote several thoughtful essays for a Calcutta review on the commercial exploitation of India, etc. But certainly Mr. Dadabhoi Naoroji was not the writer in the *Times of India*, for the editor, in complimenting Mr. Dadabhoi many years ago on his useful compilation of statistics bearing on India, had complained in the Indian Press, unanswered by the accused, of the want of candor which had prevented Mr. Dadabhoi from owning that his industry had been inspired by published articles in the *Times of India*.

The revelation which I have just made happily does not affect any native of India proper. Nor are the educated Hindoos and Mohammedans of India responsible for the want of judgment, sense, and moderation on the part of Mr. Dadabhoi Naoroji which has accompanied the latest demand of the demonstrators as before described.

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I venture to think, therefore, that the British people—who, at the present time, by generous pecuniary relief, are manifesting a genuine sorrow for the sufferings of their distant fellow-subjects, and an evident anxiety to mitigate their sufferings—will also recognize at an early date, through their representatives in Parliament, the justice of admitting the natives of India, and facilitating their admission, to a still larger share than they now have, in the government of their country.

I heartily agree with the demonstrators that this concession is desirable; but I also strongly think that, whether we employ in India Asiatics or Europeans, blacks or whites, Englishmen engaged and sent thither from home, or colored and other Englishmen already settled out there, what is chiefly required is that the agents of British rule in India should be made to look upon that country as their permanent home. In solving satisfactorily the various difficulties which surround the complex problem of our government of India, the chief difficulty will be in determining how we may relieve India of her depressing annual tribute to England without eliminating from her public service the still indispensable element of high-minded Englishmen. In other words, we shall have to consider:

I. The best means of stopping the commercial exploitation of India, apparently more or less unavoidable in the maintenance of the present mischievous system; and

II. How to accomplish this object without impairing the tone of her public service.

More than thirty years ago, under the wholesome moral influence of a singularly high-minded member of the Bombay Civil Service, whose humble subordinate I was, my mind was awakened to the necessity of resisting the exploitation of India by the unscrupulous. Much may be done and is done by conscientious public servants in this direction. I am not writing an autobiographical memoir of my own official career, and to avoid the egotism of raking up old controversies I shall pass over much that might be usefully noted here. Not even the temptation

of offering to the readers of this *Review* a second example of the dexterity with which Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji, in his diligent search for the means of playing the rôle of an Indian patriot, can adopt without acknowledgment a good suggestion, not even *that* temptation shall induce me to make more than a passing allusion to the fact that the idea of his demand, through the Indian National Congress, for withdrawal from Indian public servants of compensation for loss to them, through a fall in the exchange, was probably derived from my official protest on the subject in a letter to the India Office, which was published in 1890, before the Government had erroneously sanctioned that compensation. But in passing over much that might be mentioned, I ought to be permitted at any rate to point with satisfaction to my successful training, under great difficulties, of two sons for successful competition for the Indian Civil Service, to which they now belong, as an important step, though a small one, toward promoting the public object which I have long had at heart. Of course I offer no pledge on behalf of these youths, but to them India is their *natural* home; and if, as I hope it will be in the future, as it certainly should be, their *permanent* home, they will hereafter draw and spend their pensions in India, and to that extent diminish the drain westward. My excuse, then, for offering any suggestion toward stopping the exploitation of India is not only that I have long held the opinion that something should be done, but also that I have in the past taken useful action in that direction.

I venture further to think that my long official career entitles me to offer emphatic testimony, as that of one who knows, on the importance of the second of the two objects, as above stated, which I think should be held in view in devising a solution of our difficulties in India. In no part of the world are to be found men of higher integrity of character and devotion to duty than the bulk of the Englishmen composing the several divisions of the Indian Civil Service, to which I never had the honor to belong. They supply a leaven for raising the tone of

public life in India still much needed there. If our empire owes much to the exceptional men whose heroic figures stand out conspicuously in the history of India, our strong moral position there to-day is due to singularly upright Englishmen who have been and are connected with its ordinary administration, whose acts and past careers are little thought of because they have done their good work in a quiet, unsensational manner, and because (unsolicitous of titles and statues, honors which to *them*, each in the simplicity and integrity of his life a modern Cincinnatus, have been unacceptable) they have unobtrusively passed away from the scene of their dignified labors, unconscious of any special merit in duty thoroughly fulfilled. Justice to India requires that we should contrive to retain permanently in that country men such as I have just described and their offspring.

During a furlough to England many years ago I incidentally expressed my opinions, as above described, in a conversation with Mr. Dadabhoy Naoroji. It is noteworthy that the demonstrator, who now would keep the English out of India altogether, thought at that time that it would be unreasonably hard upon them to attach to their service in India any condition which should encourage them to make that country their permanent home. It is noteworthy also that the quasi-economist and patriot, whose strong opinions as to the cruelty to India of the annual tribute exacted by England prompt him now to denounce those responsible for such tribute as murderers, had, a few years ago (the time I allude to), so imperfect an appreciation of the effect of that tribute, that he thought there would be cruelty in any action for diminishing the drain as I had suggested.

Nevertheless, my convictions as above indicated remain unshaken; and I think it probable that the large reforms looming in the early future for reforming our present system of governing India will have to include, besides a transfer to the Colonial Office of the work of supervising and controlling the Indian Governments and a reduction of official salaries all round,

such a revision of the absentee and pension regulations for public servants as shall have the effect, with respect to present incumbents, of making it their interest to look upon India rather than England as their permanent home, and, with respect to future public servants, of emphatically discouraging their return to England.

The advantage of such a reform would be infinitely more than the relief it would bring to India in the diminution of her annual tribute to England; it would have the effect of organizing a permanent English public opinion in India, which there, as elsewhere, would assert and demand her rights by constitutional methods; and demands, prompted by that love of justice which is inherent in the English race, would be more likely to command respectful attention in England than the ebullitions of disloyal agitators plotting mischief in India, or of semi-loyal unemployed Parsee premiers, who may be delegated thence to "demonstrate" in this country.

Can any reasonable opposition be made to the proposed reform? The old objection as to climate was invented long ago by ingenious scientists to suggest an apology to the conscientious for breach of duty, as benevolent physicians in the present day recommend their patients to indulge in a little alcohol, not because they think it is the right thing to do, but because they know that their patients like it. Sensible people are disposed now to set aside that objection about the climate as an exploded one; for more people die in India and England through injudicious living than are ever killed by the climate in either country. Europeans, including Englishmen and their offspring, may live and thrive in any habitable land if they will but adapt their habits to surrounding conditions; and there is really no reason why Englishmen should not find a permanent home in India as they now do in America, Australia and Africa.

—*Westminster Review*.

"MISSING."

A STORY OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

BY JOHN ARTHUR BARRY.

I.

"WHAT'S become of the *Linnet*?" asked somebody, suddenly, one fine morning at the Admiralty some fifty years ago. And nobody knew. Some said China, others the West Coast, others again the West Indies. But there was no finality in the guessing. And not until an old clerk in the Under Secretary's room happened to mention that his son was the *Linnet's* midshipman, that he had not been heard of for three years, and that his last letter was from Australia, was the clue found.

Then, presently, despatches, voluminous and complete, were forwarded to the colonial authorities at "Sydney, Victoria," asking for information respecting Her Majesty's ship *Linnet*, one gun, 300 tons, Lieutenant-Com-

mander Morrissey, etc., supposed to be on duty somewhere on that station.

And in due course, which was a long course, because the overland telegraph was still an adventure to scoff at, came the reply to the effect that, a very long time ago, "H.M. Schooner *Linnet*, 1, 300, etc., etc., Lieutenant-Commander Morrissey," had, in obedience to orders from the Post Captain in charge of the station, and since deceased, sailed away on patrol duty among the South Sea Islands.

Of late nothing had been heard of the schooner. But the authorities had every reason to believe that she was still at her post. They also took the liberty of pointing out that, in view of the recent grave Russian complications, and the fact of the only warship having recently sailed for Home, the *Linnet* was quite inadequate to the task of

protecting British interests in the South Pacific.

The Home Naval authorities were satisfied with this. They had placed the missing vessel. Also they promised that, "in the spring," two new ships should be stationed in Australian waters.

* * * * *

Meanwhile, in a snug harbor of Suvaia, the largest island of a group of four known as "The Padrones," lay H.M.S. *Linnet*. But you would never have taken her for what she was. Her sides were worn and weather-beaten; long tears of iron rust trickled down them, and everywhere showed unsightly patches of the first priming-coat of lead-colored paint in place of the original delicate creamy white.

Instead of "Europe" rope, half her running rigging was coir, brown and frizzy, and the standing gear showed grievously for lack of tar. Many of her rattlines were gone, and their places filled by strips of bamboo. Her sails, loosed to dry and half-sheeted home, showed great patches, fitter for a North Country collier than a British ship o' war, be she ever so small. Everywhere about her hung a curious look of decay and drought, and barbarism accentuated instead of relieved by a festoon of shells and sharks' teeth hanging round the neck of the once smartly gilded figurehead. Looking over the side, deep down through the clear water, you saw, in place of bright copper, barnacles and weeds.

Her crew were well in keeping; for, if the ship's stores had run out, so evidently had the slop chest. For'ard, the men were in every variety of rig; and with their broad-leafed palm hats, made to the individual wearer's fancy, their trousers and jumpers of cheap and gaudy "trade" prints, and shark-skin belts ornamented with native work, they looked far more like pirates than the regulation British Jack.

Nor did the presence among them of many flower-decked brown maidens, who evidently had the run of the ship, lessen the resemblance.

Aft, in hammocks under the sun-blached awning, swung Morrissey and his lieutenant, while a couple of native belles sat on the skylight chattering

to a small midshipman who, in an undress uniform of brown calico and grass-woven hat, lay on a rug smoking a huge cigar of his own manufacture.

To seaward gleamed, white as snow, the long round of surf as it broke with subdued murmur on the circling reef; above, the sky was like sapphire, and all around the water gleamed still and placid, and in color of the tender blue of the forget-me-not; in the background, the rounded mountains of the island, clothed in vivid greenery, sloped softly to the edge of the long stretch of dazzling white beach. From somewhere in the hills came the sound of falling waters; the air was full of the fragrance of flowers. It was Lotos-land, and everything about ship and crew seemed eloquently to say—

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than
toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid ocean, wind and
wave and oar;
Oh, rest ye, brother mariners, we will not
wander more.

Presently, from a boat which had pulled off from the beach, stepped a tall, bronzed, clean-shaven man, dressed in spotless duck from head to foot. This was Silas B. Kegg, the owner of the white coral-built trading station which flashed out of the great clump of purple hibiscus that little Thompson, the midshipman, had once fancifully compared to a stain of blood on the even greenery of palm and breadfruit trees.

"I reckon, now, Cap," said the visitor without any ceremony, as he leaned against the clews of Morrissey's hammock, "as we'll have trouble directly. I don't like the free an' easy way these niggers is carrin' on lately. That's a fact. You'd think the store yonder belongs to 'em. Likewise this ship o' yours. You don't burn powder enough. Look at 'em now."

The Commander turned his head slowly till, under the dip of the awning, he could see right for'ard. A whole crowd of natives, male and female, had so closed in the *Linnet's* seamen that nothing was to be seen of them. Another mob was sitting in a row all along the forty-two pounder that lay, its white paint peeled off in patches, on its turn-table just for'ard

of the foremast. These, flower-decked, laughed and screamed in childish gaiety as they pushed each other off the muzzle of the gun. Others, again, were aloft in the fore-rigging, apparently playing at follow-my-leader. A harmless race, surely, and one full of mirth!

But the trader shook his head as he gazed. His dealings with the *Linnet* and her people had been profitable. And he hoped for more profit still. Also, he was afraid for his own skin, and wished to inoculate the others. Also, he knew the islands, and had seen curious matters happen in them.

"Bah!" said Morrissey, after a long look, "they know we can bite if we like. It's only the mice larking with the lion. Although, to tell the truth, Kegg, we're getting so mouldy and worn that I'm almost afraid to fire the gun. Last practice over at Mallicobo brought showers of dry-rotten stuff from aloft about our ears. None of our spars would stand a heavy blow. Besides, our ammunition is giving out both for small arms and the gun. And as for provisions—well your little bill will tell its own tale when it comes to pay day. Our commission's up over a year now. They've clean forgotten us, and we'll be left here till we become niggers ourselves, and live on cassava and pork!" And the Commander yawned and turned in his hammock.

"No, no, Cap," replied Kegg, with a twinkle in his eye. "Not so bad as that. I've got a boat under charter, nearly due from Yap, in the Carolines. Bottled ale, champagne, the chycest o' tinned stuffs, an' the whitest o' flour, not to mention a few barrels o' gunpowder. She ought to show up pretty slick with this southerly."

"More promissory notes!" groaned the Commander.

"John Bull's name's good enough for me," replied Silas. "You kin take the hull cargo on them terms. But," he continued, as he stepped toward the gangway, "mind a fool's advice, Cap, an' keep your eye liftin' on them niggers, an' specially on Mister Tuifalu. He's watchin' on us now as sharp as a shark arter a piccaninny. Send a roun' shot or two ashore, Cap, just for fun like—knock over a few o'

their cocoa-palms, and pay for 'em. Them nigs is just bustin' full o' pure cussedness, spite o' their larfin' an' flowers, an' singin'. Well, so long! I ain't none too comfortable myself; an' copra's a thing o' the past. But, you see, I allus keep my guns handy." And he patted a couple of holsters, one on each hip, from which protruded the butts of two enormous "Colts."

"Anything in it, d'ye think, Bramble?" asked Morrissey, after a long pause, turning languidly to his lieutenant. For answer the latter sent little Thompson to call the boatswain, who presently appeared, with flowers in his rough gray hair, remnants of a hurriedly discarded garland.

"Danger from them niggers, sir!" said he, in reply to his superior's questions. "Why, they're for all the world like a lot o' kids, an' as much 'arm in 'em! If 't were Tanna, now, or San Christoval, it might be different. But we been here a solid month an' never seen nothin' wrong. Besides, it ain't likely, sir, as a scum o' black niggers ud tackle a British man o' war!"

Morrissey laughed, so did Bramble, so did the solitary midshipman who was lying back eating bananas almost as fast as the two brown girls could skin them and put them into his mouth.

As Hicks (which was the boatswain's name) finished sniggering in respectful sympathy, a sound of shooting reached them from shoreward. Abreast of the white house, backed by the patch of scarlet, in the bright sunlight stood a man from whose extended arms flashed forth fire and smoke into a dense crowd of natives, between whom and the trader (for it was he) so thickly flew the spears that they seemed but one continuous mass. Suddenly they saw him fall to his knees, the firing ceased, and it was as if a brown wave had rolled over the spot.

With a roar the boatswain sprang for'ard, only to be met at the break of the little poop by Tuifalu and cleft so cleanly by a single blow from a nine-pound American axe that a half of his head fell sideways on to each shoulder. For full a minute he stood upright, then, slowly, his legs gave way and he

doubled up all in a heap over the port harness-cask—the one the salt pork was kept in.

Almost simultaneously the thirty men who composed the crew, and who were almost all on deck, were butchered. Those below speedily shared the same fate. The scuppers ran blood.

In the words of Tuifalu (much later on): "The sea was red, and the ship was red. Red was everything in our sight, yea, even the very air we breathed was red. A great slaughter, a very great slaughter of white men, the like of which was never known in the world before."

Meanwhile, after the first, long wild stare of despairing incredulity, and one solitary exclamation of "My God!" from Morrissey, the three turned to fly down the companion-way. But the doom of the unprepared in those lands, even to the present day, was upon them. At the sound of the first shot the two native women had sprung on to the awning and rapidly cut the stops and earrings; so that, before the three officers could reach the door, down came the big heavy spread of stout canvas right on the top of them. Yelling like fiends, the Children of Treachery rushed aft, stabbing frantically with their spears, and beating with their shark-toothed swords at the sharply outlined bodies beneath until the bleached canvas began to show great patches of red, and all movement ceased.

II.

To the Westward, beyond the ever-sounding circle of the surf glowing rosy in the rays of the lowering sun, that same evening there hove in sight a small schooner making direct for the entrance in the reef.

Then Tuifalu's brains went to work again in savage-wise; and, very quickly, the awning was re-spread, all signs of confusion cleared away, and sundry bodies placed in position about the decks, some apparently watching the approaching vessel as they leant over the bulwarks, one sitting on the rail with a fishing-line between his fingers; and, aft, they propped poor Morrissey against the hood of the companion, and put his telescope under his arm,

as they had seen him stand many a time.

Nor ashore were they idle; while some beat welcoming tom-toms, others ran the Stars and Stripes up to the top of the flagstaff that stood before the dead trader's house. Ruddier than ever in the sunset glowed the scarlet hibiscus. And as the Yap schooner drew slowly in and let go her anchor, they set off with songs and flowers and boarded her. Rendered totally unsuspecting by the presence of the *Linnet*, they found the little fore-and-after an easy conquest. The Upolu men who comprised the crew at once took to the water and were killed there. The two whites, skipper and mate, were cut down on the quarterdeck.

Here, indeed, was an embarrassment of riches, and the whole Group was in a ferment of pleasurable excitement. Two ships full of untold treasure and as much "long pig" as would furnish quite a week of ceaseless feasting!

But old Tuifalu was not altogether easy in his mind. Once, when only a stripling, he remembered the people had killed and eaten a white trader—a man like this last one—and thought no more about it. Then, one fine morning, a big, a very big, canoe appeared and vomited fire and smoke, and things that screamed as they flew, and when they burst smashed huts and canoes and plantations.

Certainly, only a few very old people were killed, because the whole tribe fell inland. But it was not pleasant, on returning, to find their village in ashes, canoes in splinters, and the whole of the season's crops ruined.

There was, he recollected, much argument over the matter. "The anger of the gods," at last said the priests who lived in the temple where, row upon row, shone the long array of polished boar's tusks. But even then Tuifalu had doubts.

He doubted more when he saw the *Linnet*, and heard the big gun fired. Weeks of close communion with the whites had taught him a great deal. As we have seen, he profited—and the big gun had been dumb so long!

Also, where was the other big canoe—the one of many moons ago? Might it not return at any minute with

guns that were not dumb? Therefore Tuifalu stopped the feasting and prepared to get rid of the two vessels, casting uneasy glances the while seaward.

The Yap schooner, after taking out most of her cargo, he ran ashore and set fire to. And as the people watched her burning she blew to atoms, and a few were killed and many grievously wounded.

Kegg's powder had, in some sort, worked a revenge. "The anger of the gods," said the wise men again. But Tuifalu knew better. It, however, effectually stopped him from serving the *Linnet* in the same fashion. Otherwise he would have burnt her where she lay. As it was, he concluded to tow her round to a secluded inlet that he knew of, and there gradually break her up.

One matter puzzled him. It was, how to weigh her anchor. The Yap schooner's ground tackle had been merely a coir hawser. One can cut the like easily; but not a heavy chain cable.

So Tuifalu had to work his brains once more. First he tried fair pulling; but the whole strength of the Group, or of as many as could get hold, was unable to move the anchor. He and his had twice seen the sailors—those men now dead and digested—walking round a flat-topped thing to the sound of music until the big iron hook came up from the sea-bottom. Was it the music or the walking round and round? Tuifalu pondered the matter deeply. And the result was that, one day, shipping the bars, and seating himself on top of the capstan with an instrument made out of one of Morrissey's thigh bones, he struck up, while his naked cannibals ran merrily round and round to the clank of the pawls and the barbarous squeaking of the savage flute.

But alas! the great hook, fast in its coral bed below there, gave no sign of ascending. The necessity of taking the cable to the capstan before commencing operations had never been explained to the untutored ones.

But the old chief was bad to beat; and, presently, seeing the futility of the thing, he began to pay out chain

instead of trying to get it in, with the result that the man-o'-war schooner nearly drifted into the surf with the set of the ebb-tide. So crowded were her decks and rigging and yards with curious spectators that she looked more like a huge mass of bees blown out to sea at swarming time than a ship.

And as this great floating mass lay just in front of the gap in the reef, with 100 fathoms of chain surging and grating behind her over sea-bottom hills and gullies, suddenly came on to blow the Nor'wester as it always blows at Suvaila—first a few premonitory puffs roaring hollow down the green declivities of the island, and then a wild swoop of wind that bends the palms and shakes their stately heads like plumes on a jolting hearse.

It caught the *Linnet* and filled her topsail and topgallantsail, bellying them out to the full slack of their loose sheets; it filled the big foresail, making it strain and tear and jerk aloft tack and sheet blocks, and bring them crashing and rattling down on the natives' heads, and heeling the *Linnet* over till the water foamed across the main hatch, slewing her head round till it pointed straight for the entrance in the reef, against which the surf now broke in thunder.

Then, somewhere, in the great length of chain dragging across the coral, the inevitable weakest link snapped, the yards braced themselves to the wind, and, like a racer, the *Linnet*, black with her swarms of yelling cannibals, darted through the gap and reeled away into the fiery heat of the sun. And as the sun set, the wind blew stronger and more strongly, and the *Linnet*, with all her canvas for'ard, struggled and staggered through the fast-rising sea and the darkness, her shaky spars creaking and working, spray and spindrift hissing over her decks, where, to make standing room even, so crowded they were, the stronger fought with the weak and hurled them overboard—women and children first. And on top of the combatants came down those who had been aloft, so that, as soon as ever a little space was made, the struggle commenced again—"this time," as Tuifalu re-

marked later, "truly the anger of the gods!"

* * * * *

In due course—which meant, in this case, twelve months—a big man-o'-war, with many men and guns, came along with Admiralty orders to find the *Linnet*, and pay her men off, and lay her up. But she was already laid up, and for weeks the newcomer searched for her missing sister, learning no tidings—only vague lies and legends, out of which nothing could be made, sending her hither and thither on wild-goose chases. So at last the big ship relinquished her quest and left, her captain wishing to spend the hot months in Hobart Town.

Twice twelve months; and one day a labor vessel, cruising speculatively, happened to visit a certain islet which stands quite solitary amidst a thousand leagues of ocean, and almost exactly on the Line. On the Admiralty charts you may now see it marked as "Lonely Island." From only a few miles away so low is it as to appear merely a clump of tall greenery growing out of the water, and there is no encircling reef.

Presently, as the boat's crew of the black-birder landed, straggling about, all at once, in the midst of the thick bush, they came on a sort of natural dry dock, formed by a deep depression in the rock. And in it, nearly upright, lay the wreck of a vessel with only her lower masts standing. Flakes of rotten timber had fallen from her sides, and out of the rents grew great purple fungi and tall coarse grasses. Through the upper deck planking a young palm had thrust its way, growing until the tender green fronds shaded a mass of rusty iron that, only prevented from falling into the hold by the stout stringers of her turntable, gaped all awry at the graceful arch overhead.

As the seamen moved about, full of

curiosity, they became aware of many skeletons scattered around amid a store of native weapons.

And one, venturing on to the quaking deck, and wrenching off the bell from its woodwork, and bringing it away, discovered thereon, after some cleansing, the inscription, "H.M.S. *Linnet*," with the date of her building, a year which no man there could look back to, for she was a very old ship.

And as they marvelled among themselves, having by this, like most wanderers about the Pacific Islands, heard of the mystery of the total disappearance of the Queen's ship, out from the thick bush, on all fours, crawled, mother-naked, an old man, very feeble, and whose hair and beard were snow white. It was Tuifalu. And after they got him on board he lived just long enough to tell the story that I have here set down; and of how at last, after being driven during four days and nights before a raging hurricane, the *Linnet* was cast high and dry by a big wave upon the little island with only thirty survivors of the great crowd she had borne away with her; of how, her boats being all gone, these had made a raft and three times attempted in vain to leave the island, a storm arising each time and blowing them back again; and of how they fought, and killed, and fed on one another; and of how, after many moons, by reason of his greater cunning, Tuifalu was left alone, existing since, as best he might, on fruit and fish.

* * * * *

"Missing," tersely says the "Navy List" of that day opposite the *Linnet's* name—"Missing. No information."

"This time, truly, by the anger of the gods!" said Tuifalu, with his last breath, having finished his story.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

WOMEN.

BY ELLEN DESART.

MANY marvels and many changes mark the era of the record reign, and perhaps none of its wonders is greater than the extraordinary evolution of Woman between 1837 and 1897. Who could have foretold it? What was there to foreshadow it? Queens have reigned over England before now, so it cannot be simply caused by the fact of a Woman on the throne; queens have reigned in other countries without producing any change in the position of their sex. What, then, is the cause of the immeasurable difference that has been effected in sixty years, and where will it end? Who shall answer either of these questions for us?

Look at Woman as she has been immortalized in the books and pictures of the early years of Her Majesty's reign, and compare her with Woman as she is to-day, not only in dress and manner, for you can find as broad a difference between the fashions of 1777 and 1837 as between those of 1837 and 1897, but in thought, in language, in attitude, in action. What has become of the maiden with her ringleted head and short waist, taught to mince and look demure, to spoil her appetite in private lest a hearty meal in public should clash with preconceived notions of ladylike delicacy, to let down her back hair and weep on the smallest provocation, and to faint artistically on the greater ones? Whither gone the matron with the smooth-banded hair and dress that "could stand by itself," who watched so sternly over the sandalled feet of that same maiden, thinking waltzing iniquitous, and even the sober quadrille verging on the indecorous? And what would she say—or think—of their sisters of to-day?

In those bygone days Woman's education consisted of the dear old three R's, a little study of the harp or harpsichord (mainly with an eye to graceful attitudinizing), a smattering of foreign languages, and the careful learning of family recipes and tambour embroidery. As little may have remained of most of this a few years after school-

time then as of our learning now, but many a historic castle and fine old manor-house can testify in endless cushions, curtains, screens, rugs, and even carpets, to the untiring industry of the tambour frame in the white hands of their fair inmates.

That was the time when correspondence was an art to be practised only by the gifted few, and the post a rare and valuable privilege. Only the very wealthiest and most enterprising could travel beyond the limit traced by their country homes at one end and London at the other; many never even managed as much. Books were heavy and very solemn; novels rare and looked at askance by careful mothers and prim governesses.

But railways came and the penny post. The Spirit of Unrest, released in the cataclysm of the French Revolution, was spreading from end to end of the earth; and, having stirred Man to his depths, laid his disturbing hand on Woman. Very gently, very quietly he went to work, hiding behind the seething ferment still troubling the sterner sex, but very thoroughly, till now in this year of grace 1897 it is almost impossible to actually trace his steps. Where are the links of an evolution that connects Mrs. Magnall with Mrs. Besant; Miss Austen with Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D.; a Mrs. Hemans warbling softly to a privileged few of intimates, with a Mrs. Meynell ready to accept the Laureateship?

When Lady Hester Stanhope startled a stay-at-home world by her adventures among the Bedouin, she had to adopt a kind of masculine disguise for her travels and to announce her determination to be no longer considered a woman. But Miss Kingsley records her researches and doings in the darkest part of the Dark Continent without dreaming of laying aside petticoat or chignon, or finding them in the slightest degree impediments to her work.

How has it all come about?

When the Queen first ascended the throne, only one career was open to

women above the laboring classes—domesticity. It was called by many names, but it really resolved itself into service: maids of all varieties, governesses, shop-girls. They were badly paid, and in nine cases out of ten down-trodden and despised. For the family formed as close a guild as ever trade did; the servants who had grown gray in ministering to nobleman or squire took good care that their children inherited their desirable berths; the farmer's daughters needed only help for the roughest and dirtiest work; the counter was best served by the shop-owner's own girls. So the wretched outsider found all the choicest places taken, and only exceptional natures could rise out of their narrow and lowly grooves; and the comfortable and uncomfortable alike were contented to remain in *statu quo*.

But the world around was moving. Machinery was making enormous strides; and money-making man was discovering that much besides light manual work could be as easily done, and a good deal more cheaply, by female as by male workers. So the numbers of the factory girls increased, and they became bondswomen only for a certain number of fixed hours, free as men after that to go where they listed and do as they chose. It seemed a small change to the outsider, those few unappropriated hours, and rather a melancholy one; but to the girl herself it meant a new world. No one to order her home at stated hours; no one to interfere with her fringe or her feathers; to demand an account of her doings abroad, or to prohibit followers at home; and the "slavey" awoke to dreams of independence, and to the possibility of wage-earning in another line.

Then, one day, came war to our doors—not far away in the distant East, to be heard of and grieved or rejoiced about when all was over—but near enough and big enough to grip at the heart of the whole nation. Florence Nightingale electrified the world by her invasion of the Crimea, and created a new career for her sex. Sarah Gamp and Betsey Prig died as surely on those Russian steppes as the flower of the European armies; and now the

profession of nursing sister, with its many privileges, its fascinating uniform, its Royal Charter, is threatening like all other professions to become overcrowded.

Meanwhile, unnoticed yet determined, a small number of strong minded women, recognizing the impossibility of finding sufficient husbands for the increasing majority of girls, devoted themselves to opening up other paths than that of matrimony to their younger sisters. Wherever they turned, it was always the want of training that stood in the way of the employment of women; so they took up and worked away at the better education of girls. For centuries pious founders had be thought them of the education of boys. Dame schools, grammar schools, public schools, Universities, provided education for all classes and all ages of boys. But girls were left out in the cold. Education was not considered necessary for them, and little schooling. So whenever a couple of maiden sisters found their incomes scant to live upon and cherished no hope of marrying they set up "boarding schools for young ladies;" of which in most cases the less said the better. Why should girls not be educated in the same sense as boys are? So energetic, broad-minded, persevering women like Miss Buss and Miss Somerville set to work, till high schools and colleges arose, and grew, and flourished, culminating in Newnham and Girton and the delightful controversy that has lately been carried on in the public papers between Professors Case and Sidgwick.

Once admit the classics and higher mathematics into the curriculum for girls, and the step to science in both abstruse and practical form was bound to follow. There was much horror in the old-fashioned world when the agitation for admitting women to medical degrees began, and more when it was carried to a successful issue. It seemed so evident that a woman who could unshrinkingly face all the inevitable gruesome sights of the hospital and surgery must have ceased to be a woman; that the first thing to be brought home to her in the dissecting-room and operating-theatre must be that woman's physique and woman's nerves were

not built for the necessary iron steadiness and unimpressible mind and hand of the male doctor; that the wonder was the idea should have been so persistently clung to and carried through. But

"There's a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

There is a country where an unlimited field is open to *Æsculapia* as distinguished from *Æsculapius*; and the reports of the Countess of Dufferin's Fund in India bear witness to the grand work doing and to be done by the female M.D. among the zenanas and harems of Hindustan.

But the effects of improved tuition and greater opportunities for study made themselves felt not only in these upper spheres of intellectual development; they naturally by degrees permeated the whole system. The girl destined to be a governess, to teach the young idea to shoot under the most depressing and suppressing circumstances, did not see why that should be the only way of wage-earning for an educated woman. Why not become a clerk, a private secretary? Double entry and a neat handwriting are not unalienable attributes of man. The employer soon found that he could get as good work for less pay; and the revolution was accomplished even before the invention of typewriters—machines which, requiring the practice of that bugbear of girlhood, "five finger exercises," are much more quickly mastered by grown women than men.

Given so much, it became natural that all barriers should seem negotiable to women. They invaded the realms of Art, not as rare geniuses, but as a means of wage-earning for those with talents in that line. And certainly if we can boast no George Eliot in these later days, there are many names that jump to the eyes, as our over-sea neighbors would say. Can any other century claim so many names of women notable in literature or painting? Look at the book advertisement page of *The Times*; you will find more female than male authors in the list; and if the scoffer hint at quantity versus quality, yet what a change from

the days when it was thought unwomanly to appear in print!

Legislation, too, has taken up the cudgels on Woman's behalf. She has been given an independent status. The *feme-sole* is no longer necessarily hedged in by "nearest relations" like the infant in the eye of the Law. The Married Women's Property Act has freed her from the absolute control of her husband.

Forty or fifty years ago no power on earth would have induced the general-ity of women to admit they could possibly take an interest in politics, far less attempt to understand them; now the Primrose League is a power in the land, and the Women's Liberal Association is doing all it knows to try and catch it up in spite of its older existence and more attractive title. There are women among the Poor Law guardians, among the inspectors of schools, asylums, factories, and prisons. There are female parish councillors; only by the skin of its teeth has the London County Council as yet escaped having a woman thrust into its council chambers. The Bill for giving women the suffrage has passed a second reading in the House of Commons.

What bourn is all this leading us to? Where is it to end? These are questions difficult to answer; all the more difficult because some sections of the community are quite ready with replies as final as they are crushing. Some there are who shake their heads and assure us that we have bartered away for the shadow of an unattainable power the substance of a mighty influence, and with it all that was sweetest and best and fairest in womanhood. They sigh as they turn impatiently from tennis-racquet and bicycle, and long for the dear old days when high-heeled shoes and trailing skirts forbade any game more energetic than croquet; and archery with its thousand opportunities in the way of stretching bows, fastening gloves and arm-pieces, picking up arrows, etc., for the help of Man to come in, provided practice for the more ambitious.

Others assert that the revolution has only just begun; that the splendid time will arrive when Man and Woman shall be absolutely equal; when all

careers and all professions shall be open to both sexes alike, and the wearers of skirts shall have the same rights and the same votes as the owners of trousers. There shall be Doctoresses of Law and Medicine, Memberesses of Parliament, Professoresses of every art and every science in those golden days; and it shall no longer be a bar to anything to have been born a girl.

Philosophers of olden times, and theosophists of to-day, tell us that the *fin de siècle* is always a time of transition, when old landmarks disappear, and new influences become potent. They point to many ends of centuries to prove their case; and though the lay mind finds it difficult to understand why a law of Nature should condescend to fit itself into a purely arbitrary delimitation made by Man—for if these are the ending years of Christian centuries they are almost the centre ones of the Israelite and Mahomedan eras, which races are having a good deal to say just now to the developments of humanity—they certainly can quote a large number of dates in favor of their theory. A hundred years ago we had Tom Payne and the Rights of Man. Is his equivalent in petticoats on the way at this moment with the Rights of Woman?

For myself I venture to doubt it. I think we have well-nigh reached the outer limit of what Woman will try to do; and that we are nearing the time when she will hit off the golden mean between the irritating priggishness of an Emma of Mansfield Park and the trying-to-shock-at-any-price aggressiveness of a Yellow-Aster.

If there has been much to deplore in the changes of these last decades there is a great deal to praise. Women have become healthier, both physically and mentally, under the new régime. They have a chance of learning the uses of freedom, and when they have once mastered that lesson they will be less likely to abuse their liberty. They are more active; faculties that were left to lie dormant are now developed to the advantage of every one. The "crying doll" is no longer in favor: however lifelike and human the mechanism makes the squeak.

What we most want now is a class of

clear-minded, far-seeing women, able to impress on the generality of their sisters a few home truths; and above all to prove to them that the "advanced" woman has advanced into a wilderness where she has fairly lost her way and is incapable of guiding anybody; and also to explain and define the meaning of the word Education.

Most women—and I am afraid a good many men too—imagine that book-learning is synonymous with education. It never strikes them that if it were so our bookworms would be the great leaders of Humanity. They see games playing a great part in boys' schools, and they immediately wish these games introduced into girls' schools. They fancy that if only the girl could be taught as the boy is taught, she would become, in spite of her dress, a Man. This sounds a *reductio ad absurdum*, but is it not, in plain language to be understood of the people, the meaning of the clamor for girls' cricket and football, for a University education for girls, for the opening of all careers and all professions to girls? Because boys come and go alone and it is good for them to learn to fend for themselves, therefore chaperons for girls should be abolished. Because men, in knickerbockers, can travel ever so much farther without fatigue on their bicycles than women, therefore women should be made to wear divided skirts and then they will be able to go as far and as fast as men.

Could anything be more unconnected, more illogical, than these sets of propositions? Yet they are warmly and strenuously advocated by women who take themselves most seriously.

But if you wish to realize fully the maze in which the "advanced" woman has lost herself, take her views about marriage. Listen to her argument that because, according to her ideas, the "bargain," as she will probably call it, has been too much in favor of the bridegroom, therefore in future it should be a great deal too much in favor of the bride. The contract on which the sanctity of the family and the welfare of the rising generation mainly depend, she thinks should be one to be repudiated at will, for any caprice, any whim. Above all, her old

sphere, the home, is far too lowly, too humble for any one with the slightest talent to be wasted on : it should be looked upon as the last resource, the final refuge of the poor-spirited, the mentally destitute.

The keynote of the present day is selfishness—Selfishness stalking abroad, barefaced and not ashamed. Everywhere you meet the theory that the one aim and object of the Individual should be his or her development. I can hear the agnostic philosopher drawing my attention to the fact that the churches have had the same aim. Certainly the notion of “making your soul,” as they say in Ireland, had that same fault ; but then, except when it degenerated into religious hysteria, penances, and hermitages, it had the saving grace that you worked out your salvation by doing, or trying to do, good to your fellow-creatures. The modern cry is I, I, I first and let the rest of the world take care of itself. To paraphrase an old quotation “what matter the good of the world if it benefit not ME?”

What matter if the Mother be lonely and overweighted with household cares, if the Father at the end of his day's work, out in the City or in his study at home, find no young voices to brighten his hour of leisure, no young hands to play to him or with him, no young feet to run his errands and forestall his wants ; if the Parents have to deny themselves the little luxuries they had hoped to enjoy that they may pay the school-fees they thought they had done with when the Daughters proclaimed they were grown up, or the travelling expenses of the young lady bored at home? Those daughters must go to Newnham or Girton, or out into the world to mix themselves up with questions of which they ought not to and cannot know anything.

And what has this ferment among Women during the last ten or twenty years achieved? A certain amount of mischief, no doubt. But what great or permanent good? Man's curiosity results in mighty inventions and great discoveries ; Woman's in Blue Beard's cupboard and mares' nests at the Empire Music Hall.

Where is the Prophet who will im-

press upon Woman at large that, do what she will, she cannot become a man, any more than a cow can become a horse? We know that there are countries where the cow draws cart and plough ; but it does not improve her milk or her beef ; and when *good* work and *fine* work are wanted she has never succeeded in ousting the horse. So it is with Woman. There are certain kinds of labor which are rendered more cheaply and no worse by women than by men. In these she can hold her own. But there are places in man's sphere no woman can fill, just as no man can fill a woman's.

We want an education which shall teach Woman not only booklore and figures, but reason and logic. Brute force and intellectual influence are not interchangeable terms ; and each will and must always rule in their respective spheres. Man's strength is the will that has moved mountains ; Woman's the quiet perseverance that wears away the stone. (I trust I shall not be looked upon as standing up for the “nagging” powers of Woman : I only mean to draw her attention to the fact that she can achieve anything she sets her mind to do with the weapons she already possesses, and need not go out into the market-place clamoring for others.)

Nature, however wasteful in some ways, never squanders her resources. She has managed the world since the Creation, broadly speaking, by two powers : masculine and feminine, positive and negative. Disturb the balance between these two forces, and you destroy instead of creating. Why should Man and Woman be the only exception to this general rule? Are they so? Have we not in the past ample proof that Man has always been the active, Woman the passive spirit of the world? Man has achieved what Woman has inspired him to do. He invents, she applies. Man discovers and formulates the broad laws of nature, Woman sees the details and works them out. Has there ever been a great woman scientist, musician, or poet? Are we quite sure that if we had any of Sappho's poems to read we should still rank her with Homer and Pindar?

But was there ever a great poet or

painter or statesman without his Laura or his Fornarina or his Egeria? Have we forgotten the old idea that the genius owes the best impulses of his soul to his mother? Have not women caused half the revolutions and nine-tenths of the wars of the world?

Another question perpetually discussed is that of the vote. Why should not an educated woman have one in preference to an illiterate man? The answer has been much simplified by the lowering of the franchise, which has virtually removed the property qualification, or rather, perhaps, silenced the inquiry as to the disqualification of property when held by a woman. The power of government has always been, and must always remain, in the hands of those who can enforce their decrees. The last resort will always be war, and it is impossible to give the right of declaring war to those who can only look on while others fight. The real question, therefore, should be not "Should women have a vote?" but "Should women fight?" Should they be soldiers? That suggestion has never yet been made by even the most advanced of the Shrieking Sisters among the New Womanhood, and till they can convince us that an army of Amazons is a *desideratum* of our civilization, let them leave the voting power to those who can fight.

It is not the possession of a vote, or the right to shout down one's neighbor on the hustings or the rostrum, that has withheld from or will give to Woman power. For that she depends now, as she depended two thousand years ago, on qualifications the law cannot give her—on charm, on virtue, on tact, on unselfishness, on the thousand and one things that have always been within her reach. Not all the laws in the world could prevent a Semiramis or a Cleopatra from ruling that world; not all the repealing of the "man-made" laws against which the New Woman declaims could add one iota to the power and influence of a Queen Victoria.

Woman creates and influences not by what she does, but by what she is. Let us take this to heart and glory in

what we can do well instead of striving to take part in what at best we cannot do properly. The battlefield of the world is like the cricket-fields on which the Iron Duke did *not* say Waterloo was won. Woman's only chance of victory there depends on her opponents playing left-handed and with broomsticks. Is such a victory ever worth winning?

In all the sixty years of her reign the Queen has never come forward to preach a doctrine or demand a law. She has never declaimed in public against anything, or announced from the throne her determination to do one thing or leave undone another. But many a change that she has deprecated has been unmade; many a thing that she has disapproved of has been quietly altered. Her influence has been made manifest to the uttermost ends of the Empire, not by what she has said, but by the life she has lived. Who shall gauge the effect of her example in an age whose tendency has been to deny all things high, to knock down all things sacred? Who shall say that it is not owing to the standard she has set us that the reaction has begun, and that the influence of religion is once more quickening through the world?

Is not this a great enough work for any woman?

Let us then look forward to the time, not when Man and Woman will enjoy an equality which would be as absurd as unreal, but when Woman shall admit her limitations and glory as much in her inability to make direct laws and wars as man does in his incapacity to embroider and to knit; a time when she will understand where her power lies, and exploit it to such good effect that she will wonder how it ever was possible for her sex to imagine that their salvation lay along other lines; a time when the short-haired divided-skirted ladies of the nineteenth century will be classed with the *Précieuses* of the seventeenth, and Woman will once more take her proper position in the scheme of the Universe, and reascend the throne from which she has so foolishly been tempted to descend.—*National Review*.

THE SOUTH AFRICA BUBBLE.

BY QUÆSITOR.

THE collapse of the South Africa Committee is not only a fact of Imperial importance, but is also a very curious conundrum in contemporary history. The historian of the reign will certainly want to know how it came about that a great investigation begun with such protestations should have ended in a ridiculous *fiasco*.

The main points of that part of the history which is already public must be shortly stated in order to make intelligible what requires to be said as regards its more recent and hidden chapters.

The concession of self-government to the Transvaal after the Majuba campaign was gall and wormwood to the whole Tory party. It was a part of a policy with which the present Colonial Secretary was understood to agree. At the time of the advent of the present Government to power, there very naturally arose a demand among their followers for what may be roughly called a jingo policy in South Africa. Mr. Rhodes was the Premier of the Cape Colony, and had, on the whole, full command of the Ministry and the Parliament. A charter had been granted to the British South Africa Company, by which, in consideration of the supposed security for a sane and righteous policy, obtained, by adding to the Board of the Company the Duke of Fife, the Duke of Abercorn, and Earl Grey, powers of government of the most extensive kind were placed in the hands of what was not merely a commercial, but actually a speculative ring of capitalists. The supposed securities, on the faith of which that charter had been granted by a previous Administration, had been rendered, in fact, nugatory by the internal arrangements of the Company.

Mr. Rhodes had been delegated to conduct their business in South Africa, not merely with the fullest power as a managing director, but actually with a formal power of attorney which made him the absolute master of all the resources, in men, money and influence,

which the Company could command in Africa. By this device, magnificent in its audacious simplicity, he became the Emperor of Charterland—the unquestioned master of the obedience of Dr. Jameson, who was the formal Administrator, of Dr. Rutherford Harris, who was the Company's secretary at Cape Town, and of all the other employés, such as Mr. Stevens, who acted in the absence of Dr. Harris. It happened that, in his private capacity, Mr. Rhodes also controlled other undertakings of great wealth and influence, such as the Goldfields Company.

In the Transvaal Republic, the mixed community of foreigners, for convenience called the Uitlanders, had grown with the growth of the mining industry, and by the summer of 1895 the mushroom city of Johannesburg contained a large and prosperous non-Dutch population.

As early as 1892 they had discussed their grievances against the Boer Government, and had formed an association known as the National Union, with the view of obtaining reforms by the usual methods of constitutional agitation from President Krüger and the Raad. The grievances were real and the Boers were obstinate. Moreover, the Boers were in no mind to be dispossessed of the government of their own country by the votes of these immigrants, to whom the Transvaal is merely a sort of gambling-stand, and whom the Boers, rightly or wrongly, credited with as little public spirit and as little morals, commercial or otherwise, as a community can well have. The leading spirit of the Union, in the time preceding the summer of 1895, was one Mr. Charles Leonard, a lawyer, who was making a large income in Johannesburg by his profession, and no doubt intended to make himself a home and a career in that country. He may be described as the Gracchus of the little revolution. He gave evidence before the Committee as to the grievances, and he made it clear that before the inception of what is now

usually called the Jameson Plan, in the middle of 1895, the capitalists were not particularly interested in the Union. His words were (on May 14, 1897): "Up to 1895, no capitalist was ever seen on our platform; indeed, that was one of our grievances." He added that in 1893 the capitalists had actually supported President Krüger. The grievances, as he understood them, were not those of the capitalists: they concerned questions such as the franchise, the alleged maladministration and corruption, the danger that the Raad would overrule the High Court, the press laws, and, as he put it, "the conferring upon continental people concessions and powers which gave them almost complete control of our destinies."

That these grievances were real, no one doubts; that they were exaggerated, every one except the fanatics will admit; but in any case, it is quite certain that they were not of a nature for which the Johannesburg population would have been willing to revolt with arms in their hands; and Mr. Leonard does not appear to suggest that the National Union was or was meant to be a revolutionary body until that eventful date, the summer of 1895. As regards the main point, which was the question of the franchise, it is evident that, although there were many foreigners in the country, they could not in any case receive the franchise without abandoning their nationality and adopting that of the Dutch; and this it is quite certain only a limited proportion of them were prepared to do. After 1895, another set of "grievances" became prominent, the alleged "throttling" of the "Mining industry" by the Boer Government. It would be easy to show how little there is in it. Many of the mines have done splendidly, and, in any case, it is the right of any Government to take any share it thinks expedient in the profits of its mines. The real "grievance" on this side of the matter is, that, as the charges stand, the low-grade mines will not pay. If the charges could be altered, money could be made in these—if not for the shareholder, at least for the promoter. But that is a wide question, and it is not here in point.

It is necessary to add that there had already arisen a certain friction between the Government of the Transvaal and the authorities at Downing Street and at the Cape, which culminated in 1895, over what is called the Drifts Question. This question was a very petty matter; at the best, it was in essence a railway war between two rival systems, in one of which the Cape Government was interested, while the other belonged to the Transvaal. With the view of forcing the Cape railways into a tariff arrangement which was not in itself very unreasonable, the Transvaal Government claimed the right to stop imports into their territory along certain routes. This was alleged by the Cape lawyers to be a breach of the London Convention. Perhaps it was. There were, the Cape Attorney-General frankly admitted, lawyers of great eminence who took equally strongly the opposite view. As the world now knows, one of the earliest things Mr. Chamberlain did in his tenure of office as Colonial Secretary, was to make an arrangement with Mr. Rhodes, as Cape Premier, by which the expenses of a war with the Transvaal were to be shared between them; and then to deliver to President Krüger a violent ultimatum, such as, it is safe to say, England would never have addressed in the like circumstances to a Power of her own size. Whether Mr. Chamberlain meant this to result in the submission of the Transvaal or in a war of conquest, no one knows. In any case the Transvaal submitted, and the war did not come off.

There is little risk of error in the assertion that this and the whole of Mr. Chamberlain's subsequent policy must be looked at in the light of his peculiar personal and political position. He had obtained from his political allies the high post of Colonial Secretary, and he had undoubtedly insisted very strongly upon having his own way. At the same time, he knew that his political allies, to put it simply, hated him. He is an ambitious man, as all the world knows, and he resolved, not only to dominate, but to conciliate the Tory party. For the latter purpose there could be no better game than to provide the jingoes with some revenge

for what they called the shameful surrender after Majuba Hill.

With the character of Mr. Cecil Rhodes we are not for the moment so much concerned; in any case he is possessed of an Imperial imagination, and his dream for years has been the extension of the Empire, by fair means or foul, into illimitable territories northward from the Cape. His jingo friends desire to believe that his actions have been influenced throughout by a mere passion of patriotism. His enemies see in them nothing but a sort of splendid buccaneering. Probably both are wrong. But it matters little, for we are concerned not with his motives, but with his acts.

The situation of the Chartered Company at the time in question was, to say the least of it, critical. They had annexed Mashonaland, because there was supposed to be gold there. Finding none or next to none, they had gone on to seize Matabeleland in the hope of finding it. There also there was no booty. Then they invaded Matabeleland under circumstances sufficiently disgraceful. Bulawayo at last was to be the El Dorado, but this also turned out to be a vain hope. Now there was nothing left to annex—except the Transvaal itself. That there was gold there, and gold in abundance, all the world knew. If by any means and under any terms the Rand could be annexed to Charterland, the British South Africa Company might see its golden future after all. If this was not possible, it was, and still is, extremely difficult to see how the enormous amount of capital which the public have subscribed to that extraordinary institution is to earn a dividend. That the price of the shares had been inflated to a value altogether ridiculous was an additional reason for a "coup." In this state of circumstances there came about a memorable interview at Cape Town. Some time in May, 1895, Mr. Beit—a young German Jew—who is one of the chiefs of the great financial concern which speculates in London as Wernher, Beit & Co., and in Johannesburg as Eckstein & Co., visited Mr. Rhodes, with whom he had for years been associated in many vast financial schemes. They

had a confidential chat about the situation; they were both, it should be said, directors of the Chartered Company. Mr. Beit was good enough to tell the Committee what their talk amounted to. The upshot was that "a rising in Johannesburg would take place sooner or later, and he (Rhodes) then thought, as the Uitlanders were not properly prepared, it might be wise to have a force on the border to assist the people of Johannesburg in case of necessity." It was felt, he went on to say, that a rebellion might take place by the end of the year, and that in that event it would be advisable to send some assistance to Johannesburg, in the shape of an armed force to be sent by the Chartered Company to invade the territory of the Transvaal. Out of this conversation grew up the whole preposterous plan, and it is easy, reading between the lines of Mr. Beit's evidence in the light of subsequent events, to see what the plan was, and to supplement the natural reticence and equivocation of its authors.

From that moment the conspiracy developed with businesslike regularity. The two arch-millionaires evidently concluded that money would do anything, and they had resolved, with singular generosity, to find the money. Mr. Beit, whose confessions so far are much more frank than those of Mr. Rhodes, admits that his firm spent nearly £200,000! Mr. Rhodes owns that he advanced—out of Chartered funds, be it observed, by virtue of his power of attorney—some £60,000. If this was all, it was frugal. When the Raid failed, and the whole conspiracy was unveiled, Mr. Rhodes paid up that money out of his private purse; but there is not an atom of reason to believe that he originally meant to do so. If the plan had succeeded, and the Chartered Company had come well out of it, the "New Concessions Account" would doubtless be open in the Company's books to this day.

Why was all this money wanted? For two purposes. First, to get up and arm an artificial, in fact, a bogus revolution in the "Gold Reef City." Next, to equip an invading force. The second was easier than the first; but it required some arrangements. The

Charterland did not at that time march with the Transvaal. For a "jumping-off place" a cession of territory in Bechuanaland was required. Dr. Harris was sent home to negotiate this with the Colonial Office. He was to arrange at the same time for the transfer of the Bechuanaland "police"—a mounted force very suitable to form the nucleus of the intended Raid—to the Chartered Company. He succeeded in both projects, and went back to Cape Town in December expressly to be in time for the "flotation." Concurrently, the Johannesburg "Union," with the local Gracchus at its head, was "nobbled" by the capitalists, Mr. Beit taking the initiative. Gracchus was charmed to find that these millionaires, who had hitherto been on the side of Krüger, had seen the error of their ways. It is true they were divided. Misguided persons like Mr. J. B. Robinson were minded to stand in with the Government. Many of the Germans, who were a powerful fraction, looked askance on the movement, and evidently suspected from an early period a British *coup d'état*. But the Boer Government did some irritating things, and there was gradually more and more talk of smuggling arms and of resort to force. When Dr. Jameson came upon the scene—*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*—he overcame all scruples, and extracted from Mr. Leonard and a ring of capitalist nominees, who had become the revolutionary junta for the nonce, the famous "women and children letter." That document, it is safe to say, will live in history as one of the most notable lies on record. Gracchus confessed he did not like it. He signed it in the end—poor fool!—only "in his personal capacity," and not as chairman of the National Union; and he fondly dreamt that Jameson and his chief would not act upon it till he, Gracchus, gave the final word. It was undated, and an undated check, of course, would not be honored till the date was filled in. It evidently never occurred to him that those honorable men, the Premier of Cape Colony and the Administrator of Charterland, were capable of filling in that date behind his back and in face of his agonized protests. And yet that

was, as we all know, what happened when the Administrator read the letter movingly to his troops, and induced them on the strength of it to "ride in," and when the Premier and Privy Councillor cabled his copy promptly to the *Times*, with the dates arranged to suit.

This, however, is hardly the immediate question. It is only necessary to recall the shoddy history of this conspiracy, because at an early stage Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Chamberlain, the *Times*, and the whole jingo party created an heroic myth about it, which, by reason of their peculiar command of the London Press, has been well hammered into the public mind. Until the telegrams and papers seized by the Transvaal Government on the field of battle were given to the world, and until the inquiry ordered by the Cape Parliament had brought out, in a fashion which could not be gainsaid, the more obvious facts and inferences concerning the miserable story, the average Londoner and the average Tory M.P. actually believed that Jameson was a heroic man who went in to save British women and children from unprovoked Boer outrages; and that the Johannesburg people had risen in despair and suddenly called him to their aid. That he—or his financial chiefs—had got up the scheme of a "rising" in cold blood and with Stock Exchange money; that the mass of the people of Johannesburg no more wanted to "rise" than the people of Whitechapel or Bradford; that even the junta organized by Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Beit had retracted the undated "invitation" into which they had been cajoled, and were moving heaven and earth to keep the "hero" quiet in his tent, are new lights which are hardly realized even yet. But these things have been made so far clear before, and during the proceedings of the South Africa Committee, that we may assume that the "interim report" which it has suddenly resolved to present will either declare or assume them. In the course of its proceedings, however, another and a far deeper question has come to the front. And it is because it has come to the front, and because certain members of the Commit-

tee, and a certain section of opinion outside, refused to let it alone, that the Committee has suddenly dropped the whole inquiry, just at the crisis of its interest. Whether it will be possible to gag those who know the inner facts remains to be seen. But it is very necessary to say at once a few things which are not, at present, as well known or as much pondered as they ought to be by those who care for the honor or even the interests of England.

From the very first, it was believed in many quarters, both here and in South Africa and on the Continent, that Mr. Chamberlain (to use the current and expressive phrase) was "in it." It has been persistently suggested by Rhodesian organs as well as by anti-English opinion abroad. It was made clear by the Transvaal telegrams and the evidence at the Cape inquiry, that many of the Johannesburgers had only joined on the faith of an express pledge that the moment they "rose" the Imperial High Commissioner would arrive and would throw over them the ægis of the Empire, under the decorous formula of a proposal for "arbitration," to issue in "a plébiscite." It is not denied now that Mr. Rhodes gave this pledge, and even that he had talked in some veiled way to the High Commissioner about it. It is merely said that the High Commissioner did not understand the Cape Premier to ask, and did not himself understand that he was giving, any such pledge as Mr. Rhodes passed on to the conspirators, and that the High Commissioner remained till the end in blissful ignorance that any such "rising" was in preparation. It is now known, though it was even at the time of the Cape inquiry a deadly secret, that Sir Graham Bower, the secretary and the responsible Colonial informant and adviser of the High Commissioner, had in fact been taken into the whole secret, on the cool understanding that he would betray his duty and conceal that knowledge from his chief. We have no adjective quite suitable for such transactions, for they are happily unusual in England. The French would call them *inqualifiable*. It is well to add that Mr. Newton, the magistrate at

Mafeking and an Imperial officer, was also let into the secret, and that Mr. Rhodes' colleagues in the Cape Cabinet were carefully hoodwinked and deceived until the deed was done.

But what of the Colonial Office itself? The first fact that appeared was that, as soon as Dr. Jameson had actually "ridden in," the Colonial Secretary cabled to Mr. Rhodes a furious telegram actually threatening the revocation of the Charter. It further appeared, on the Cape inquiry and otherwise, that this thunderbolt took Mr. Rhodes altogether by surprise. He evidently did not expect the Home Government to take any such decisive ground against him, and, according to his colleague, Mr. Schreiner, who alone saw him at that moment, it cast him into an unusually despondent mood. It was not, be it said by the way, enough to change the purposes of the would-be Napoleon. He refused to move a finger to recall Jameson or to help the High Commissioner, who, on orders from home, was making a forlorn attempt to save the situation. Mr. Rhodes considered of course, as he has often said, that if Dr. Jameson could win, it would be all right. He had reason, no doubt, for that belief.

Dr. Jameson failed. He failed, not by misadventure, but by condign folly. The military conduct of the expedition was absurd. The hanging about in the neighborhood of Krugersdorp is to this moment as unexplained as the act of a lunatic; for Sir John Willoughby's version of the famous letter is plainly refuted, not only by the evidence of those who wrote it, but still more by the piecing together of the fragments which remain. But let that pass. The raid failed, anyhow. Johannesburg never really "rose" at all. The populace, including the Cornish miners, either ignored it, or flatly refused to rise for the amusement of the capitalists. The "Union" made terms with Krüger, and Jameson surrendered.

It was necessary for Mr. Chamberlain, of course, to take a line. He did it with his accustomed vigor. He declared that neither he nor the Colonial Office, nor the Cape authorities, nor Mr. Rhodes, were in any way to blame. They were, one and all, as innocent as

babes. It was the headlong impetuosity of Dr. Jameson, inflamed by the nameless wickedness of the Boer Government, which had done the mischief. Nothing could be more satisfactory, if only it were true. The House and the country received the strong assurance with acclamation, and Mr. Chamberlain's reputation went up with a bound.

That it was not true as regards Mr. Rhodes speedily became plain, though the Government press as well as the other Rhodesian organs tried for a long time to throw dust in the eyes of the public. At last they have come down to this: that Mr. Rhodes and the "Chartered Magnates" were cognisant of "the Jameson Plan," but were quite innocent of "the Jameson Raid" because Dr. Jameson rode in, we are asked to suppose, on a day which his chief did not altogether approve. To those who know the real story of the telegrams preceding the start, this is trivial enough; but the guilt of Mr. Rhodes and of Mr. Beit and Lord Grey and Dr. Harris and the whole inner ring of the Chartered Company is less important now than the guilt or innocence of the Colonial Office. Mr. Chamberlain spoke bravely of the innocence of the Colonial Office, as he did of the innocence of the Cape Premier. Was it with equal reason? This is, undoubtedly, the next question which the Committee exists to solve, and it is, strangely enough, the one question the Committee shirks.

Since the famous interview between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes, which was followed by the abrupt departure of the gentleman who had sworn "to face the music," London society and the Smoking-room of the House of Commons have been full of strange rumors. Rumors, of themselves, are vain. But the odd thing about these rumors is their source. Undoubtedly they are Rhodesian rumors. All the organs of the Rhodes party, beginning with Mr. Stead and ending with the *Daily News*, are clear that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it." Mr. Hawkesley, the confidential lawyer of the group, has never wavered in public or in private from the same assertion. There are other stories of startling detail. Here is one. A

Conservative of the highest honor and standing, whose word no one would dream of disputing, was travelling at the Cape and saw Mr. Rhodes. They discussed the matter freely, and Mr. Rhodes told him plainly that Chamberlain was in it up to the hilt. On that authority, the member saw Lord Salisbury and was ultimately confronted with the Colonial Secretary. "Who told you I was in it?" said the Minister. "Rhodes himself," said the critic. We omit the reply.

But the theory was started that this Rhodesian cry was a piece of blackmail: and so it may have been, in its way. It was alleged by those who were supporting the Government that Mr. Rhodes and his friends were not to be credited because they were endeavoring to use private information in order to secure from the Colonial Office in future better terms in South Africa. It is no part of the purpose of the present writer to defend Mr. Rhodes, still less to defend Dr. Rutherford Harris. There is apparently some reason to believe that threats of disclosure may have all along been used, not only by Mr. Rhodes' subordinates, but by himself, for the purpose of obtaining terms from the Colonial Secretary. As a matter of evidence, however, this makes the question, as it concerns Mr. Chamberlain's complicity, not better, but worse. Unless the Rhodesian party had something to reveal, they would hardly be so insane as to use threats of revelation; and unless they supposed that that revelation would be a very serious matter for the Colonial Secretary, they could not suppose that the threat would have any other effect than to make him angry. And Mr. Chamberlain is not a man whom one can anger with impunity.

This consideration opens out the question on which the South Africa Committee has come to grief. It is a question of vital importance not merely to the personal reputation of Mr. Chamberlain, but to the reputation of the Empire. If the Rhodesian account be true or anything like the truth, Mr. Chamberlain's original statement to the country was a piece of scandalous mendacity. Further, if the Rhodesian statement be at all true, the whole

Colonial Office, including Mr. Chamberlain, had at least sufficient warning to put any business man upon his guard as to the whole conspiracy against the Transvaal Government which is called the Jameson Raid. And yet they completed the arrangement for the cession to the Chartered Company of the jumping-off ground on the Transvaal frontier, and for the transfer of armed men which provided Dr. Jameson with a sufficient force at that point for the dash into the Transvaal which was to follow the announcement of the bogus insurrection. The question therefore comes to be: Is the Rhodesian suggestion that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it" a very wicked lie, or is there ground for it?

In the early days of the South Africa Committee there was an absolute silence about the whole of this part of the case. Mr. Chamberlain made no statement; Mr. Rhodes' statement was silent as to his relations with the Colonial Office. He owned up merely to what had been already proved by the Cape inquiry. He was forced to confess that he had tampered with Sir Graham Bower and Mr. Newton. He left it to be inferred that the High Commissioner knew there was likely to be trouble in Johannesburg and knew that there was a force on the border. Beyond that Mr. Rhodes did not choose to go, and there was not at that moment in the possession of the Committee any of the material to cross-examine him further. Mr. Chamberlain, who must have known what the Rhodesians were saying as to himself, did not think fit to say a word to Mr. Rhodes about it when he had him in the chair. The arrangement, in fact, as to Mr. Rhodes' examination is one of the most significant things in the history of that extraordinary tribunal.

If the Government, who must be presumed to have known what Mr. Chamberlain knew, desired that this investigation should reveal to Parliament the truth which Parliament had a right to know, they would have themselves called for and compelled the production of all the cablegrams which have been produced, and also all those which are not yet produced, before Mr.

Rhodes or any other of the principal actors were allowed to leave the witness-box. If they had been so minded they would have required Mr. Chamberlain, at an early stage, to put, at least, the Committee in possession of what he knew as to the communications between Dr. Harris and the Colonial Office in 1895, and to produce the communications which the Colonial Office had had with South Africa during the period in question. Not one of these things was done. The Government and Mr. Chamberlain preferred a policy of silence. Their majority on the Committee and, above all, their chief law officer, Sir Richard Webster, have, in fact, done everything in their power to hinder or, at least, to delay the production of this vital documentary evidence, with the result that the most important part of it is not to be produced at all; and that what was produced did not reach the hands of the Committee until practically everybody who could be usefully examined upon it had passed out of the witness-box and been released. From a constitutional point of view, apart from the question of Imperial honor, it may be doubted whether such a scandal ever happened in the history of Parliament before. To such a pitch has Mr. Chamberlain carried the policy of silence that he concealed, until it was dragged out of him across the table at the Committee by an express challenge from Sir William Harcourt, the fact that he had seen the important series of telegrams which all the world is now discussing as long ago as June, 1896, when, as we now know from Mr. Hawkesley, they were formally communicated to the Colonial Office. Once he had been driven to confess that fact, it was obviously necessary for Mr. Chamberlain to explain it. He has given his explanation. He maintains that neither he nor the Colonial Office had, in fact, received any of those previous intimations which the Rhodesians say they had given to it. He avers that when he first heard of the cablegrams in February, 1896, he did not attach any importance to them, and that when they were ultimately shown to him on June 6, 1896, he returned them with the statement

that he had no objection to their publication.

The last phrase indicates, and was no doubt meant by Mr. Chamberlain to indicate, that the Rhodesians were threatening him with publication as the means of making the Government modify its policy in their favor. He has not put that to any of the Rhodesians in the box; but it seems to be assumed on all hands that this was so. Mr. Chamberlain, therefore, practically says, even before his first interview with Mr. Rhodes, when that gentleman came home to face the music, and again at later dates, the Rhodesians have tried this blackmailing policy, and that he has defied it. This may, of course, be strong evidence against the theory that the Colonial Office can be fairly charged with any complicity at all. It may, however, also mean that Mr. Chamberlain finds it better, in the difficult circumstances of the case, to face the necessity of explaining compromising documents rather than purchase their concealment. Even on the theory that the Colonial Office was compromised, this is no doubt what any man as bold and able as the Colonial Secretary would elect to do.

Now let us go back to the Rhodesian story itself. We have it in various forms. There are the relations old and new of Mr. Stead. These are plainly inspired from Rhodesian sources, but they are colored by Mr. Stead's personality, and must for judicial purposes be laid aside. We must also put aside the stories, such as that related above, which are notoriously current both in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Then there is the evidence of Dr. Harris. No fair critic will say that Dr. Harris is unimpeachable; but he was the agent through whom Mr. Rhodes acted, and he was in fact his envoy at the Colonial Office during the whole of these critical months. His evidence, if it is true, is frank enough. We know, apart from any question about Dr. Harris' veracity, that he wired in the latter part of 1895 not once or twice, but frequently, to Mr. Rhodes to the effect that he had communicated their projects—that is, the Jameson Plan—more or less fully to the Colonial Office. The tele-

gram, for instance, in which he says, "I have spoken openly to Fairfield," admits of only two interpretations: either it meant that he had caused Mr. Fairfield to understand the main outlines of the Jameson Plan or that he was calmly manufacturing a deliberate lie. People must, in the absence of further information, form their own opinion as to which is the more likely theory.

The telegrams already published show that this remark was not a chance one. It is admitted on all hands that Dr. Harris had received authority from his chief to disclose the plot to the Colonial Office, if he found it desirable. It is very difficult to suppose that officers so well informed as Mr. Fairfield and the other official chiefs—who had in their immediate recollection such instances as the very serious situation in 1894, of which the Jameson Plan was a kind of improved and enlarged edition—can have been blind to the possibility that something of the kind was in the air, when all the negotiations with Dr. Harris were going on in the summer and autumn of 1895. Dr. Harris maintains that he made clear to Mr. Fairfield what the scheme really meant. Mr. Chamberlain rejoins that Mr. Fairfield was deaf. Dr. Harris says that he made allusion to the matter to Mr. Chamberlain himself. Mr. Chamberlain says that if that is true he failed to hear or to understand.

But the important point in such a controversy is to find what independent documents exist by which it may be possible to test the accuracy of the personal recollections of the parties concerned. The documents which the Opposition members have in the end obtained certainly *appear* to support the statement of Dr. Harris. They do not read like an attempt to manufacture evidence against the Colonial Office. They read naturally enough as the rough reports made by an agent to his chief from day to day. The Colonial Office has chosen to conceal its own documents bearing on the matter; but since one or two of Mr. Fairfield's letters have been used on incidental points, we may infer that there is much written matter which

Mr. Chamberlain *might* disclose if he thought fit—unless, of course, he chooses to allege that there are “reasons of State” against disclosing it. If he takes that line, hostile critics at home and abroad will be inclined to imagine that the documents, if disclosed, would support the Rhodesian account. Meanwhile, we must form the best judgment we can, without the help even of the communications between the High Commissioner and the Government, and without any statement from the High Commissioner himself. The best available evidence is the series of cablegrams which passed between the members of the Chartered group; they are at least a contemporary account of the negotiations, and, if we had them all, they ought to tell, one way or another, a good deal of the story.

By a curious chance it has happened that the most important section of this very series of cablegrams was not procured from the Telegraph Company. What happened was this. The Opposition members of the Committee insisted at the very commencement of the proceedings that the Committee should direct the Telegraph Company not to destroy the cables. For this purpose they described the messages they might want as accurately as in the absence of exact knowledge they could. It chanced that some of the most important had for accidental reasons travelled by a different route, and were not, therefore, comprised in the exact description given. All these were destroyed by the Company long before the Committee in its wisdom saw fit to call for production. They would be now lost forever but for the fact that copies of them were actually preserved by Mr. Rhodes and his solicitor, Mr. Hawkesley, for the purpose of making good their position in relation to the Colonial Office, if the occasion should arise. It is admitted on all hands that these cablegrams—which are included in the series communicated in June to the Colonial Office—are considered by Mr. Hawkesley as proving that the Colonial Office was cognizant of the plan. Mr. Chamberlain affects to treat them lightly. It is the more significant that he con-

cealed entirely the fact that he had ever seen them, until he was forced to admit it, and that he must be held responsible for the amazing action of the majority of the Committee in declining to use the force of Parliament to compel production, now that it is refused. Mr. Chamberlain’s finesse, in fact, is responsible for a good deal of the suspicion which now rests upon the Empire and upon himself. At this point, however, we must turn back for a moment to state some facts which ought to be known to the public, as to this extraordinary phase of the proceedings of the Committee.

It will be remembered that on February 19 of this year, Sir William Harcourt asked Mr. Rhodes whether the telegrams not produced at the Cape inquiry, because they were then in England in the custody of Dr. Harris, might be produced at the Committee. Mr. Rhodes declined, by the simple statement that they were “of a confidential nature” and should not be produced “at that stage of the inquiry.” The legal advisers of the Government and the majority of the Committee—marvellous as it now seems—insisted that the mere statement that such documents were “confidential” made them privileged against the call of Parliament. So it came about that Mr. Rhodes was allowed to depart without being asked to produce any of these important cables. He was never asked as to the copies he had actually sent six months before to the Colonial Office, for the simple reason that that fact was not known at that time to the Opposition members, and that Mr. Chamberlain chose to hold his tongue. When, after long pressure and against the strenuous resistance of the Attorney-General, the Opposition members succeeded in getting at the cables which remained in the possession of the Telegraph Company, their contents made it more than ever clear that an honest verdict could not be given until the gaps were filled up. They then pressed the Committee to call Mr. Hawkesley, in order that inquiry might be made into these very documents. The majority of the Committee, in plain English, evaded the demand. The result was that Mr. Labouchere,

at the end of the examination of Dr. Harris, deliberately forced their hand by exercising his right to move, while the Press and the public were in the room, "that Mr. Hawkesley be now called to produce the cablegrams he showed to Mr. Chamberlain." The Government supporters were furious. They cleared the room to discuss the matter, and they denounced Mr. Labouchere in no measured terms, knowing well, of course, that he had not only intended to force their hands, but had succeeded in doing so. The discussion in the Committee, however, was cut short by the Secretary for the Colonies. He declared, we believe we are accurate in stating, that this was a plot against him, and that Mr. Labouchere and certain Opposition journals were endeavoring to hold him up to odium by reason of the concealment of these papers. He, therefore, asked his own side to let the matter go; and it was decided accordingly that Mr. Hawkesley must be called upon to give the papers up.

Mr. Hawkesley, as all the world knows, considered himself bound by Mr. Rhodes's instructions to refuse and take his chance of going to the Clock Tower. Thereupon, according to the unwritten law of Parliament, he ought undoubtedly to have been reported to the House, in order that compulsory measures might be taken to see that the commands of the highest Court in the Empire were not defied. Let it be said at once that the person upon whom pressure was required was not Mr. Hawkesley. He was willing enough—it might seem even anxious—that the documents should be disclosed. All the world knows that he believes and says that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it," and that he considers, that in the public interest and that of all parties concerned, it is better that the truth should be known. It is more than probable that he so advised Mr. Rhodes from the beginning, and that he has had much to do with the partial disclosures which have taken place. The person, therefore, upon whom Parliament has to exercise its power, and who is, in fact, defying it, is Mr. Rhodes himself, who, though he chances to be at a distance, remains

not merely a subject of the Queen, but a Privy Councillor. There are many sufficient ways of compelling his obedience.

On the question of the previous demand for cables, the Attorney-General had in the Committee used every argument he could think of to resist an order on the Telegraph Company for production. He had been beaten from point to point; and every question of principle, on which the disclosure of the Hawkesley telegrams could possibly be resisted, had already been decided by the Committee. Nevertheless, after Mr. Hawkesley had stated that he held the documents for Mr. Rhodes, with orders not to produce them, the Government resisted the conclusion that Mr. Hawkesley must be called upon to obey. The Attorney-General, to do him justice, had already pointed out that Mr. Hawkesley could have no further privilege than Mr. Rhodes had. And Mr. Hawkesley, to do him justice also, had frankly admitted that Mr. Rhodes could allege no ground of privilege at all.

What was the result? The story will hardly be believed, and yet it is true. The Opposition members of the Committee had been meeting, of course, from time to time to consider their action. Upon this question they were agreed. At a meeting, we believe in Sir William Harcourt's room, upon one of these eventful days, they declared loudly, and none more loudly than Sir William Harcourt himself, that the attempt on the Government side to keep back the cablegrams was scandalous and intolerable, and that their production must be forced. To the amazement of at least certain members on that side of the Committee, when the Committee met to consider as to reporting Mr. Hawkesley's refusal to the House, Sir William Harcourt declared for the opposite course. The ostensible argument was that to take proceedings upon Mr. Hawkesley's, or rather Mr. Rhodes's, defiance of the Committee, would involve delay, and that it was extremely important to present a report upon the Raid immediately. It was answered that this, to put it plainly, was nonsense, since there was nothing to prevent the

Committee from reporting on the Raid, after having invited the House to deal with Mr. Hawkesley, or with those behind him. Resistance, however, was useless. The proposal that Mr. Hawkesley should be reported only secured, as has been already stated in the *Times*, two votes—those of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Blake. Others, such as Mr. Sydney Buxton, remained puzzled. It was clear that the Government had suddenly, by some means unknown, secured the support of Sir William Harcourt, and presumably his more official colleagues, to the policy of silence. An attempt, we believe, was even made to pass the matter over without a formal division recording the names of those who voted. The Committee clerk, however, was demanded and sent for, and the names were taken down.

Then came a still more audacious *coup*. It was obvious to all the world that Mr. Hawkesley's examination was not concluded. It was admitted by everybody that certain members of the Committee had not yet had an opportunity of exercising their obvious and parliamentary right to cross-examine an important witness called before a Committee of the House. The Government, however, with the astounding support of the Opposition Front Bench, resolved that this also was inexpedient, and the motion that Mr. Hawkesley should go back into the box, in order that his cross-examination might be completed, was lost. The same two gentlemen alone voted for it.

Now let us see for a moment what Mr. Hawkesley had to say. There is not the slightest indication in his evidence that he is concealing anything from the Committee, and no one appears to allege that he is anything but an honorable and truthful person. He told the Committee, on May 25, quite frankly, that when Mr. Rhodes came to England "to face the music," in the first days of February, 1896, he instantly saw him, and as they travelled together from Plymouth to London, on the very day of the great man's arrival, a conversation of the utmost importance took place. It may be that Mr. Rhodes was complaining that

the Colonial Office was dealing hardly with him, considering the communications that had passed beforehand. Probably the Colonial Office, under the circumstances, could not help itself, in view of the international situation which then existed; but let that pass. We have it from Mr. Hawkesley that Mr. Rhodes told him then about these cables which he had received from England in 1895. He evidently said that he had been by these cables assured that the Colonial Office was "in it." He told Mr. Hawkesley, to use the careful language of that solicitor, that these cables "had been considered by him and communicated by him to others," "that they had been acted upon," "that he had used them"—as supporting his action—"and had communicated them to those whom it concerned." In point of fact, Mr. Hawkesley makes it clear that in the train from Plymouth Mr. Rhodes assured him, not that he held possible blackmailing documents, but that he had documents on the faith of which he, Mr. Rhodes, had secured the co-operation of various persons in the Jameson Plan, *because* these documents made it clear to the persons in question—and, presumably, to Mr. Rhodes himself—that the Colonial Office was cognizant of what was going on. It is not probable, in any view, that Mr. Rhodes was lying to his solicitor. It is, to say the least, improbable that when he made this communication he was telling of things which he and his agents had deliberately faked up in order to defraud third parties into a belief that the Colonial Office was cognizant of plans which had never been in any way disclosed to them. Even Mr. Rhodes's worst enemies will hardly think him capable of that. It would be at least as foolish as it would be criminal, and it is wholly inconsistent with the general facts of the situation. Some other explanation must be found.

Now the missing cables are undoubtedly the most important part of the communications referred to in the conversation disclosed by Mr. Hawkesley. It is for that very reason that Mr. Hawkesley speaks of it. The case, however, does not stop there. Mr.

Hawkesley goes on with equal frankness to say that he thereupon advised Mr. Rhodes to communicate these cables to the Colonial Office. What this meant is plain. It meant that as Mr. Rhodes was about to have his decisive interview with Mr. Chamberlain as to the consequences of the raid and its collapse, he should first of all explain to Mr. Chamberlain that the communications in question, suggesting the previous knowledge of the Colonial Office, were not merely in Mr. Rhodes's possession, but had, as a matter of fact, been used to obtain the support of other persons in Africa. This was not necessarily blackmail. If we assume for the moment that the Colonial Office was "in it," it was sufficiently proper that they should be told at once that others—say, for example, some of the Johannesburgers and all the military officers that accompanied Jameson—had been induced to go into this eminently risky enterprise by the knowledge that Mr. Chamberlain was cognisant of what was going on. As a matter of fact, everybody understands that Sir John Willoughby and the other officers holding the Queen's commission *were* induced to enter the Transvaal on the theory that the Queen's Government did not object, and that strong representations have since been made that on that account it was unjust to deprive them of their commissions.

The result of the conversation in the train was curious and interesting. By his chief's authority, Mr. Hawkesley at once saw Mr. Fairfield, with whom he was on personal terms. What passed is not a matter of recollection, because he produces two letters which make it clear. He told Mr. Fairfield that some of his "various clients" had "sent telegrams, about Mr. Chamberlain or the Office," to the Cape, and that something which Mr. Chamberlain and the Office were "supposed to have said" had reached five or more persons supposed to be important. Mr. Fairfield communicated this to Sir R. Meade, and they both agreed that they must tell Mr. Chamberlain. He asked for copies of the telegrams and for information as to how much of the contents of these telegrams had

"reached the five, or whatever number it was, and if so, whether it was in substance or in words." Mr. Fairfield also adds this careful phrase: "He does not recollect saying anything anent the insurrection which was supposed to have been impending which he would greatly care about if it became public." These are Mr. Fairfield's words. It seems obvious that they implied that the Colonial Office *had* supposed a revolution to be impending, and that Mr. Chamberlain himself *had* said something about it which might have been communicated in the way Mr. Hawkesley alleged. All it asserts is that Mr. Chamberlain would not *greatly care* if anything he had said in that line were made public. Mr. Hawkesley's reply is equally interesting. He relieved Mr. Chamberlain's mind about the existence of other documents by the statement that all "the information given to the people in Johannesburg had been oral." Thereby we learn that apart from the military officers, or any other persons who may have been pacified by information about the attitude of the Colonial Office, such information had actually been used to help to raise the bogus insurrection. Mr. Hawkesley, evidently under further instructions from Mr. Rhodes, elected to drop the discussion at that point. He did so with another significant phrase: "Mr. C. knows what I know, and can shape his course with this knowledge." As to what that meant, we shall be better able to form our opinion when we see the cables themselves.

The matter was revived in May. Apparently it must have been revived in some connection with the question, what was to be done about the officers and their commissions. The evidence so far given does not give us any clear light as to the exact circumstances under which the copies were ultimately asked for, and sent to Mr. Chamberlain on June 6 by Mr. Hawkesley. The fact that by the highly irregular action of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends the opportunity for cross-examining Mr. Hawkesley was refused, precludes the public for the present from inquiring further into this interesting point. We do know that, after

the officers had been sentenced, Mr. Hawkesley prepared a statement to the War Office, which is in evidence, in which it was directly stated, on the honor of Sir John Willoughby, that he and his officers were induced to ride in by being informed "that the steps are taken with the knowledge and assent of the Imperial Authorities." We can only presume that Mr. Hawkesley considered that the copy cables he had submitted to the Colonial Office at an earlier stage tended in the same direction. Whether the sending of them is to be considered as a general "black-mailing" effort to obtain terms by a threat of publication, or as a legitimate effort to show the Government that their alleged dabbling in the business had led others into it, the result is the same. If there was really no foundation for the charge, Mr. Hawkesley and the whole group were guilty of incredible stupidity. *Quis credat?*

One word only need be added upon another branch of the same subject. It concerns Miss Flora Shaw. She was, as we all know, a *habitué* of the Colonial Office. She had the run of it, as the Colonial authority on the *Times*. She was also deep in the Rhodesian ring, and was beyond doubt personally devoted to Mr. Rhodes. She knew, she says, what Dr. Harris knew. She also communicated her views directly and indirectly to her chief at the Cape. It is needless to repeat the well-known and somewhat comic references to her in the published cables. It is sufficient to say that they indicate that it was fully supposed in the group of which she formed part that the Colonial Office was neither ignorant nor hostile. The extraordinary telegram of Dr. Harris, "I have already sent Flora to convince J. Chamberlain support *Times* newspaper," has not so far been seriously explained by anybody. Yet it must have had a reason at the time. Probably it meant "to convince him of the support of the *Times*." If so, it is a pretty item. Miss Shaw herself stated in reply to Mr. Labouchere that in her remarkable cablegrams as to the expediency of hurrying up the revolution, she "could not" have said that the Colonial Office thought it desirable

that it should come off at once, because she did not know it. But she added, "I *could* have said that probably if it was to happen *they would like it soon*." Her position in the matter remains somewhat enigmatical, but it will hardly be suggested by any one that it is likely that she would have been a party to mislead persons in South Africa by false information as to the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain.

The position, then, stands thus. The Colonial Office conceals its own documents. From none of its officials have we had any detailed or frank statement as to their relations to South African affairs during the critical period. The High Commissioner himself has not been examined. Mr. Rhodes has been allowed to go without any serious inquiry into this branch of the case. The most important cables are refused by Mr. Rhodes's order, and the Committee decline to exercise their power to compel the production of them. The story, in fact, so far as it concerns this question of the truth or falsity of the allegation that Mr. Chamberlain was "in it," is being smothered up, with an audacious disregard of the principles which guide all ordinary tribunals. The last steps in this proceeding have been taken with the direct assent of the leader of the Opposition. Everybody, therefore, is inquiring what reason can have induced Sir William Harcourt to execute this startling change of front.

There is only one reason that can, with any probability, be assigned—that is, that some member of the Government has made a "Front Bench communication" to the leader of the Opposition, indicating to him explicitly that there are "reasons of State" for stopping the disclosures. There can be little doubt that this is what has happened, and conjecture, not only in this country, but elsewhere, will naturally be keen to know what the nature of this momentous disclosure was.

If Mr. Chamberlain was as absolutely free from knowledge of the Jameson plan as he has professed to be, it is hard to see how full disclosure could do any damage to the Empire, or could do anything but good to the Colonial Secretary himself. Mr. Chamberlain,

of course, professes in words his private desire that everything should come out. He has not, however, assisted in the attainment of that result. The consequence is that a national and international question of very grave importance has arisen. It is said in circles usually well informed, that when the Raid occurred, it became necessary to give assurances to foreign Governments, and in particular to Germany, that the Queen's Government was in no way compromised. These assurances, it is said, were given. It is even said that they were given expressly in the name of the Queen. Something of this kind may well have happened; but it is hard to see how, if it did happen, and if the Colonial Office was as innocent as it claims to be, the dis-

closure of the facts can do anything but confirm the Queen's word.

That documents exist which are supposed to be compromising, and which the very authors of them allege to be compromising, is a fact past hiding. It casts, unless it is cleared up, a damning doubt. Therefore it would appear to be the duty of all honest men, and, above all, of the Parliament of Great Britain, to see that an immediate end is put to a policy which may be aptly described as "thimble-rigging," and that the truth, whether it suits Mr. Rhodes or Mr. Chamberlain, or neither of them, must be told at last.

This is a high question of privilege, and the whole House is concerned in it. It is for the House to act.—*Contemporary Review*.

THE PRESENT GOVERNMENT IN TURKEY—ITS CRIMES AND REMEDY.

BY R. HAMILTON LANG.

AFTER an absence of twelve years I revisited Constantinople at the end of last April. For six years, 1880-1885, I had resided there, and had taken an active part in the remarkable transformation which was effected during that period in the financial position of Turkey. Shortly after my arrival in 1880 Monsieur Fournier, then French Ambassador, said to me in private conversation, "I would not give the Turkish empire an existence of more than eighteen months; my colleague of Great Britain thinks it good for five years." With much humility, befitting a newcomer to Constantinople, albeit then a resident in Turkey of twenty-three years' standing, I ventured to express the opinion that even Sir Henry Layard's estimate of five years would prove much below the mark. In truth, before I left Constantinople, in the short space of six years, a financial change was brought about which, on looking back upon it, seems to have been nothing less than marvellous.

In 1880 the dishonored foreign debt of Turkey was fully two hundred millions sterling. A floating debt had been contracted during the Russo-

Turkish war of many millions more, which, although not dishonored, was in a very critical position. There was in circulation a debased paper currency which was only worth against gold one tenth of its face value, and a large metallic currency whose intrinsic value was only about forty per cent of its nominal. Said Pasha, better identified as "Kutchuk Said," was Grand Vizier, and the Sublime Porte, although even then much fettered by the absorbing tendencies of Sultan Abdul Hamid, was still a power in the Government of the country. The Grand Vizier had to count upon influencing the Palace in favor of his projects, but he was the initiator and proposer of every useful reform.

The key to the financial improvement was the success of a separate Administration which was created in 1880 for the encashment of six principal sources of revenue by a native executive, under European control. This Administration, originally destined to extinguish the foreign floating debt, worked without friction and with a regularity which inspired general confidence. Its resources enabled Said

Pasha in 1882 to come to terms with the holders of the dishonored foreign debt of two hundred millions, and the new Turkish securities then created became quoted on all the Bourses of Europe. The bankruptcy of Turkey was thus removed by an amicable arrangement with its foreign creditors. The debased paper currency was gradually retired at its current value and burned. The treatment of the metallic currency was novel but effective. By imperial iradé, at a given date the nominal value of that currency was reduced by fifty per cent, so that the holder of a coin which may have been received at night for five piastres, was worth, next morning, only two piastres and a half. These sacrifices were borne with a submission which exemplified the best characteristics of the oriental mind. The country was favored during several consecutive years with good harvests, commerce was active, money was plentiful, and credit was good. There was peace in the empire, and, in general, security for life and property.

The Armenian question existed, indeed it was to the fore from the time of the signature of the Berlin Treaty, and notes were from time to time addressed by the Foreign Office to the British Ambassador reminding the Sultan of his promise to give a better government to the Armenians. But none of the Christian races in the empire were persecuted. The Armenians who lived in the neighborhood of Van suffered pecuniarily from the lawlessness of the Kurds, who greatly outnumbered them, and who only nominally recognized the authority of the Sultan. Elsewhere no animosity was shown toward the Armenians, and they had no exceptional hardships to bear. I remember frequently in 1884 and 1885 hearing Sir William White express his views on the Armenian question. While earnestly desirous of improving the lot of the Armenians in the interior, he was conscious of the unfortunate fact that they were a minority in the midst of a semi-barbarous majority. He therefore always deprecated all provocative action on the part of the Armenians, being convinced that such action would only aggravate the situation and render their

enemies more vindictive. The only effective remedy for the grievances of that suffering population was not a special organization for the exclusive behoof of Armenians, but a better administration for all classes, Mussulmans and Christians, and the complete subjection to law and order of the Kurd majority. These views are still the only sound ones, and Sir William White's dread of the consequences of provocative action has sadly proved prophetic.

During my recent visit to Constantinople I found that great changes for the worse had taken place since 1885. The financial position of the Government, *then* improving, and generally satisfactory, was *now* strained to the utmost degree. The revenue from Customs, which was then yearly increasing, was falling off monthly. Fresh burdens had been imposed upon the Treasury to the extent of about one million sterling annually, as the result of exorbitant guarantees given to new lines of railways, the concessions for which were obtained chiefly through German influence. The military expenditure (quite irrespective of the expenditure incumbent for the recent Greco-Turkish war) had been largely increased. In short, on the most favorable estimate the expenditure during the past year exceeded the receipts by four millions sterling. The salaries of officials and the army were many months in arrear, in some cases as many as twelve months. Merchants complained that business was at a standstill, and trade with the interior greatly diminished. European residents expressed themselves as worn out with the long-continued strain of uncertainty and insecurity. The native Christians live in constant fear of massacre or persecution, and competent authorities assured me that even the Mussulman population was weary with the maladministration, from which they suffer as much as the Christians. All around, one felt that there was a feeling of unrest and weariness—dissatisfaction with the present and distrust for the future.

Some may attribute this sad change to the atrocities perpetrated upon the Armenians during the past two years.

In reality, however, these atrocities are only one of the consequences of the true cause. It is to be found in the absorption of all the administrative functions of the country into the hands of an unscrupulous Palace clique. The Sublime Porte, immemorial centre of all functions of government through Ministers, is now of no account, and the Grand Vizier is reduced to the rôle of a functionary simply doing the uncontrolled will of the sovereign. Sultan Abdul Hamid has often been described as the most hard-working monarch in Europe. From early morning to late night he is engrossed in the affairs of State, and he is possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. But he is suspicious, distrustful, self-willed, and in constant fear of treachery. His suspicions render him incapable of being just to those who serve him or of giving them his confidence. His distrust warps his judgment and shuts his eyes to what his reason might commend. His self-will is intolerance of the opinions of others and an unreasoning impulsiveness. His fear for his personal safety makes him the slave of intriguers whose corruption he knows, but has not the courage to check.

The result of the concentration of all power and action in the hands of Sultan Abdul Hamid has been the estrangement of all ability from the Administration of the country, and the committal of the interests of the empire to one man acting through corrupt and irresponsible courtiers. To get into favor at Court, the Palace clique has to be squared; to remain in favor, all the exigencies and caprices of that clique have to be complied with. The clique maintains its influence by preying upon the fears of the Sultan, and it has organized, ostensibly for his security, a colossal system of espionage by means of which it is able to destroy or render harmless any one hostile to their schemes. It has its secret agents in every province, and even in the household of every person of any importance.

It is curious to notice how persistently and how ably Sultan Abdul Hamid has worked during the past twenty years to attain his ideal of a purely personal rule. Mithad Pasha,

with his immature theories of a constitutional *régime*, was without pity banished to Taif and left to die there. Hairaddin Pasha, with his more practical scheme of Ministerial responsibility, was ignored and neglected. "Kutchuk" Said was raised to power as Grand Vizier because from his previous insignificance he promised to be a willing and subservient tool to carry out his master's purposes; but as soon as his intelligence and capacity had given him a public reputation, he was set aside. Kiamil Pasha was chosen as successor for the same reason which had led to the choice of Said, and he was discarded later on in a similar way. Both, during five years of service as Grand Viziers, proved themselves to be men of honor, ability, and integrity, loyal to the throne and devoted to the best interests of their country. They were, however, too honest and too intelligent to suit the corrupt purposes of the Palace clique. Kutchuk Said, it will be remembered, had to take refuge at the British Embassy from the machinations of his enemies working upon the suspicious jealousy of the Sultan. He is now living in absolute seclusion; and as he is known to be watched by secret spies, even his friends refrain from visiting him, lest their visits should compromise him. Kiamil Pasha was driven from private life in the capital and ordered to repair within twenty-four hours to Smyrna.

During Said's vizieriate the Sultan became conscious that he could not ignore the opinions of the best intelligences of the country without alienating the sympathies of his people, and he very adroitly bade for an outside support. England was estranged from him. France was still in her isolation. Russia was badgering him about the war indemnity. There was only Germany to which he could look as to a great Power which had no direct interest in Turkish affairs. The then German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt, sympathetic and conciliatory, became the Sultan's *confidante* and counsellor. Through his influence Prince Bismarck was gained over to the cause. The astute Chancellor, although having often disowned any belief in Turkish regeneration, saw that he could serve

German interests and play an important political rôle by making full use of the Sultan's confidence. He sent him officers for the army and civil functionaries—men, it must be admitted, of real ability, but whose reports were mostly pigeon-holed and neglected. This German support was of great use to the Sultan. It flattered his vanity, and enabled him to feel at ease in his relations with the other Powers. Especially it made him indifferent to his unpopularity with his own subjects. Strong in this support, he reduced his Ministers to the position of nonentities, and he concentrated in the Palace all influence and action. Had he been able to control his surroundings and *directly* to guide the administrative agents in the provinces, to correct abuses and to initiate reforms, the concentration of power in one hand might have been productive of good; but such was not the case. Venality and intrigue reigned around him, and his fears for his person obliged him to wink at the corruption which he knew surrounded him. Instead of exercising a direct influence for good, his influence, acting through a corrupt and self-seeking medium, was for evil. Instead of initiating reforms, abuses became every day more rampant. The corruption and intrigue of the centre spread to the provinces, where Governors and Mudirs took the keynote from the Palace clique, which was omnipotent. Naturally these corrupt tendencies had most effect in the provinces far removed from European influence, for there the instigations of the Palace clique had full play. The Armenians in the Valayet of Moush were frequent sufferers from Kurdish lawlessness. They had for years been subjected by the Kurds to the payment of a kind of tribute in consideration of being left in peace. But in 1893, secretly encouraged by the authorities at Moush, this blackmail was aggravated by aggressive acts of plunder. The Armenians resisted, and succeeded in driving away their aggressors. In the spring of 1894, when the Armenians had been impoverished by the Kurdish raids, Turkish gendarmes were sent to the Armenian village of Talori to collect taxes. To quote the

words of a despatch of Sir Philip Currie—

"The people protested that, in consequence of the treatment they had received at the hands of the Kurds, they were unable to contribute, not having enough to support life; and while declaring their loyalty to the Government, they stated that it was impossible for them to pay taxes if they were not protected by the authorities against the Kurds. The Kaimakam of the district, therefore, came into the village himself and insulted and maltreated the inhabitants. The Talori villagers, exasperated by his conduct, set upon him and beat him."

This was the signal for a terrible vengeance. Troops were concentrated in the district, and the Armenians of Talori fled to the mountains. The Kurds were induced to attack the Armenians in their stronghold, but the attack was successfully repulsed. Thereupon the soldiers intervened. Osman Pasha, their leader, read an imperial firman, authorizing the punishment of the villagers, and exhorted the soldiers not to fail in their duty.

"Leading men, headed by a priest, went out to meet the commanding officer, with their tax receipts in their hands by way of proving their loyalty to the Government, and begging for mercy. They were surrounded and killed to a man. Petroleum, which the troops had expressly brought with them, was utilized for burning the houses together with the inhabitants inside them."

Women were violated, and by the lowest estimate 900 Armenians were massacred. Such was the appalling butchery and brutality by means of which order was sought to be established; in the words of an official memorandum communicated to the Ambassadors by order of the Sultan, "the Government did not fail to do its duty." Prompt administrative action, disapprobation of the massacres, and the punishment of a few of the guilty, might have arrested the bloody work. On the contrary, the Sultan first denied the fact of the massacres, then decorated with exceptional *éclat* the Mufti of Moush, who was reported to have incited the troops against the Christians, and Zeki Pasha, commandant of the 4th Army Corps, of which the troops engaged formed a part, and he dismissed the Moutesarif of Moush, who had protested against the massacres. The pressing protestations of England were

temporized with, when the massacres could be no longer denied, by promises of a commission of inquiry; and after long negotiations it was discovered that the commission of inquiry was only to ascertain the culpability of the Armenians. Fanaticism was thus encouraged, and it became apparent to all the functionaries in the interior that the deeds which had been committed were approved of by the Palace clique. The ghastly work of massacre extended in area, and as it spread gained in intensity, until the Armenian victims were counted by tens of thousands. I would not go the length that some have gone in calling Sultan Abdul Hamid "an assassin" or a "murderer"—he may have been an innocent dupe—but certain it is that the system of personal rule, exercised through wicked agents, which was his creation, is responsible for the blood of the Armenians.

I have already referred to the outside support which facilitated Sultan Abdul Hamid in imposing upon his country his one-man rule. The value of that support became apparent when the Armenian question reached its acute stage. The atrocities perpetrated upon the Armenians excited at once in England an indignation perhaps unparalleled in intensity; but in Germany, Russia, and France the official world minimized the evil, and it was only after many months that the people of these countries realized to the full the horrors which had been enacted. If public opinion was slower abroad to rise in revolt against such proceedings, it was entirely owing to the fact that the Emperors of Germany and Russia sympathized in the autocratic tendencies of Abdul Hamid; and when England brought home to the door of the Sultan the responsibility of the crimes which had been committed, they demurred, and pretended that the Sultan's authority was the only influence which could be relied upon. Official France followed Russian inspirations; but it must be acknowledged, to the honor of M. Cambon, the French Ambassador, that he not only prophesied the course of events, but also clearly indicated to his Government their true cause. It was

this moral support of the Sultan by Germany and Russia which enfeebled the action of the Concert of Europe, and presented to the world the sad spectacle of civilized Europe being helpless to avert the shedding of innocent blood.

The indignation in England at the appalling atrocities led many good-hearted Englishmen to criticise the policy, first of Lord Rosebery and afterward of Lord Salisbury, as too weak for the occasion. But, in reality, no other policy than that adopted was possible. In face of the more than lukewarmness of official Germany, Russia, and France, only one of two courses was left to England—either to break up the Concert of Europe and act alone, or, concealing the want of sympathy which she encountered from the Powers just named, to endeavor to change their views, and succeed, in the name of united Europe, to bring effective pressure to bear upon the Sultan. The first course—independent action—was surrounded by many material difficulties, and after the well-known emphatic declaration of Prince Lobanoff, was certain to lead to a European war, in circumstances eminently disadvantageous to England. It is easy to understand that no British Government could face such an eventuality for interests not directly British. It would have been to fly from the frying-pan into the fire. The second course was, therefore, the only prudent one, and it was carried out with remarkable tact, patience, and perseverance. Immediate success was not possible, and more innocent blood had to flow in the interval of patient negotiation; but it is a mistake to suppose that the policy has not been in a large measure successful. Both Germany and Russia, after infinite effort, both official and officious—perhaps especially the latter—were brought round to press upon the Sultan the imperious necessity of preventing a repetition of past disorders, and to join in a demand in the name of the Concert of Europe for administrative reforms to improve the situation of the people of Turkey, both Christians and Mussulmans. The Concert of Europe thus became a reality, not by the modification of the views

of England, but chiefly by a change in the attitude of Russia; and it has stood the strain of unforeseen complications in Crete and Thessaly.

Much time was devoted by the Ambassadors of the Great Powers at Constantinople to the preparation of a project of reform for Turkey, but the outbreak of the Cretan troubles and the war with Greece have deferred its presentation to the Sultan. The details of these reforms have not been made public, and consequently they cannot be criticised. I found, however, a general consensus of opinion in Constantinople on the part of Turkish statesmen and competent European residents, that no project of reforms has the least chance of being effectively carried out as long as the present Palace rule continues. It is not the introduction of Europeans into the Administration of the country which can do any real good; on the contrary, with the divergent views of the six Powers, and the self-seeking, in the shape of influence, concessions, and orders, too often apparent, European nominations, dictated by foreign action, would prove disastrous to the best interests of the country and introduce an element of friction. The initiative of reforms must be taken by the best intelligences of the empire itself; if exotic, it will either fail or lead necessarily to a foreign occupation. I am quite aware there is no probability of Sultan Abdul Hamid's giving up willingly his personal rule, or exercising it other than through the present corrupt medium; but that does not the less render it expedient to enlighten public opinion as to the nature of the cancer which is poisoning the life-blood in Turkey, and which, until it is eradicated, renders hopeless all reform. The life of an individual is, after all, subject to many vicissitudes, and at best is not of long duration. A change may be nearer than any one can foresee; in any case, it cannot be much delayed.

A true diagnosis of the disease is the best means of deciding upon the necessary remedy. In this case I have endeavored to indicate the evil, and if my view is correct, the only effective

remedy is the substitution for Palace rule of Ministerial responsibility to the country and to the sovereign. Without doubt, by such a change the true interests of the sovereign would be advanced. Loyalty to the throne, and to its occupant as Caliph, is a sentiment still strong in the breasts of good Mussulmans, and the position of the Sultan would be immensely strengthened if he could understand the advantage of reigning but not governing. He might reign in the affections and confidence of his people, instead of living, as at present, in continual fear. He might assist with his counsel and strengthen with his moral support his Ministers in the direction of the affairs of State, and remain, in the eyes of his people, uncompromised by their faults or by any gust of unpopularity which their measures might provoke. As a check upon the Cabinet of Ministers and a support to the sovereign, a third power seems necessary, which most naturally would be a Parliament of representatives of the country. For such popular representation unfortunately Turkey is not ripe. As a first step, however, toward this desirable object, there might be created a Council of Nobles, representative of the chief interests of the country—ex-Ministers and men of intelligence. Such an institution would be quite in harmony with long-established custom in the empire, and entirely in consonance with Mohammedan ideas. Frequently during the present reign such assemblies have been convoked, but their value was impaired by the choice of the invited being left to the Sultan and the meetings being held at the Palace. These evils would be obviated by making the Council an institution of the State, nominating its members for a fixed period, establishing a code of procedure for its deliberations, and giving the choice of its President to the members. This Council of Notables would be in some sort a Consultative Court of Appeal to which both the sovereign and the Cabinet of Ministers might refer—the first, on any change of Cabinet which he might deem expedient; the second, on any grave question of State. This is only a rough

outline of a suggestion which the limited space at my command does not admit of my developing more fully.

I have no hesitation in saying that the elements exist in Turkey to carry out such a reformation of its Government as I have indicated. As the result of the mediation of the Powers now being carried on between Turkey and Greece an era of peace may be entered upon, and Turkey does not lack statesmen of ability and integrity who are capable of bringing order out of disorder and restoring security of life and property to both Christians and Mussulmans. A Mohammedan statesman said to me lately: "The Armenians have lived in our midst for centuries, and they have never, until recently, been massacred or specially oppressed. On the contrary, they were found holding honorable situations in all our Administrations, and they prospered as our 'Sarrafis.' It would be the same again if the Government of the country were, as in former times, at the Sublime Porte and not at Yildis." I believe he was right. There is not among Mussulmans, in general, a growth of fanaticism. Quite the opposite; the spread of enlightenment and larger contact with the West are decreasing it.

We were told some months ago by a very high authority that in rejecting the advances of Nicholas I. of Russia in 1853 for the partition of Turkey "we put all our money on the wrong horse." That is an academic question which I would not venture to discuss. Certainly to-day the partition of the Turkish empire would not be relished by any of the Powers, and it is realized that it would involve administrative burdens which none are in a mood to accept. The much-discussed dogma of the integrity of the Turkish empire I have always regarded as important and valuable when considered as a self-denying principle on the part of the Powers of Europe, but as in no way intended to prevent the decentralization of portions of the empire as they are ready for self-government or capable of directing their own destinies. It has been through the first stage of autonomy that Servia, Roumania, Bulgaria, and Roumelia have reached the

virtually independent positions which they now so advantageously occupy. They may all be regarded as triumphs to the cause of liberty and progress. Greece itself is only an earlier example, as Crete may now happily be called the latest; and if, as the outcome of autonomy, Crete should elect for annexation to Greece, there will only be a repetition of the fusion of Roumelia with Bulgaria. The consolidation of all these self-governing centres has been accomplished without detriment to the Turkish empire as a whole. There is much still to be achieved on the same lines, and it is because I believe in this that I hold to the expediency of maintaining the Turkish empire and sympathizing with every effort which can tend to free it from the thralldom of what Lord Salisbury has aptly described as an "extravagant autocracy." We cannot ignore the many millions of the population of Turkey to whom only a Mohammedan rule is agreeable; and if we wait patiently we shall see that population, now oppressed by an unwholesome autocracy, reassert its right to a voice in the destinies of their country.

The financial situation of the country has recently caused considerable anxiety, especially in France, where it is generally supposed that about two-thirds of the Turkish foreign debt is held. The capital, however, thus engaged, is not so great as many people suppose. The nominal amount of the consolidated Turkish foreign debt, exclusive of the portion guaranteed by the Egyptian tribute, is about £S110,000,000, and the revenues devoted to it are roughly £S2,200,000 per annum. But the real value of that debt since it was rearranged in 1882 has never exceeded £S35,000,000. The French holdings, which are chiefly of the C and D categories, cannot therefore exceed, and do not probably represent, an engagement of capital amounting to £S20,000,000. The annual burden for interest and sinking fund of that debt (£S2,200,000) is not onerous on a budget of about sixteen millions; indeed few countries can boast of such a small alienation of their resources for their public debt. It is also improbable that in any circumstances the revenues

consecrated to the holders of the foreign debt in 1882 will be interfered with. It is a disordered Administration which has destroyed the financial situation.

I have alluded to the shedding of innocent blood which the Palace rule has caused, and it may be added that its uncontrolled extravagance and the burdens it has imposed upon the country are equally calamitous. There is a Ministry of Finance, but it receives its orders from the Palace. No fixed budget regulates expenditure; indeed a budget is useless when the orders of the Sultan exacting money or engaging the Treasury have to be implicitly obeyed. The Ministry of Finance is simply an office to mulct the country and squander its resources according to the sweet will of the sovereign. As there is no budget, so there are no reliable accounts rendered of income or expenditure. For the present the prospect of some millions being obtained from Greece sustains the hopes of pressing creditors; but as the indemnity is not likely to exceed the outstanding war expenditure and advances, the deadlock which was felt a few months ago is sure to recur and to demand radical reforms. It is when the era of peace has been entered on, and the financial shoe begins to pinch acutely, that a crisis may be expected. Meantime it appears to me that the policy most worthy of constitutional England is to encourage every tendency toward government with Ministerial responsibility, rather than to increase the *ingérance* of foreign Powers, which, instead of consolidating the empire, will make its last state worse than the first.

The action of any one Power which becomes responsible for the interests of the empire might be, as it has been in Egypt, of practical value. It would ensure that every scheme or project, before it is adopted, is examined and well considered by competent and honorable men, realizing the responsibility of their country and their own. But with six Powers there is no sense of individual responsibility, and the result would be a perpetuation of what has taken place in recent years at Constantinople, and is at present taking

place, by which the best interests of the country are sacrificed for the benefit of European company-mongers. This is what now happens. A financial agent from the country which happens to be most in favor at Yildis appears upon the scene to get some concession or a railway guarantee. He enlists on his side all the local bankers who might give trouble, by allotting them shares in the plunder to be secured. He then squares the Palace clique by present and prospective benefits, and the scheme is made attractive by promising a money advance or some illusory advantage to the country. The ambassador knows nothing of the project, and probably does no more than invite the financial agent to dinner in virtue of letters of introduction from some influential personage of the country from which he comes. He does not even know that his dragoman, when at the Palace on Embassy business, speaks, in passing, favorably of the financial agent or his scheme. The Palace clique, sufficiently satisfied, looks after the matter when it reaches the Sultan, as does every one of the large number of outsiders interested. With this chorus of favorable opinions, and with a desire to favor the countryman of the exalted friend or Power whose influence for the time being he hopes to use against the inconvenient attitude of some other of the Powers, the Sultan becomes favorably disposed. Delay, of course, occurs, during which more people get knowledge of what is in the wind, and avail themselves of an opportunity, not to be lost, of being squared. When as much has been got out of the financial agent as it is thought he will bear, the Sultan is induced to approve the project, and an Imperial *iradé* is issued. The scheme, which has been criticised only by interested eyes, is then launched with a flourish of trumpets to attract the ever-ready-to-be-deluded public, on to whose shoulders the burden is meant to be passed. Later on, the prospective benefits to the country are found to be illusory, and difficulties arise in the execution of the project, or the Treasury is unable to carry out its engagements, and then it becomes the duty of the ambassador to see that a con-

tract, duly concluded, is faithfully respected or compensated for by some other equivalent advantages. The interests of his countryman must be protected without regard to the interests of the country defrauded. Thus of late years railway guarantees, involving an annual burden to the Treasury of about one million sterling, were granted, which, as the resources of the country cannot possibly support their onerous conditions, will some day or other become diplomatic questions. The sad truth is, that Turkey is at present an orange being sucked dry by European professionals.

It may be asked, Will not a Cabinet of responsible Ministers be as amenable to the evil influences of corruption and bribery as the present surroundings of the Sultan? I think not, for there is a certain safety in numbers. All the members of a Cabinet cannot easily be squared, and some of them are sure to be susceptible to honest in-

fluences and representations. The example of the two men of whom I have already spoken—Kutchuk Said Pasha and Kiamil Pasha—proves that both able and honest Ministers are to be found in Turkey; and there are many more of the same type—men who know the defects of their country's administration, and are capable of initiating and carrying through the reforms necessary to remedy them. It is not the laws of the country which are defective, but their execution. It is the present corruption in high places which vitiates and paralyzes the whole administrative organization. Unless the one-man rule is abolished, Turkey will drift from bad to worse, and an empire possessing immense resources, and inhabited by a people who have only recently given proof of their strength and vitality, will continue to be a curse to the world and a dishonor to our age.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

AN ANGLER'S SUMMER EVE.

BY F. G. WALTERS.

THE hour of sunset in the fulness of the summer is specially dear to the fly-fisher who loves the most contemplative phase of "the poetry of angling." It marks the commencement of evening fishing, which is full of a charm of its own that only anglers can appreciate. Nor all even of *them*, for there are some whose excess of energy most delights in the daylight fishing with the dry fly, a system which necessitates much stalking, creeping, crouching, casting in different positions, and general muscular activity.

For the old-fashioned fisherman accustomed to the wet fly, however, the angler's summer eve is the most fascinating period of the day. There is a mysterious charm when, to use the wonderful phrase from *Macbeth*, "light thickens" about the familiar stream, the trees, meads, and hedgerows, the sighing rushes, the thorn bushes, and ancient willows which here and there stand on the banks. Things and sounds, commonplace in the garish

light of day, assume a certain eerie romance in the gloaming. The ripple of the river has a rhythm unlike that of the earlier hours, the call of the distant bird, the buzz of the beetle's drony flight, the murmur of the soft breeze through the rushes, the far-off village sounds—all these as twilight succeeds the sunset, have an effect which is outside their actual existence.

Only a minority have enjoyed to any extent the charm of evening fly-fishing. For it usually happens that when the trout who have been indolent, each in his favorite deep, during the blazing hours of the long summer day commence the sunset rise, the angler has to pack up and start for the train which is to carry him and his meadow memories to the din of London. Those, therefore, who either have no pressing occupations, or who live by some fair stream, are they who most appreciate this reposeful time and its uncloying delight. Full often has the evening fly-fisher captured the

big trout who has disdained the lures of different accomplished hands during the day, and who figures in their dreams.

At sunset, especially when as generally a light air ripples the water, the large trout waken from their summer somnolence in their crystal Castle of Indolence, and "dreams that wave before the half-shut eye" which they probably have of a kind, and get an appetite. Then do they leave their respective deeps; and usually they shift their position, coming to the opposite side of water to that occupied during the day.

They begin to rise at such ephemeral life as dots the surface of the stream. Not noisily—the splash is very gentle, though the surroundings as the light grows dimmer make it sound more clear than by day. Here and there the faint noise is heard, and thrills the fisherman's heart like a trumpet sound. The best and biggest fish, veritable monarchs of the brook, are now on the feed. And big as they are the sound of their rise is less than that of the small fry during the day, a gentle splash round which the circles widen, which the angler cannot see, alone betokens the trout's activity. And with joyous heart the angler with the evening before him, and no thought of time or trains to worry him, gets his tackle ready.

While he is doing so his eye and ear drink in delight of their own. The "flame-bright owl" has come out to feed, and dimly its white form is seen stealing with noiseless flight round the hedgerows, while occasionally its screech startles the silence. Late swallows still skim over the river, and sleeplessly wheeling by occasionally utter the shrill note that some rustics dislike to hear as much as the barn-owl's. Points of light, some green, some white, appear in profusion on the banks under the hedges as the glowworms light each other. And the bird-music is more varied than those who only know the mead and stream by day ever imagine, thinking indeed that "all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Far and near amid the grass the ubiquitously puzzling, rusty-voiced

cornerake is resonant. Here and there the note of the partridge just settling down suggests visions of September. Fidgety pheasants crow from the distant copse. Amid their *staccato* utterances the ear catches a liquid gush of melody which is sometimes mistaken for that of the nightingale. But it is that of the shy blackcap, which in thickest foliage will sing till at any rate the middle of July. From a big ash-tree which stands by the meadow gate a thrush is fluting his varied strain as a farewell to day, and nothing is more exquisite unless it be the rapt ecstatic song of the blackbird at dawn, which few indeed have heard, but which is unequalled by any of his later music.

From the maze of vegetation, which is luxuriant at parts of the river's edge, a whirring continuous note is heard, which is pleasant to the angler's ears, though little music be therein, for it resembles the sound of his reel when a good fish is running the line out. This shows the proximity of the grasshopper lark, shyest of tiny birds, a little greenish brown creature which is almost ventriloquial in its effects, and which threads the most intertwined maze of stems and branches with the utmost ease and swiftness. But beyond this line of scrub the tall reeds are waving. And at this hour there seems to be a feathered concert within their green labyrinth. Lark, linnet, sparrow, chaffinch, swallow, redstart, and greenfinch appear to be vying with each other in short, hurrying passages, yet these are but the sounds of one little tireless bird, which when it pauses will sing again if a stone be thrown into the reeds—the sedgewarbler which begins its fullest carolling what time—

Pale twilight draws of sober hue
With fingers soft and dipt in dew,
O'er Nature's face a shadowy veil;

However delightful, therefore, the golden hours of sunlight and the full glories of the summer day to the angler, and mostly associated these since Walton's time with his pleasures, the twilight hour has its own especial charms, and the evening fisher has equally delightful surroundings. More

than this, to come from poetry to prose, the best trout are usually obtained at this time. The complicated art of the dry fly is not here required. This is a recommendation. For beautiful as that art is, and highly successful when mastered (which is no speedy achievement) for educated trout in a southern stream, it is yet the art of a minority.

But your old-fashioned wet-fly angler may here console himself, and his creel will with luck be very satisfactory in its contents. The fly allowed to sink just beneath the water will spell success. There is a small but effectual list of flies which for such fishing are most appropriate. Such is the alder, the brackenclock, the black gnat, the white hackle, and the blue dun. From our own experience we will add the red palmer, the white moth, and coachman. On a clear night the black gnat or palmer, on a cloudy one the white moth or hackle are indicated.

Not very far from the bank do the fish rise in the evening. A shorter cast, therefore, is as effective as the long one of daylight. And this is lucky, for in the increasing obscurity one must cast rather by sound than sight. Dimly the rise is perceived, and lightly the fly is dropped; allowed to sink and so to swim. At the commencement near sunset, when sky and water are equally clear, the black gnat or palmer, by force of contrast, will attract most fish. We speak here of particularly bright evenings. As the time wears on and the light lessens these are exchanged for one of the white flies. On some evenings the moth is not a favorite. Fish seem to run after the small insects. On others these are neglected, and the white moth or hackle briskly risen to. And especially if there be clouds overhead and a sprinkling of rain. Trout are very whimsical at all times, except in the mayfly season (though even then they will occasionally neglect the artificial imitation), but the black and white flies in very bright or very dark weather, as the case may be, are far more successful than many more fashionable and modern ones. But the patient angler changes his fly after he

has used it to no effect for a fair time—not long. You may throw a dozen times over a rising grayling without disturbing him, and he will very likely take the fly at the last throw. But you cannot cast over a feeding trout more than about three times without sending him off, if he does not like the lure.

However, be the fly what it may, our angler lets it remain quietly in the stream. The sedgewarbler still carols, the watervole now and then drops with a little "plop" from his bank-hole into the stream, the cornercrakes are vociferous, and there are tiny splashes at irregular intervals in the stream, which to the fisherman surpass in music every other sound. With every nerve thrilling he keeps the line at the precise degree of tautness necessary. He cannot see clearly the end of it, therefore his fingers have, as it were, on this occasion to act as substitutes for eyes. With the most acute perception in those finger tips for every sensation in the line he waits until the fly has drifted with the current as far as is manageable, then it is swept back and again lightly cast, and the line will in a few moments, with ordinary luck, be tightened.

An evening-feeding fish is generally a good one, but he does not then rise violently. A gentle check and thrill simultaneously with the faint distant splash or ripple electrically inform the angler that he has hooked a fish. And now, though the first stage of his angling has been of the most reposeful kind, this one is full of excitement. Under the stimulus of the steel barb the trout is as full of activity as during the day he was of indolence; and playing a good fish in the twilight is a task which demands not only skill and patience, but a peculiar delicacy of hand. Local knowledge at this hour counts enormously. Herein are those who dwell by the river particularly fortunate.

The fish, as a rule, darts out into mid-stream and runs out the line accordingly. In the darkness the end of that line is not to be seen, and the fish's course has to be felt and guessed. Therefore the tyro or even the old hand who is a stranger to the course of the

river and its features, is at much disadvantage at this stage. Our angler, however, comes under neither of these definitions. His dexterous hand seems all nerves—some of them optic ones—and instinctively feels each direction which the big trout will erratically take. The fish slackens speed and sulks under the bank; the line is reeled up like lightning, for if *that* were to slacken too the trout would beat the angler. Then he swims round and round at a slow, puzzling pace. Anon he comes with much flouncing and splashing toward the water's surface, the sedgewarbler singing more loudly in accompaniment. These leaps and bounds of the trout make the most critical moments for the anxious angler on the bank. But science and patience tell. The fish's efforts grow feebler, and the fisherman has planted himself at a shelving place whose configuration he would know as well in midnight darkness as at brightest noon. Thither slowly with always light line he coaxes the trout, who with an occasional defiant flap is at last gently brought on the incline, and thence by a clever movement on the grass *Io triumphe!*

And now stooping over him the happy angler by the dim light examines his prize. A glorious three-pounder, in splendid color and condition, pink spotted on his silver sides! Such a fish as might be seen during the long hours of sunshine tantalizing the eager anglers on the bank, but who would then have despised all their lures. Not to every artist, however enthusiastic, is it given to land such a fish at this hour, however lucky he may be in hooking him. His captor may well feel proud, as, plucking a handful of the rich grass, he places it in his creel, and lays his prize gently, as if he loved him, on its softness.

And now quietude restored, the rise recommences here and there as the distant soft splashes show, and the angler, casting toward each sound, his hearing more acute than by day, resumes his sport. There is a sweetness in the air unknown to day. "The flowers a sweeter scent exhale." As the mists of night creep on they intensify the meadow odors. The humble and different grasses themselves, which the townsman looks on as all of one kind, something merely to tread on and make hay of, have their own delicate perfumes. There is the "weed," as he calls it, known as "dame's violet," which has a fragrance for those who stoop over it. The white evening campion is another. The hedgerows are beautiful with the wreaths and snowy flowers of the great bindweed, twining intricately among the crowded branches, and with feathery garlands of the wild clematis or prettily named traveller's joy. The river itself, could its floral wealth be seen, is a thing of beauty in its blossoms. Growing up amid rushes and the yellow iris the beautiful willow herb adorns the margin of the stream with its crimson blossoms, and at its slower bends that fairest of flowers, the white water-lily, though its ample snowy petals are closed for the night, reposes on the surface of the water. Truly the evening fisher is surrounded by beauties, lonely and eerie as the time may seem to those who have no sympathy with the gloaming. When to these is added the satisfaction of basketing two or three brace of the best trout in the stream by the most skilful handling it will be seen that few, if any, of the pleasures of life surpass, if they equal, those which are to the initiated so perennially satisfying as making up the delight of an angler's summer eve.—*Longman's Magazine.*

SOME REMINISCENCES OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM.

BY WEMYSS REID.

It is just forty years since I first entered the office of a daily newspaper, and with a boy's eager curiosity watched the various processes by which the sheet that fascinated me was produced. It was strictly as an amateur that I was ushered into that holy of holies in journalism, the editor's room. The newspaper bewitched me, and the one life that I thought worth living was that of the journalist. It followed, that some years before I was able to set my foot upon the first rung of the ladder of the press, I had begun to haunt newspaper offices in the fashion in which the stage-struck youth haunts the theatre, and thus it comes to pass that in placing on record some reminiscences of English journalism, I am able to recall at least two-thirds of the present reign. Only one who has witnessed the steady development of the newspaper press during forty years, and who has had opportunities of watching the process from the inside, can understand how enormous is the change, how astounding the increase in power, capacity and wealth that these forty years have witnessed in the British press.

My daily newspaper of 1857 was the *Northern Daily Express*, which if not the first daily newspaper published in the English provinces, must certainly rank second in that notable category. Its price was a penny; it consisted of four pages, about the size of the *Daily Mail*, and it was looked upon by newspaper men generally as the freak of a madman. Nobody believed then that daily newspapers could be made to pay in provincial towns. Only the most sanguine believed that a penny newspaper could ever hold its own against its high-priced rivals. It is not my purpose to weary my readers with personal reminiscences or experiences, but a description of the office of the *Northern Daily Express* in the year 1857, when I first became an occasional contributor to its columns, will point the contrast between the daily paper then and now.

The *Express* was published in Newcastle-on-Tyne, its office having been removed to that town from Darlington, where it was originally started in 1855 or 1856. Two rooms and a couple of cellars below them in a small dwelling-house in West Clayton Street provided all the accommodation that was required for the production of the paper. In one of the cellars a number of compositors worked at their frames; in the other was the small single-cylinder machine on which the sheet was printed. In the back room above there were more compositors, while the only remaining apartment—the front room on the ground floor—was so contrived as to pay a double debt. During the daytime it served as a publishing and advertisement office; but at six o'clock precisely the clerks departed and their place was taken by the editorial staff. At one desk was seated the sub-editor, at another the editor; in a corner behind the little counter the "reader" and his boy were engaged in their monotonous occupation, while the reporter found a place at the counter itself, and between the intervals of turning out "copy" received late advertisements or sold stray copies of the paper to chance customers. The journalist accustomed to the vast buildings which now serve the purpose of offices for our daily newspapers will be able to appreciate the contrast between the old days and these. It was certainly a humble spot that little room in West Clayton Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, where the editing of the *Northern Daily Express* in all its departments was carried on; yet no journalist can afford to despise it, for it was there that the penny daily newspaper of provincial England was really launched upon the world.

Nor must it be supposed that because the workshop was a poor one the work itself was bad. The editor of those days was unquestionably a man of genius, and he could hold his own as a writer against any of his successors in the world of journalism. It was

darkly rumored among the hangers-on of the establishment that Mr. M—— had been invited by the editor of the *Times* to accept a post as leader-writer on that great newspaper. Perhaps the story was not true; but, at least, it is certain that if he had accepted such a position Mr. M—— would not have disgraced it. His leaders, it is true, were very different from those which are now in vogue. He did not play the part of Jove and launch the thunderbolts of his dictatorial wrath against ambassadors and Cabinet ministers. A sense of the ridiculous, with which he was happily endowed, kept him from that particular kind of folly. When he wrote it was rather as the humorous philosopher, who watched the stream of life flowing past his feet and amused himself and his readers by pointing out some of the peculiarities and weaknesses of those who were struggling in the current. He generally began his leader with a story. It was almost always a good one. When you had read it you were in a good temper with the writer and quite disposed to acquiesce in the "application" with which, after the manner of the preacher, he followed his text. It was very seldom that he wrote upon what might be called a red-hot subject. He made no attempt to keep pace with the telegraphic news even in those days, when telegrams themselves were not particularly expeditious. A subject a week old seemed to him to be quite as good as one that had been flashed upon him within the hour. Nay, so completely did he differ from the journalist of to-day that he would lay a subject on one side for half a week at a stretch, in order that he might, as he expressed it, "steep his mind in it" before he attempted to discuss it in public. When he did discuss it you had the work of a scholar, a humorist, and an original thinker, turned out with as much regard to form as to substance. My editor was, in short, an essayist who would have prospered in the times of Addison and Steele. As I think of him, and contrast his brilliant little dissertations, with their polished epigrams and sub-current of scholarship, with the rough and ready "leading article" of 1897, I am filled with amazement—tinctured

with regret. What leisure has the editor of to-day for wit or scholarship, or the mere polishing of phrases?

In this my first newspaper office, and in the rival office in which a few years later I began my actual apprenticeship to journalism, the mechanical appliances in use differed wonderfully from those which are now employed in producing our daily newspapers. The machines upon which the impression of the day was printed turned off from 600 to 1000 copies an hour, printed on one side only. Every sheet had therefore to be passed through the machine a second time, and the production of a large edition was practically impossible. It was considered a great thing when Mr. Hoe introduced to us his wonderful three, four, six, and even ten-feeder rotary machines, by which the number of copies that could be printed within the hour was multiplied tenfold. These machines are now as hopelessly out of date in the great newspaper offices as the old Napier press itself. Nevertheless one must always think of them as the most imposing of all the printing presses which have assisted in the advance of journalism. A great Hoe machine of thirty years ago was like a castle or a man-of-war. The vast size, the number of men and boys clustered upon its various stages and engaged in feeding or delivering, the roar and rush of its wheels and rollers, made a great impression upon those who saw it at work. It seemed at that time that human ingenuity had reached its highest point in the provision of a fast-printing newspaper press. "Nothing can touch the Hoe!" was the exulting cry of newspaper managers in the sixties. Yet hardly had the seventies been ushered in before the Hoe was practically obsolete. A method of stereotyping the "formes" of movable type had been discovered which could be applied even to such rapid work as that of the daily press. A clever Belgian, if I remember aright, had found a compound of metals which could be hardened from a state of absolute fluidity in a few moments, so that ten minutes after a casting had been taken it was possible to print from it. This stereotyping had several advantages. First, it made

it possible to use more than one machine in printing the same sheet, so that by multiplying the machines the number of copies printed in the hour could be increased in the same ratio. Still more important, however, was the fact that the stereotype plate, being of solid metal, could be bent to any curve, and could thus be fitted upon a cylinder of any diameter. It was this which gave its real value to the process of stereotyping. A number of ingenious mechanics, including Hoe himself, at once set to work to produce a printing machine of a new class, in which the stereotype plates should be made to revolve upon a roller at any rate of speed that might be desired. In a few years we had in succession the Walter, the Hoe, and the Victory web-printing machines, and it is by machines of this class that our daily newspapers are now produced. Without tormenting my readers with figures, I will explain what these machines can do. A "reel" of paper, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, is "fed" into the machines with extraordinary rapidity; the machine prints it, cuts each successive copy of the paper from the long roll, folds it and delivers it complete at a rate varying from 15,000 to 20,000 copies an hour. Nor is this all. If the newspaper consists, say, of ten pages instead of eight, the additional two pages are printed simultaneously from another reel, and are inserted at their proper place and actually gummed into the newspaper by these marvellous machines without any diminution of the speed! The machine does it all, be it remembered. No human hand touches the paper while it is going through these processes. There is the blank roll of paper at one end of the machine, while at the other end the complete journal, with its burden of news and thought, is being delivered, folded as when it reaches your breakfast-table, at the rate of speed I have mentioned.

When I became editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, in 1870, there was a stalwart old man still employed on that journal who in former days had pulled the hand-press upon which the whole impression of the paper was printed. Before I retired from my editorship, in

1887, four or five of these marvellous web-printing machines were required to do the work which, in his youth, this old man had accomplished by himself. Without the invention of these machines, and the means they afford for the unlimited multiplication of the printed copies of a newspaper within the shortest possible space of time, the newspaper press could never have attained its present position in the world. It is not, therefore, to the mere journalist that the credit for the expansion of modern journalism alone belongs. That credit must be shared with him by the mechanic and the engineer.

Forty years ago, and even later, our newspapers, even the best of them, gave us the news of the day before yesterday. To-day it is with yesterday's news only that they concern themselves; while the evening newspapers, which in the last ten years have played so prominent a part in journalism, keep still closer in the race to flying Time, and deal only with the events of the last twelve hours. This means, of course, that the telegraph has come into the full service of the press. For many years after the electric telegraph had been established this was not the case. Newspaper proprietors did not trust it. They disliked its costliness, and they had good reason to question its accuracy. If a Prime Minister or some one in a corresponding position had to make a great speech in a provincial town in the early sixties, the London newspapers sent their own reporters to take notes of the speech, and either waited to publish it *verbatim* on the second day after its delivery, or employed a special train to carry the reporters back to town with the speech in time for its publication the next morning. Special trains were indeed greatly in vogue with enterprising newspapers thirty years ago. But in 1870 the Government acquired the telegraphs, and forthwith there began a new era. Cheap rates of telegraphing were accorded to the press, wonderful new instruments for transmitting messages at a speed never dreamt of before were introduced, and "special wires" were leased both to London and provincial newspapers on favorable terms. What this meant will be seen

from a single fact. A daily provincial newspaper which in 1870 published on an average less than half a column of telegraphic news in each impression, seven years later published regularly a minimum of twelve columns of news received by telegraph. The great provincial newspapers were thus enabled to compete on something like equal terms with the London dailies. They had their branch offices in Fleet Street, connected with the central office in Glasgow or Leeds by special wires; they had their sub-editors and reporters in town, and their representatives in the Press Gallery in the House of Commons. In short, between 1870 and 1873 the provincial press invaded London, and acquired a foothold there from which it is never likely to be displaced. One result of this change in the conditions of provincial journalism was very notable. Prior to 1870 the editor of a daily newspaper published in the country never thought of commenting upon any of the great questions of the day until he had seen what the London newspapers had to say upon the subject. This rule was so inflexible that even when a ministerial crisis occurred, and the Government was defeated by a parliamentary vote, no provincial daily ventured to discuss the event until after the editor had seen the comments of the London journals. But in 1870 all this was changed by the necessities of the time. The telegraphic news reached Leeds or Edinburgh in sufficient time to allow the editor, if he chose, to comment upon it in the copy of the paper in which it was printed. His old days of leisure were at an end. He could no longer stroll down to his office in the early afternoon, glance through the London newspapers of the morning, pen an article upon some subject which had been duly discussed by the metropolitan press, and then go home to his dinner with the happy consciousness that his work was over for the day. By invading London in search of special news he had become the rival, and could therefore no longer afford to remain a mere copyist of the London press. Thus it came about that the provincial press acquired a new standpoint, and new influence in the

counsels of the nation. Its utterances, whether wise or foolish, were no longer mere echoes; they were its own.

The London press was not slow to respond to this new rivalry on the part of the provinces. Though its conductors still professed to despise provincial enterprise, they were not so foolish as to refuse to follow the example thus set them. The special wires which connected the great country newspapers with London were followed by other special wires which connected the London dailies with Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and even in the case of the *Times* with Calcutta. It cannot be necessary to impress upon the reader the wonderful excellence of the service of foreign news which is now provided for him in the great London newspapers. Let him look at the page in his *Times* of this morning—of any morning which is devoted to foreign telegrams, and think of the capital, the enterprise, the brains and the labor that have gone to produce it. Sixty years ago it would have baffled the wealth of the Rothschilds and the brain of Shakespeare to bring such a service of news as this into existence. Now we accept it, morning by morning, without a word of recognition. Yet that page is an open window through which the stay-at-home reader is permitted to see for himself what is happening in the most distant quarters of the world. Nor has the *Times* any monopoly of the improvement in the supply of foreign news which has been so marked a feature in the recent development of the press. Thanks to Reuter, there is not a provincial newspaper in England which does not supply better telegraphic news from abroad than could be found thirty years ago in any newspaper in the world.

The reader will, I fear, begin to weary of the laudatory strain in which I have spoken so far of the great changes that have been witnessed in journalism within my own experience of the press. But it is the simple truth that has been told him. By the improvement of printing machines, by the development of the telegraphic system, and by the invention of telephones and pneumatic tubes (both of which are largely used in newspaper

offices), the newspapers of our country have within forty years undergone a wonderful transformation, and have become infinitely more serviceable as purveyors of intelligence from all parts of the world than they ever were before. The American press runs them hard, it is true, in these matters; in some respects it has outstripped them. But taken as a whole, and regarding not merely the fulness and freshness, but the trustworthiness of the news which our papers bring to us from every corner of the world, one may say without fear of contradiction that they occupy a position of unrivalled supremacy in contemporary journalism.

There are other sides, however, to my subject, and in dealing with them a tone of unqualified laudation is no longer possible. The contrast I have already noted between the leading articles of my first editor, Mr. M—, and those of the ordinary journalist of to-day is eminently characteristic of one of the changes which the Press has witnessed during the present reign. In its eager desire to present its readers with the freshest news, red hot from the forge of destiny, it has sacrificed all desire for literary excellence of form. But something more than mere literary form is sacrificed by this haste. An article that is written on the spur of the moment, having for its text a telegram that has suddenly made known, in the barest words, a change of policy of far-reaching importance on the part of some foreign Power, for example, cannot, in the nature of things, possess much real value. There are, of course, subjects upon which first thoughts are just as valuable as any after-thoughts can be. But there are others upon which the first obvious reflections of the leader-writer can hardly fail to be almost grotesquely wide of the mark. Nowadays, however, the newspaper must deal with the latest topic of the day, without regard to insufficiency of information, or to complications which make it impossible to form an accurate judgment of the bearings of the question without close and careful study. The misfortune is that the public does not realize the very slight materials on which the

first slapdash leading article on some startling piece of news has been founded, and does not see that the article itself is little more than the first hasty impressions of a clever man of letters, writing on a subject which he has not been allowed time to "think out." This vice of hasty work has in recent years been extended to book reviewing in our daily papers. An important work, published, say, in two large octavo volumes, is sent out by the publisher at six o'clock in the evening. Next morning the daily paper will contain what purports to be a criticism of the book extending to two or three columns. Real criticism under such conditions is obviously impossible.

Just as the leading articles in the press of to-day have ceased to be essays, and have become much more like speeches, in which if the forcibleness of a speech is not wanting its looseness of phrase and occasional haziness of thought are also to be found, so in its descriptive writing it has completely changed its style, and changed it mainly for the worse. Thirty or forty years ago, when any great spectacle was offered to the world, be it a battle or a coronation, an international prize-fight or the union of two continents by means of the electric cable, our leading newspapers gave us an account of it which it was a pleasure to read. The art of descriptive writing had then been brought to its highest point, and such men as Dr. Howard Russell and the late Nicholas Wood had shown that the pen could present almost as graphic and realistic a picture of a pageant or a physical catastrophe as the brush of the artist or the camera of the photographer. In those days even the *Times* did not think it beneath its dignity to give us once a year a spirited picture of Epsom Downs on the Derby Day. I do not say that this particular thing was in itself worth doing; but the fact remains that it was done, and done with as much care as though the descriptive writer had been penning a chapter of Macaulay's *History* or of *Bleak House*.

All this has been changed under the new journalism. Descriptive writing of the old school is now unknown, and the hapless descriptive writer who once

was so important a member of the staff of every great newspaper is now one of the unemployed. He may occasionally succeed in getting a bit of his characteristic work into one of the monthly magazines, but the newspapers will have none of it, the editors clearly believing that their readers are too busy to be troubled with artistic descriptions of anything. If this were the only change that had taken place there would be little ground for complaint. But unfortunately in too many instances, while the old descriptive writer has been dismissed, his place has been taken by the new journalist—that is to say, by a man or woman who believes that his or her own personality is a subject of supreme interest to the world at large, and who insists upon thrusting it upon the reader, who merely wishes to know how a royal procession looked as it passed along the streets, or in what style a particular horse has won the Derby. The new journalist when writing his account of a ceremony talks as much about himself as about the event he has to describe. And his talk is too often such foolish, purposeless egotism. He tells you of his disagreement with his landlady in the morning on the subject of the blacking of his boots, of his conversation with the crossing-sweeper or omnibus conductor whom he encountered by the way. He introduces you to his friends, real or imaginary, and invites you to join them in the various adventures through which they pass in attending the royal procession or the race for the Derby. This is the fashion in which the new descriptive writer performs his task, and an old-fashioned journalist must ask to be forgiven if he fails to appreciate it. Frankly, I cannot imagine that the ordinary reader when he turns to the report of some public function or some great accident desires to be taken into the confidence of the reporter, and to be enlightened about his deeds and ideas rather than about the subject of which this very self-sufficient gentleman is supposed to be writing.

This, however, is only one of the features of that egotism of the press of which we see so much more nowadays than we did formerly. Some journal-

ists may regard the fact that the personality of the newspaper man bulks so much more largely in the press than it used to do as proof of the increased importance of the part he plays in the world. Without denying the fact that his importance has increased, I own that I wish he could impress this truth upon us in a pleasanter fashion. The old reporter or descriptive writer or political critic had his faults, but at least he believed it to be his duty to stick to his text and to refrain from thrusting himself and his special likes and dislikes upon the attention of his readers.

No more striking change has taken place in the position of the press during the last thirty or forty years than that which has occurred in its relations with Parliament and with political parties. When I first went into the Reporter's Gallery of the House of Commons, in 1867, the men in the gallery were cut off by a gulf that seemed to be absolutely impassable from the members of the House. Those were much simpler and less ceremonious days than the present. As a member of "the gallery," I had the free run of the inner lobby, and could enter it whenever I wished, even when attended by a batch of country cousins who wanted to see our political leaders at close quarters. But in those days the idea of "lobbying" was absolutely unknown. No newspaper man—except one or two editors of London dailies and the head of the *Times* reporting staff—ever thought of accosting a member of Parliament or of questioning him upon any matter of public interest. Parliament and the press had each its own sphere, and stuck to it rigidly. I remember the case of an innocent youth who, on the very first night on which he sat in the gallery, had the misfortune to be addressed by a member of Parliament who was one of his own personal friends. He was forthwith warned by the Nestors of the Fourth Estate that such conduct on his part was "bad form," and must not be repeated if he wished to stand well with his colleagues. The newspaper men of those days respected the members of the House and had no wish to intrude upon them. But, on

the other hand, they respected themselves, and honestly desired to be left alone, even by their superiors. They resented patronage and personal influence fiercely, and were bitter in their contempt toward those journalists whom they suspected of being susceptible to either. "Where did you hear that?" asked a man in the gallery in my hearing of one of his colleagues. "I heard it at the Reform Club," was the answer, given meekly. "At the Reform Club! Oh, I see; from the hall porter!" was the savage retort. The last thing that the newspaper man of those days—the predecessor of the modern lobbyist—desired to obtrude was his personal acquaintance with the politicians whose speeches he reported and criticised.

If I mistake not, lobbying, like so many other features of the press of to-day, was introduced by the provincial newspapers. The "local member" was anxious to see himself represented in the local journal, and as there were many matters of importance to his own constituents to which the London newspapers paid no attention, he naturally sought the aid of the correspondents and representatives of the papers published in his own locality. The more intelligent of these correspondents did not long confine their attention to purely local questions. They sought information from the members for whose constituents they wrote on larger matters of public interest. It followed that for several years the earliest and most authentic political news was to be found in certain great provincial newspapers. Men turned to the London correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Scotsman*, or the *Leeds Mercury* in order to see what was happening behind the scenes in Parliament. These London correspondents were the first lobbyists in the House of Commons. By-and-by some of the London papers began to realize the fact that there was a rich mine of information to be worked in the lobby, and at last even the *Times*, despite its regard for old traditions, boldly set up a lobby correspondent of its own. Thus was brought about one of the most remarkable and revolutionary of the developments which the

press has undergone during the present reign. I leave it for the older members of the House of Commons to say whether the change has been wholly for the public good.

There is something worse than the egotism of the journalist. This is his *Wegotism*—if I may adopt a word invented, I believe, by Sir William Harcourt. The journalist who, by virtue of his command of the "We," thunders forth his decrees as though he were throned upon Mount Sinai is only too familiar an object in modern journalism. But he is by no means so new a figure as people are apt to suppose. He was known forty or fifty years ago. At that time, however, he was essentially provincial. It was the *Skibbereen Eagle* which cried "Let Lord Palmerston beware! Our eye is upon him." It was the *Little Peddlington Gazette* that dealt with Lord John Russell in the faithful style in which a schoolmaster deals with an erring pupil. In those days men used to laugh at these delightful flights of the editorial imagination. It never entered into our minds to suppose that we should live to see the day when these provincial braggarts would find their imitators in the editors of London daily newspapers.

Yet it would be folly to deny that there is more foundation for this kind of bragging now than there was in the old days of the *Skibbereen Eagle*. The power of the press is recognized far more freely and more openly than it ever was before, and its influence upon political affairs is unquestionably more direct than at any previous period in its history. Not that it is a new thing for statesmen to work in combination with the newspapers. Minister and journalist have always acted together; but until recently their co-operation was concealed from the world at large. In the later fifties and the early sixties, when Lord Palmerston resided at Cambridge House, Piccadilly, now the home of the Naval and Military Club, Lady Palmerston used to hold a reception almost every Saturday evening during the season. The whole political world was wont to gather in her *salon*—the last of its class. Mr. De-lane, the distinguished editor of the *Times*, was a regular visitor at Cam-

bridge House, and the initiated in those days used to turn to the first leading article in the *Times* on Monday morning, in order to get the earliest information of any political change of importance that was impending. Not seldom was their curiosity gratified. But the astute editor never pretended to have any special knowledge, nor did he ever thump the big drum and order ministers to do his bidding. His habit was to suggest that in certain contingencies a particular course was that which it would be well for the Government to adopt. The paper proffered its advice with every appearance of deference. Its reward, so far as the outside world was concerned, was to be found in the fact that ministers seemed to have accepted the recommendation thus tendered to them. But the initiated knew that the advice was only given because a hint had been dropped at Cambridge House, and the editor had undertaken to pave the way for the new departure on the part of ministers. The relations between journalist and statesman in those days were probably as close and confidential as they have ever been since; but they were decorously veiled from the public eye, and when Richard Cobden, greatly daring, alluded in public to Mr. Delane's presence in the *salons* of Cambridge House, he was sternly rebuked for outraging the sanctity of private life.

To-day our journalist tells us in the plainest English that he has just been talking with this right honorable gentleman or the other, and has learned from him some fact closely affecting his own department or the policy of the ministry of which he is a member. There is no resort to roundabout phrases in order to conceal the identity of the journalist's informant. The conversation which may have been whispered in the lobby at Westminster is forthwith proclaimed from the house-tops of Fleet Street. And while the lobbyist deals in this frank fashion with his sources of information, the editor is even more unceremonious. As "the high priest of King Demos," he treats the statesman as a subordinate whose duty it is to obey the will of his master, as that will is interpreted

by the journalist. There is no trace now of the deferential air with which Mr. Delane in the old days tendered his advice to a minister in perplexity. No priesthood was ever more arrogant than this priesthood of the press.

It may all be for the best. The aggressiveness and apparent vanity of the modern newspaper may simply be the inevitable outcome of its changed position in the world, its changed relationship to society and the State. But journalists of the older school must be excused if they fail to appreciate the chief features of the new journalism—its brusqueness, its personality, its familiarity, and the extraordinary air of superior wisdom with which it treats all who come within its purview. It would be unfair to say that the new journalists must bear the whole responsibility for this change in the attitude of the press toward the public. The public has chosen to accept the newspaper in this new light, and the journalist is not to be blamed for profiting by that acceptance. How can he be expected to set a lower value upon his office and its functions than that at which they are appraised by so many eminent persons, eager to make use of them for their own advancement?

But if among the many changes which have occurred in the newspaper world during the period under review, there are some to which old-fashioned journalists find it difficult to reconcile themselves, there is happily one point as to which there can be no dispute. The newspaper press of to-day is not only better informed and better equipped for the discussion of public affairs than was the press of forty years ago; it is also far more earnest and sincere. The old idea of the journalist as a bravo, whose pen was to be bought for any cause or by any individual, is now utterly exploded. The modern newspaper man not only has views of his own, but is at least as resolute in maintaining them and in asserting his own consistency as any ordinary politician. Even when he urges his cause with what some may deem undue heat and zeal, his sincerity is beyond dispute, and he only speaks with warmth from the strength of his convictions. Nor can it be disputed that journalism as a

profession is drawing to it a band of recruits who bid fair to prove themselves worthy of the extended power and influence which the press now claims. As I lay down my pen, I recall a score of friends whom I knew in bygone days, who lived for the profession they adorned and who died in its ranks. In no class of society have I

ever met men more worthy of an unlimited trust and affection. It is pleasant to think that as the old generation passes away a new one is taking its place, and that this new generation seems likely to prove at least not less worthy of its vocation than that which preceded it.—*Nineteenth Century*.

SHERIDAN.*

BY JAMES GRAHAME.

A WHOLE generation of notables has passed away since the death of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. A few veterans, such as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. C. P. Villiers, who were lads at that time, have alone survived.

A lifetime such as Sheridan's, bounded at the outset with the dying embers of the uprising of the Scottish clans under "Prince Charlie," and at its close with the battle of Waterloo, is nobly framed to hold a glowing picture of events and of men.

The conquest of India, the conquest of Canada, the beginning of the colonization of Australia, the American War of Independence, the first French Revolution, our war with the French Consulate and the Empire, the naval triumphs of Britain (when the sea glories of the Elizabethan days of England were repeated and excelled and culminated in the death of Nelson in the arms of victory in Trafalgar Bay), and the long land conflict, which was ended and crowned by the total overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo; these events, with such domestic interludes as the Irish Rebellion of 1798 and the Irish Act of Union, constitute a series almost unparalleled in history.

It was during their occurrence that Sheridan trod his earthly pilgrimage. In his life we have the mirrored record of the time as participated in by a most illustrious man; one gifted by nature with surprising parts, but hav-

ing no other capital than a brave soul and a clear intellect.

No less than four books have been written professing to give a full account of Sheridan's life. Mr. Fraser Rae's will probably be the last, seeing that he has had material from family and other sources before him, supplementary to much that Moore possessed, or of which Moore did not avail himself if he had it, and by means of which Mr. Fraser Rae satisfactorily disposes of the malevolent stories of Watkins, corrects the gross blunders of Mr. Fitzgerald, and proves that "Octogenarian" must have drawn freely on his imagination for his stated facts, while Lord Dufferin has pronounced Mr. Fraser Rae's *Sheridan* to be the best picture which has been or can be given of his great-grandfather.

Such a work, containing not only many new facts, but controverting many false traditions by authentic and indisputable evidence, cannot be lightly reviewed as a non-controversial publication might be. It must be read with a judicial mind applied to every page, and I cannot help thinking that most of the writers who reviewed it offhand in the daily press upon its appearance read it through an habitual medium of fallacies and distortions without weighing the contained evidence, absolutely dispelling myths, which Mr. Fraser Rae abundantly and conclusively supplies.

The first review in a daily paper which I read appeared in the *Standard*, certainly in tone and matter far from friendly or generous or flattering—so much so as to excite me to study the

* *Sheridan*. A Biography. By W. Fraser Rae. With an Introduction by Sheridan's Great-grandson the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Two vols. London: Richard Bentley & Sons, 1896.

book for myself and to watch carefully the critiques which followed. I have now read it with added pleasure three times—not altogether for the sake of the fascinating character of the man therein described, but for the delightful power it bestows of realizing the men and the mental and political phases of the interesting period during which Sheridan lived. No one who carefully reads Mr. Fraser Rae's *Sheridan* can fail to agree with me that it is *Sheridan* as "he lived, and moved, and had his being," and that previous accounts of his career are either blundering eulogies or caricatures, or malicious fables.

The introduction written by Lord Dufferin is characteristically graceful. The genial charm of his ancestor shines in every sentence. Every one who has met Lord Dufferin must have felt that spell and will now feel it again.

It is useful in scanning a page of family history to know exactly the present position in respect of the point of departure, and that, I think, can best be done by a short note of lineage such as I here interpolate :

"Richard Brinsley Sheridan (born 1751), second son of Thomas Sheridan, educationist, elocutionist, and theatrical manager, married (1st) Elizabeth Ann Linley, and after her death (2d) Esther Jane Ogle. Of the first marriage only one male child survived infancy—Thomas Sheridan, who married Caroline Henrietta, a daughter of Colonel Callander, of Craigforth, Stirlingshire. Three of the girl children of Thomas Sheridan became famous in the worlds of literature and of fashion. *Helena Selina*, who married (1st) Lord Dufferin and *Clandeboyne*, and (2d) the eldest brother of the present Marquess of Tweeddale; *Caroline Elizabeth*, who as poet and personage is best known to us as the Hon. Mrs. Norton, although she linked her life in her later days, as his second wife, with Sir William Stirling Maxwell, of Pollok and Keir (better known in these fast fading times in the political, literary, and social world as William Stirling of Keir); and *Jane Georgiana*, who became Duchess of Somerset."

Can anything be more bewildering—I nearly said bewitching—than to see these three great-granddaughters of a struggling Irish teacher of elocution raised by the genius of their grandfather, and by their inherited mental and personal endowments from him and from their grandmother, to the first place among their contemporaries?

NEW SERIES.—VOL. LXVI., No. 3.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's male line is continued in and represented by Mr. Algernon Sheridan, of Frampton Court, Dorset, into whose possession the Sheridan papers have passed.

Facsimiles of some of these papers appear in *Sheridan*—among them a letter written by him when a lonely boy at Harrow, and another written the year before his death, praising Scott's *Waverley*, which had then taken the world by storm.

The family portraits interspersed (some of them made public for the first time) enhance the value and interest of the book:

Sheridan began life without the advantage of much family affection or paternal aid. His mother, who clearly was the matrix of his *mind*, died in early life, leaving behind her two sons, Charles Francis and Richard Brinsley—the subject of this biography—and two daughters. Richard Brinsley was barely tolerated by his father and elder brother, but had the happy possession of the chief love of his sisters. From beginning to end, Sheridan's father showed and proclaimed his preference for the mediocre intelligence and narrow, self-satisfied, selfish character of Charles Francis, and appeared almost to resent the commanding qualities of his second son. Long before the time when the latter found lucrative employment for his father in exchange for his neglect, and a profitable place for his brother in exchange for his unbrotherly conduct, Sheridan's mother showed, by her chivalrous admiration of her truly commonplace and conceited husband, a nobility of temper and a sweetness and energy of disposition of which her husband and elder son were conspicuously devoid, but which were reproduced in the richly kind and generous nature of Richard Brinsley. From her, too, he appears to have inherited an original and constructive wit and an intelligence which he developed to their highest and happiest point.

The shambling, stumbling career of Thomas Sheridan the elder, sheltered or aided as it was by the love and ability of his too devoted wife, offers a curious contrast to the favoritism which he bestowed on Charles Francis,

his *alter ego*, and his neglect of Richard Brinsley's youth, and his purblind refusal to acknowledge his younger son's abilities, but otherwise to decry him, even when his social and literary triumph was as complete to him as it was beneficial to his father and his brother.

But for an affectionate uncle, who paid for Richard Brinsley's education at Harrow, nay, even for the very mourning clothes for his mother (which the poor boy, in a touching letter, wrote for), he might have slipped mute and inglorious to the grave.

Not that his almost irrepressible intellect might, as that of Burns in a different sphere, have burst from the placid landscape, and towered, perhaps, a grander and more independent object than it is, but he would have then not possessed—the want of which possession was the splitting rock of the Bard of Coila—the social and classical knowledge and associations which in after days enabled Sheridan to sail the same seas with the great ones of his day and generation.

I can see the poetic boy (in the same place where I have imagined I saw Childe Harold) dreaming, musing, and counting up the wealth of his mental stores, and amassing the many faceted views of life and thought and manners with which he afterward dazzled the social, literary and political world.

Sheridan went to Harrow at the age of eleven, rather sooner than most would send their sons there now, but not so soon as Sir Robert Orme, who was sent to Harrow, if I remember right, when he was eight years of age.

The mention of Orme leads me to diverge to an interesting feature of Mr. Fraser Rae's book. It is not only instructive, but suggestive reading.

The allusions therein to descriptive literature affecting the places and persons associated with Sheridan's life inevitably lead one to the pages of Burke, of Smollett, of Thackeray, and Dickens, and by implication to those of Richardson, Johnson, Goldsmith, Addison, Steele, and Fielding. Mr. Fraser Rae has not only most usefully directed his readers to such writers as have embellished and described the scenery of Sheridan's career, but has

recalled to the present generation the agreeable garrulities of Horace Walpole and James Boswell; the elegant moral depravity of Chesterfield; the didactic utterances of Hannah More, Miss Burney, and Jane Austen; the coarse, but truthful comments of Smollett; all relieved by the soothing and elevating intervention of such minds and deeds as those of Wilberforce and Burke and Grattan and Canning.

Sheridan's school life needs no bush. Carved there we can see the schoolboy's initials—then so neglected, now so honored. Harrow is proud of the accident which directed such a genius, poet, politician, and great Liberal to its doors. Little did the Tufthunters of that day know what was there in that poor boy lamenting his threadbare garments—a boy that future Tufthunters would plume themselves upon.

Space will not permit of more than a rapid sketch of Sheridan's authenticated career, with which I purpose to deal in three parts—his social and private life, his literary life, and his political life—in so far as they can be disentangled from the general warp and woof.

I have already adverted to his domestic relations, which had their bitter and their sweet; his sister, Mrs. Le Fanu, was sweet indeed. He was blessed, however, in meeting a friend still sweeter.

His early male friendships seem to have been somewhat restricted, but of the highest type. That with Halhed showed how the latter had discovered in his Harrow companion a great literary genius and power, but it amounted to little more; the *perfidum ingenuum* that was in Sheridan was only reflected on the more mercantile mind of Halhed.

The most remarkable of Sheridan's friendships is that with Thomas Grenville, most honorable to Grenville for his instant perception of and love for Sheridan on account of his qualities and the charming attraction of his nature, and to Sheridan for the resolute declaration that the friendship, if it was to be, was one between man and man, on equal terms.

The letters they exchange might have been written by knights-errant of

the days of Froissart, so full are they of chivalry and proud self-maintenance.

Then comes the unfailing fair enslaver on the field.

At Bath, a Mr. Linley, with a son and several daughters, gave concerts.

The eldest daughter (afterward Mrs. Sheridan) had every personal charm that nature could bestow. She was surrounded by all kinds of suitors, and had the misfortune to be under the guardianship of a mercenary father, who made his income out of his children's vocal power and personal beauty, the chief source being his eldest daughter. It can only be said that she always was dutiful to him, and that in his own way he meant to be a kind father to her.

A ruffian called Mathews—quite a suitable study for one of Smollett's darkest portraits—resident at Bath, persecuted Miss Linley with an abominable pursuit. A rich old gentleman would have given her wealth and position as his wife. Fortunately the ruffian was foiled, and the wealthy suitor behaved magnanimously when he found that Miss Linley's heart was engaged. Afterward she refused the hand of Sir Thomas Clarges, preferring that of poor Richard Brinsley Sheridan. It seems as if each genius had instinctively recognized its destined mate.

The insulting pursuit of Mathews (who appears to have had some sort of power or claim over the Linley family) produced the dramatic elopement of Sheridan with Miss Linley to France, their secret marriage there, and her simultaneous retreat into a convent, from which she was removed by her father. For this act of Quixotic gallantry Sheridan had to fight two duels with Mathews, who publicly insulted him. In the first he disarmed Mathews and accepted an apology; but, in the second, following a renewed public insult, Sheridan was nearly killed by his adversary, who attacked him disarmed and defenceless in a most murderous fashion.

When lying wounded and ill, Sheridan, to console him, incurred the furious resentment of his father, and received a letter from Charles Francis, brimful of patronizing virtue and re-

proach. His father prohibited him from entertaining the idea of marriage with Miss Linley, to whom he was already irregularly married.

Then came doubt and distraction between Miss Linley and Sheridan, he biding his time, she fearing that he had abandoned her.

But "the falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love," and one fine morning, April 6, 1773, Sheridan became a member of the Middle Temple, and seven days afterward he was united in the bonds of holy matrimony with Elizabeth Ann Linley, his invalid marriage in France being then also rendered valid in England.

That his life with Miss Linley as his first wife was on the whole happy and mutually delightful, their correspondence and the matter supplied by Mr. Fraser Rae prevents any doubt. Let any conscientious writer place on record his own or his dearest friend's experience and subject it to the Sneerwells and Candids, and Backbites, and Snakes that fastened on the life of Sheridan, and see whether these would emerge from the fiery ordeal as Sheridan has done.

Of his second marriage it is not necessary to say much. Without being a success, his second wife seems to have been really attached to him and he generously kind to her.

What has perpetuated and will most perpetuate Sheridan's name is his literary work. It will be a long time indeed before English literature and old English ways are so forgotten that Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, Charles and Joseph Surface, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, Mrs. Malaprop and Bob Acres do not "draw," along with *She Stoops to Conquer*, *High Life Below Stairs*, and *The Beggar's Opera*, the latter connected with the names of Goldsmith and of Gay. *The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *The Duenna*, and *The Critic* are enough to keep the literary name of Sheridan perennially green.

Manifold are the advantages of a dramatic author, or a musical composer, or a painter. Milton had as great a mind as Shakespeare and so had Bacon, but the dramatic stage has preserved and continually presents the memory of Shakespeare just as it will

preserve and present the memory of Goldsmith and Gay and Sheridan.

In the same way the operatic stage preserves and presents the memory of such masters as Handel, Mozart, Rossini, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and many others. I speak of those I love. So the features limned by Vandyke, or Titian, or Rubens, or Sir Joshua Reynolds, or Lely, or Lawrence, or Gainsborough, or Raeburn, or Romney, and, last of all, Millais, will gaze upon us and upon future generations, with following eyes, from our walls.

The drama, music, and personal portrait go down in an unbroken stream of presentation to the men of all times. They are never for one moment out of observation.

After Sheridan's first dramatic effort the world was at his feet, and in that respect remained there through his life.

But he then disclosed another and totally different phase of mind and of power. He became as instantaneously a politician of the first rank.

He resolved to enter Parliament, and did so. I never pass Newark without a memory and a reverence. I never shall pass Stafford now without the same. For from Newark Mr. Gladstone, and from Stafford Sheridan, respectively started on their future brilliant parliamentary careers.

In a House of Commons where Burke and Fox and Pitt, in the fulness of their practice or hereditary grasp of politics, were notable, Sheridan, as if by nature born, came gayly to the front, and as a debater from the first moment could hold his own, owing to the serenity of his temper, with the Great Commoner himself. As for the smaller fry they were at his mercy.

It is quite impossible to try to follow the curious transformation scenes in the House of Commons and in the country during Sheridan's time—transformations which were the product of subservient Ministers, ambitious personalities—overawed or whetted by an honest but stupid and obstinate monarch, whose simple creed was, I am the King, and the King can do no wrong. To do him justice, he sincerely desired to do what was right, and no one who reads the lives of *The Four Georges*

but will say that George III. was an honest man, and meant to be a benevolent father to his people.

The temptations offered by such a position to politicians to compromise their principles were inevitable. Fox slipped; North compounded; and so, by their subsequent breakdown, paved the way to the autocracy of Pitt. Sheridan comes out clear of self-seeking purpose or of sacrifice of personal principle. To understand the political episode, this biography of Sheridan is a great help. A most important episode it was with regard to Sheridan's parliamentary career; which was simple, explicit, and independent from first to last. He never trimmed nor hid his sentiments, and he never asked for nor was offered any distinction or reward for his brilliant and devoted services to the Liberal party.

Three supremely great matters came under parliamentary notice in Sheridan's time. I do not take them in actual chronological date, for the distance of time now places them nearly at an equal focal distance, but are brought nearest to our eyes by recent events. I begin with the Irish Act of Union.

I personally believe, and have proved my belief, that the Irish Act of Union was a good thing for Ireland and for the United Kingdom, but I am obliged to admit that the method of that Union was openly corrupt and was bound to bear, and has borne and still bears, the bitter fruit of its original conception in sin.

Sheridan boldly challenged the Bill as one which ought not to be passed unless it was clearly based on the manifest consent of the Parliaments of both countries. Pitt, however, carried his point, but the event proved that Sheridan was right. Pitt had the idea that he might atone for a bribed Act of Union and salve the wound of national feeling by the subsequent removal of Roman Catholic disabilities and by the endowment of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland. But there he counted without his King. In any case, and however intended, the Irish Act of Union was corruptly obtained and fatally premature.

In the matter of the American War

of Independence, Sheridan exhibited a clear perception of the colonial rights, and appeared in eloquent debate on that side, and had a share in the direction of those negotiations which in 1782 resulted in treaties of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United States of America. His letters at this time are full of suggestive thought.

It may seem trivial, but it is not uninteresting to find that General Burgoyne, who brought an army to disaster at Saratoga, afterward contributed a successful play, *The Heiress*, to Sheridan's stage at Drury Lane.

The third is the trial of Warren Hastings, which extended over a period of seven years. That corruption, tyranny and extortion were prevalent in those days, when the distant and high-handed authority of a chartered company were maintained for the commercial advantage of Great Britain, cannot honestly be denied. That the charge against Hastings, supported by such men as Burke and Sheridan, resulted in an acquittal on the accused paying £70,000, is as significant as the Scottish verdict of "Not proven." And it must be noted that Warren Hastings challenged the impeachment and forced its results upon himself.

A man who has had his life four times written within eighty years, who was the friend of Burke and Johnson, of Garrick and Canning, of Fox and Gibbon, of Adam Smith and Boswell, who wrote the best plays, and married, perhaps, the most lovely woman of her day; who in private life was brave, generous, and affectionate, and who in public life took his place on even terms with the highest in the land; who was painted by Reynolds, had his monody written by Byron, and has his resting-place in Westminster Abbey, can disdain posthumous criticism.

I approach the end of this paper, and feel it impossible to adequately review the career of such an exceptional man and of such an exceptional book. The man was a romantic lover, an unconscious genius, a born orator, a statesman, a dramatist, and a man of fashion.

One must submit him as he was,

with light flashing from every angle of his singular composition.

That Sheridan's last days were passed among the ruins of his theatrical, political and domestic life is well known and deeply to be deplored; but it is consoling to know at last, on undoubted authority, that the stupid and malevolent tales of neglect and destitution, which have to some extent obtained credence hitherto, are attributable partly to envy and malice, and partly to some diseased imagination.

Concerning the structure of Mr. Fraser Rae's book, it has not been free from difficulties, which he has overcome. It differs from an original biography, for it could not pursue an even tenor of its own. Partaking strongly of the nature of a critical review of previous biographies, it has continually to halt, for the purpose of clearing away the mistakes and misrepresentations of previous writers. It cannot, therefore, adopt the careless style, or be read with the same haste as other works written *currente calamo*, and without a challenger in the field. It must be read with pains, and if so perused the reader will be amply rewarded.

Throughout the whole story there thrills a strong, passionate, exalted soul, and there shines an intellect as brilliant as it was unique.

Sheridan's biography reminds one of that magic bottle from which the wizards of our youth would by turns serve draughts of port or sherry, or rum or milk, but perhaps still more, in a happier way, of that store of rose leaves, and of sweet and bitter spices, with which our grandmothers made their bowls of fragrance, bringing back to their hearts the summer flush and bloom of their lives; and even now to us the memory of old days, of old ways, and of themselves adorned with quaint beauty and endeared by loving deeds.

Over the grave of Sheridan—so gifted, so noble, so happy once, and afterward so stricken—how pleasant it is to write, "He sleeps!" Nor would any one who loved him wish to break that slumber till the great morning of mornings when the final trumpet sounds, and the inequalities of all temporal life and work and fortune shall be settled

in due rank of immortal precedence by Him from whom flow the highest attributes of the human mind and hu-

man heart, and which were by Him so largely bestowed upon Sheridan.—*Westminster Review*.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST CHARTERED COMPANY.

BY LIONEL HART.

It was not until our mediæval Kings began the chartering of private corporations that these acquired exceptional public or official recognition. Popularly speaking, a charter is a written document by which the Crown, in virtue of its prerogative, confers special privileges on an individual, or group of individuals, and in early times the instrument was chiefly, if not solely, applied to conveyances of land and to measures taken by the Crown by way of legislation. Gradually, however, it became evident what enormous powers and profits might accrue to the Sovereign from its use for the creation of commercial privileges, and thus the great trade guilds—till then but private corporations created for the protection of trade interests—began to receive charters granting them immunities, privileges, and monopolies, and laying obligations and duties upon them in return. Quietly and contemporaneously commercial corporations were developed which were less political in character, and consisted principally of mercantile and other adventurers. To such companies of these as had their own private emolument in view, great privileges and monopolies were given to induce them to risk their resources in schemes which might profit the Government and the nation, and which, in the absence of charters of incorporation conferring exceptional privileges and protection both at home and in the lands to be explored, would never have been attempted. Later, there was associated with the granting of such charters, the idea of the exploration, exploitation, annexation, and administration of outlandish countries hitherto unknown, which at some time or other, directly or indirectly, were to become the possession, dependency, or colony of the Crown itself. It is in this last restricted sense that

we speak of "chartered companies" to-day.

The "Muscovy," or, as it was later called, the "Russia" Company, is the first Chartered Association in our history which answers to this description. It is true that in the very beginning of the Sixteenth Century the "Merchant Adventurers" had obtained the privilege of sole trading in Holland, Germany, and the Netherlands; but in their constitution nothing was said, as nothing was contemplated, of territorial extension or acquisition. Lisbon, by reason of the conquests made by the Portuguese in Western Africa in the last quarter of the Fifteenth Century, with the acquisition of a part of India after Vasco da Gama's voyage, had become a second Venice. Through the discovery by Columbus of the southern portion of the New World Spain was accumulating boundless riches at Cadiz and Seville. All these chances had been within England's grasp, but had been let slip, and she was now obliged to content herself with such advantages as had fallen to her through the discovery by Sebastian Cabot of the northern parts of America. In 1548, just after the accession of Edward VI., Cabot once more made his appearance at the English Court, and was received with open arms by the young King, who in the beginning of 1549 bestowed on him a pension of 250 marks (£166 13s. 4d.), which continued during the rest of the reign. He at once became the authority on all matters relating to trade and navigation; and burning, even at seventy-five, to outshine Columbus, in 1553 he persuaded a handful of London Merchants to form themselves into a company for the prosecution of maritime discovery, with a particular view to the passage by the Northern Seas to Cathay—i.e., to China and the other coun-

tries of the far East. This was "The mysterie Companie and Fellowship of the Marchants-adventurers for the discoverie of Regions, Dominions, Islands, and places unknown;" but by this time Cabot's most ardent admirers felt that he was too old to accompany any of the projected expeditions. Still, he was appointed governor of the corporation, and in that capacity drew up a most quaint but judicious paper of instructions to the first explorers. Stowe, in his *Annals*, thus records the event: "The 20th May, by the encouragement of one Sebastian Cabot, three great ships, well furnished, were set forth for the venture of the unknown voiage to Moscovia and other east partes by the north seas; divers merchants and other being free of that voiage, yeilded towards the charges of the same five and twenty pounds apiece. Sir George Barnes and Sir William Garrard being the principal doers therein." Furnished with a letter (written in English, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, and Italian) from Edward VI. to any Princes or Kings into whose dominions the pioneers might penetrate, the first expedition set sail from Gravesend on the 11th May, 1553. It consisted of three vessels fitted with the utmost care—the *Bona Esperanza*, of 120; the *Edward Bonaventure*, of 160; and the *Bona Confidentia*, of 90 tons—each of which was equipped with a pinnace and a boat, while one of them is said to have been sheathed with thin lead, a contrivance spoken of as a new invention. The leader was Sir Hugh Willoughby (an ancestor of the Sir John who has borne so conspicuous and honorable a part in the doings of the latest chartered company); the second in command one Richard Chancellor. Willoughby, having reached the 72d degree of north latitude, took refuge for the winter in a harbor in Russian Lapland, where he and two of his crews, some seventy souls in all, were frozen to death; but the third ship, commanded by Chancellor, was driven into the White Sea, then entirely unknown to the English, though a correct description of it had been given to King Alfred by Othere more than six centuries before. Chancellor landed near Arch-

angel, and learned, to his surprise, that he was not in China, but in a place called Muscovy. Nothing daunted by this discovery, he travelled on sledges to Moscow; and we have from his own pen a most interesting description of what took place at the Russian Court during his stay. In March, 1554, he started on his homeward journey overland, bringing with him a letter (the first ever received in England from Russia) to Edward VI. from the Emperor Iwan Wassiliewitch, better known as Ivan the Terrible. Thus that potentate: "And we with Christian belief and faithfulness, and according to your honourable request, are willing that you send unto us your ships and vessels when and as often as they may have passage, with good assurance on our part to see them harmlesse. And if you send one of your maiestie's counsel to treat with us, whereby your countrey marchants may with all kinds of wares and where they will make their market in our dominions, they shall have their free Porte with all free liberties through my whole dominions with all kinds of wares to come and goe at their pleasure, without any let, damage, or impediment, according to this our letter, our word, and our seale." And in this way began the relations between England and Russia: indirectly brought about by the storms which compelled the English navigators to seek refuge in that part of Russia which is washed by the White Sea.

On his return to London Chancellor published a detailed report of his voyage and of his kindly welcome at Moscow. Despite the loss of two-thirds of the first fleet his news produced a most favorable impression on the London merchants, who were only too desirous of finding fresh markets for their wares. The original Company formally applied for a charter, which was granted it by Philip and Mary in the first year of the latter's reign. The substance of this instrument was that the Company was to be called "The merchant adventurers of England for the discovery of lands, territories, isles, dominions, and seignories not before known or frequented by any Englishmen;" that it was to have one governor—"the first to be Monsieur Sebastian

Cabota Esquier during his life")—and twenty-eight of the most sad (sedate), discreet, and honest of the said fellowship, four of whom were to be called "consuls," and the other twenty-four "assistants;" that it might impose mulcts, forfeitures, etc., on offenders against its privileges, and might admit persons from time to time to be free of it; and further that the associates "*reare, plant, erect, and fasten our banners, standards, flags, and ensignes in whatsoever citie, towne, village, castle, isle, or maine land which shall be by them newly founde . . .*" and might "*subdue, possesse, and occupie all maner cities, townes, isles, and maine lands of infidelitie, which is or shall be by them, or any of them, newly founde or descried, as our vassals and subjects, and for to get the dominion, title, and jurisdiction of the same cities, townes, castles, villages, isles, and maine lands, which shall be by them, or any of them, newly discovered or found, unto us, our heires and successors for ever.*"

Thus was the great Muscovy Company brought into being, and power for the first time given in England to private individuals to annex and govern lands on behalf and under the protection of the Crown. But it must not be imagined that the Company existed in the form we know to-day. There were no shareholders, there was no joint capital, there were no prospective dividends, no transactions or ventures in which each member of the Company participated in proportion to the amount of money he had sunk in the association. The Company was what in those days was called "regulated:" which means that only those who were prepared to trade subject to its "regulations" could belong to it. These "regulated" companies were the possessors of exclusive rights to traffic and explore in certain regions, of which privileges none could avail himself unless he had a license from the Corporation, when by virtue he became a freeman (or, as it was said, "free") of the Company. Election as a member was necessary: and this had to be followed by the payment of an entrance fee, with an annual subscription, varying according to the extent of the Company's privileges, of which the mem-

ber sought to take advantage. The amounts so paid by members constituted a fund which provided for the general protection of them that traded; for the payment of consuls at foreign ports; for the prosecution of "interlopers;" for the maintenance of ships and men at certain points; for the fitting out of expeditions for fresh discoveries; and so forth. Under such protection each member traded on his own account, invoking the Company's assistance only when his rights were imperilled or infringed. Merchants were not then wealthy enough for joint-stock enterprise; nor was the habit of confidence sufficiently developed for the adoption of the joint-stock principle.

As soon as the "original syndicate" received a charter, it set to work in earnest. The names of all the founders are extant, and among them were six of noble birth, William Howard, Earl of Effingham, then Lord High Admiral of England, the chief. Besides these, no less than one hundred and eighty-four persons were enrolled as members in the first year of the Company's existence. A coat of armor was asked and granted, offices were hired (Stow, writing in 1598, tells us in "Seeding Lane"); and in April, 1555, Chancellor was again despatched to Russia with the *Edward Bonaventure*, with a letter redacted in Greek, Polish, and Italian, from Philip and Mary, in which the Czar was thanked for his gracious reception of Chancellor on the occasion of that first visit to Moscow, and he was asked to renew his favor and to encourage commerce. Chancellor took with him one of his two young sons, two Merchants (George Killingworth and Richard Grey) appointed to be agents of the Company, and to reside in Russia, and several young traders desirous of employment, as well at Moscow as at several other places, in business matters. Besides the *Edward Bonaventure* another vessel, the *Philip and Mary*, was despatched from London under the command of Captain John Howlett; but it is nowhere stated whether or not she got as far as the mouth of the Dwina. The *Edward* reached it on the 23d June, and her cargo was conveyed in barges to Volog-

da. Part of the crew must have remained there; but the others accompanied Chancellor to Moscow, which they reached on the 4th October. The Russian Secretary of State invited the chiefs to his house, received them with great civility, asked to read the Royal letter, and obtained an audience for them on the 10th October, at which they delivered Philip and Mary's missive to the Czar. His present (sugar and "hollock"*) had not yet arrived; but Killingworth says that the Czar took each man by the hand, and that after the audience they were invited to his table. There they were placed opposite to the tremendous monarch, who sent each of them (calling him by his Christian name) bread, meat, and wine.

Philip and Mary's letter was well received by the Czar; and Chancellor and Killingworth conferred incessantly together on the measures necessary to the establishment of trade on a solid basis, and to the obtaining of further privileges. Several meetings were held at which Russian merchants were present; and it was finally determined to build warehouses at Cholmogoru, Vologda, and Moscow. The Czar conferred a most ample charter:

1. Freedom to trade in any part of Russia without special permit or safe-conduct;
2. Immunity from arrest except for crime or debt;
3. Power to select and punish any broker, skipper, or any other servant of the Company;
4. Jurisdiction over all English settled in Russia;
5. Exemption of the Company's goods from liability to forfeiture by reason of any Russian being wounded or killed by an Englishman;
6. Right of Englishmen arrested for debt to be let out on bail.

In accordance with instructions from the Company in London Chancellor returned to the *Edward Bonaventure* in the summer of 1555, bringing with him the two ships which had been frozen up in Lapland in 1553 (in one of them was Sir Hugh Willoughby's body). At the end of April, 1556, he returned to Russia with an enormous cargo; and this having been profitably

disposed of, he turned his face homeward, having on board an envoy-extraordinary from the Czar, one Ossip Griegorievitch Nepea, and a cargo of Russian produce—as wax, spermaceti, furs, felt, and yarn—to the value of twenty-five thousand pounds. Unfortunately, the ship was wrecked off the Scots coast on the 10th November, and Chancellor, his son, and seven Russians of the Ambassador's suite, all of whom tried to reach the shore in a boat, were drowned. The Ambassador and his interpreter were miraculously saved; but the cargo, with the presents intended by the Czar for the King and Queen (a fine hawk with its accoutrements, four live sables, and some most costly furs) went to the bottom. When the Company received intelligence of this disaster, it communicated with Elizabeth, and she wrote to the widowed Queen of Scotland, Mary of Lorraine, mother of Mary Stuart, asking assistance for Nepea and his companions. This was readily and fully afforded; and the Ambassador, having rested some time in Scotland, journeyed southward on the 14th February, 1557. Twelve miles from London he was received by eighty merchants on horseback; and eight miles nearer, by one hundred and forty members of the Russia Company, with an equal following of liveried servants. On reaching the city boundary, he was met by the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and all the Aldermen (also by the Viscount Montagu on the part of the Queen), and was conducted to his apartments in Fenchurch Street. These he had no sooner entered than he was presented, in Her Majesty's name, with two pieces of gold brocade, with one of silver, and with several of velvet and of purple and crimson damask. During his stay, both in Scotland and England, his whole expenses were borne by the Russia Company. He remained in England three months: during which time he had several audiences of the Queen, presented his letters and credentials, discussed and concluded the first Treaty of Commerce between England and Russia, and finally left on the 3d May, loaded with honors, presents, and letters for the Czar. He was followed (in 1557) by four vessels, one of

* A kind of sweet wine very much esteemed. Mentioned in Gascoigne's *Delicate Diet for Drunkards*.

which took that very useful person, Mr. Anthony Jenkinson, as agent for the Company. After reaching Russia, Jenkinson descended the Volga to Astrachan, and thence he crossed the Caspian Sea to Persia, and made his way to the city of Bokhara (or Boghar, as he calls it), which he found to be the resort of merchants from not only Russia, Persia, and India, but also Cathay (Japan, China, and the extreme East); and from this last-mentioned country he took a nine-months' journey back. Jenkinson, whose object was to found a trade between the Company's Russian factories and Persia, returned in 1560; and, coming home to England the same year, published the first map of Russia that had ever been seen (he is said to have made no fewer than *six* subsequent voyages to Bokhara by the same route). Through his exertions the Russia Company, in 1566, obtained from the Sophi of Persia immunity from tolls and customs for their merchandise in that kingdom, and full protection for their goods and persons. And in the same year their charter was ratified by an Act of Parliament—the first in the Statute Book to establish and recognize a “Chartered Company.”

By the provisions of this piece of legislation the original name of the Company was officially changed to that of “The Fellowship of English Merchants for the Discovery of Trades;” new regions were added to the Company's jurisdiction, viz., “Armenia, Media, Hyrcania, Persia, and the country of the Caspian Sea,” while, for the better encouragement of the Navy, and of English commercial and maritime interests in general, it was provided that the Company should employ only English ships manned by a majority of English sailors, and that it should export no woollen goods nor “kersies” not dressed and, for the most part, dyed within the realm. To reward the towns of York, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, and Boston, for their part in the early ventures after a North-East Passage, all citizens of ten years' standing were admitted “free of the Company” on extremely easy terms. Thus, only twelve years after its incorporation, the Company reached a point of success

and prosperity never before attained, and not since equalled, by any such body in so short a time. It had warehouses, factories, and lands all over Russia, with a great fleet of ships, ever laden with English and Russian produce; it had thousands of persons in its employ at home and abroad; it enjoyed trade privileges and immunities in Russia, Persia, and England unshared by any other subjects of those lands; and it exported “principally cloth, as the best commodity, as also tin, lead, with some spices from India, and other southern commodities; and it brought home ashes, clapboard,* copper, deals, firs, rich furs, masts, rye, timber, wainscot, wheat, fushians, iron, latten,† linen, mathers,‡ quicksilver, flax, hemp, steel, *caviare*, cordage, hides, honey, tar, ropes, tallow, pitch, wax, rosin, and sundry others.” During the next ten years (1566–1576) its fortunes were checked by the failure of its Arctic Expeditions, and by the plundering of its fleets at the hands of the Cossack pirates in the Caspian Sea. In spite of repeated disasters in these directions, however, it adhered doggedly to that early idea of discovering the North-East Passage, and to the later one of keeping open the trade with Persia, and almost to the last large sums were annually spent for these purposes. During a revolt of the Russian nobles against the tyranny of the terrible Ivan (1571), Moscow was taken and burned by the Tartars, when the Company lost no less than 400,000 roubles (about £65,000 of our money), and although Ivan himself undertook to indemnify the loss, there is no record that he ever did so. In fact, he really cared little or nothing about reciprocal commercial relations: he was only anxious to form with England an offensive and defensive alliance against Poland and Sweden. Thus he commanded Jenkinson to inform Elizabeth that he desired her to be “the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies;” that Russia and England “should in all things be as one;” and that “in case of danger the ruler

* Barrel staves.

† An alloy of copper and zinc in thin sheets.

‡ Madder.

of one country might find a safe refuge in the other." The English Government, however, had no desire to be mixed up in Ivan's wars, and returned no answer to his message: a piece of Statecraft which so incensed the Russian that he freed his new-conquered port of Narva to the nationalities at large. This was a shrewd blow at the Russia Company; and in 1568 a new English Ambassador, Sir Thomas Randolph, arrived in Moscow, and, without making any definite treaty, informed the Czar that, should any calamity overtake his kingdom by which his personal safety might be threatened, he (the Czar) would be "amicably" received in England. The Merchants' privileges were restored; but, when Ivan found that he could get no answer as to the proposed alliance, he got very angry, and wrote a rather cutting letter to Elizabeth: "With thee there are people who rule independent of thee; who neither regard our Sovereign persons nor think of the honor or welfare of our territories, but only of their own commercial advantages, while thou art still remaining in thy maiden estate like any worthless female." He went on to point out in his message that "the kingdom of Muscovy in the meanwhile would not feel the want of English goods," adding, by way of a parting shot, "and all our charters, which we have given concerning commercial affairs, are no longer valid." In 1571 Jenkinson managed to get the privileges restored; but three years later Ivan caused another rupture by ordering English Merchants to pay half-taxes upon all contributions from which, as one of their greatest privileges, they had been completely exempt. For six years things went thus, until Ivan, desiring to marry, *en huitième nocces*, first, Elizabeth, and (finding this impossible) then her cousin, Lady Mary Hastings, restored to the Merchants all their former privileges. But the lady, in the end, became afraid of her cruel suitor, and allowed herself to be untruthfully described as "ugly, unworthy, pitted with the small-pox, and weak even when in her healthiest state." But Ivan was not thus to be put off. "If," said he, "the Countess will not come to me, then I will

myself go to England and fetch her." Fate, however, willed it otherwise, for on the 18th March, 1584, this extraordinary and dreadful creature died. The English Ambassador (Bowes) was instantly sent home, as he had given great offence by his insolent and overbearing behavior, and the English Merchants, fearing for their privileges and worldly goods, wrote complaining of him to the Government: "What possessed him to come here? May the Lord have mercy upon us all!" In 1585 Sir Jerome Horsey, an intimate friend of the Regent Boris Godunov, brought to London a new Imperial Charter. The Czar, in this, complained of the "unwarrantable offence of *Baoss* [Bowes], who has spoken many falsehoods concerning my Boyars, and thrown away my charter;" and to pacify the exasperated Muscovite, Elizabeth sent the Czarina Irene a flattering letter, and, besides, an "expert and experienced" midwife, with an excellent doctor. And these and other amenities, procured the Russia Company a renewal of its privileges in 1587.

In 1597 the Company inaugurated a branch of commerce which proved most lucrative, and which, in course of time, assumed enormous proportions. Its several trials for a North-West Passage to China by Hudson's and Davis' Straits, its attempts to find a North-East Passage on the north side of Nova Zembla, and the annual adventures to Archangel had so accustomed the English traders to these boisterous seas that they began whale-fishing near Spitzbergen. Further, in 1606 they began to kill "morses," or "sea-horses," by means of lances (the teeth of which beasts were held better than ivory), and for many years they monopolized the English market for their tusks and oil. Needless to say, success bred rivals, and in 1612 we learn that the Dutch began resorting to what the Russia Company termed "our owne fisheries in Eastland." In the year last mentioned some of the Company's outward-bound ships seized the whale-oil, fishing tackle, etc., of the Dutch, and obliged them to get home; threatening that if ever they found them in those seas thereafter, they would make

prize of ships and cargoes, their master the King of Great Britain having the sole right to that fishery in virtue of the first discovery. In the next year they actually brought home two Dutch ships as prizes. Thereupon James I. granted the Company a charter excluding all others (natives as well as foreigners) from Spitzbergen; and nine months later the Company, with seven armed ships, drove from those seas not only fifteen sail of Dutch, French, and Biscayners (Basques from the Bay of Biscay), but even four English adventurers, and allowed certain French vessels to fish there only on the condition of a tribute of eight whales. In the same year, the Company's fleet being at Spitzbergen, a cross was there set up with the King's arms upon it, and, under the name of "King James' Newland," the region was formally declared the property of the Crown. This is the first authenticated instance of a Chartered Corporation attempting the annexation of land for the benefit of the mother-country. Yet as early as 1621 this, for some time profitable and extensive, business of whale-fishing came to an end. Unable to cope single-handed with all its rivals, the Russia Company joined forces with the East India Company, and in 1619 a joint expedition, consisting of nine ships and two pinnaces, set out for whales at Spitzbergen. But the voyage proved unfortunate, and the two Companies, after carrying on the trade for three years without success, agreed to give it up. An attempt at reviving it was made fifteen years later; in 1636 Charles I. renewed the rights created by his father, but from this date little is heard either of the fisheries themselves or of disputes connected with them.

In the first half of the Seventeenth Century the Russia Company had no cause of complaint with regard to its treatment by the Muscovite Government. It enjoyed enormous privileges, and for fifty years it was certainly one of the richest and one of the most powerful Corporations in the world. Its change of fortune was brought about partly by the internal condition of England and partly by the jealousy and agitation of the native merchants.

Dokturov (the first Ambassador from the Czar Alexis Michaelovitch), arriving in 1645 in the thick of the dispute between Charles and his Parliament, never got sight of the King at all; and the two Houses sent the Czar polite and complimentary messages in vain. Alexis wanted an answer from the English King—not from the English Parliament; and, to show his displeasure at the Revolution, he sent the unlucky Charles a present of thirty thousand quarters of grain for his troops. The Moscow merchants, seeing their opportunity, came forward with a petition that the old privileges should be withdrawn from the English Company. "These foreigners," said they, "for years have been coming in batches sixty and seventy strong, buying and building factories at Archangel, Kholmogom, Vologda, Yarostaw, Moscow, everywhere. They have all our trade—they are starving us: they not only compete with us in Russia, but they prevent our dealing direct with England. . . . In their Charter it is said that their privileges have been granted at the request of their King; but they don't regard their King, seeing that for four years they have been at war with him. . . . Gracious Sovereign! Be good and merciful to us, thy servants, orphans and merchants of all estates. Cast thy glance upon us, and suffer not that thy servants and children shall remain in misery and want by reason of the Foreigners in thy land!" The prayer was not then granted in its entirety; but in 1646 the Russian Government levied a double tax on all foreign goods (English included), and three years later, five months only after the closing scene before Whitehall, the blow fell with full force on an already staggering Corporation. On the 1st June, 1649, an Imperial ukase ordered the English in Muscovy "to cross the seas . . . and to trade only with Archangel." "They are to visit," says the proclamation, "neither Moscow nor any other Russian town, for the Great Czar hath learnt that the English have done on all the earth a great and evil deed. They have done to death their King Carlos: for such a deed they must be barred from our Kingdom of Muscovy."

In 1654 a representative from Cromwell arrived at Moscow; but the Czar refused to rise when he appeared in the Imperial presence, and declined to comply with any of the requests that he preferred. All the same, his reply was polite; for it addressed the Protector as "Oliver the Ruler of the English, Scottish, and Irish States and Dominions," and referred to him as *Votre honnête*. On the Restoration Charles II. repaid the Czar the capital sum advanced during his exile, adding that, "during the unclean rebellion, no King had shown him so much kindness as the Russian." The English Merchants are said to have promised to pay the interest on this loan to the King (he having failed to do so), but somehow this was never done: perhaps because, being a "regulated" Company, there was no fund out of which payment was possible; perhaps because, foreseeing that in any event it would sooner or later lose its privileges, it saw no advantage in risking so much money on a doubtful chance. As a fact, the Muscovite Government did refuse to renew the privileges, though Charles sent the Earl of Carlisle to Russia expressly to intercede with the Czar; and the English, exasperated by the outcome of this embassy, gave so poor a reception to the Muscovite Ambassador, Dashkov, who arrived here in 1664, that they did not even provide him with carriages, provisions, or lodgings. From this time forth their fortunes declined. In 1670 Sir Joshua Child published his *Discourses on Trade*, which he "wrote at my country house in the sickness year (1665);" and he there states that in 1664 the Dutch had "twenty-two sail of great ships" in the Russia trade, "and the English but one." This is doubtless exaggerated; but it is cer-

tain that even then the fall of the Company was but a question of time. In 1699 an Act of Parliament reduced the entrance fee from fifty pounds to five pounds. This is said to have had a good effect for some years, and Strype, in his *Edition of Stowe* (1720) says: "By this means (the reduction of the fee) the Trade to Russia is very considerably advanced already. For whereas, before there were not above four, five, or six ships at the most sent into those parts in one year, now there go sixty or seventy sail yearly." After thirty years of splendid trade the Company's fortunes again declined, and in 1750 it practically made its last appearance. In that year an Act of Parliament enjoined that, after Christmas, 1750, only the freemen of the Russia Company were to have the right of importing raw silk and silk goods from Persia through Russia. This reiteration of privilege proved of great value to the Company until the end of the Eighteenth Century, when the troubled state of Europe put an end to its monopoly.

It never revived. With the disappearance of this important branch of trade, and with the still-growing preference of the Baltic route before that round the North Cape to Archangel, the Company's was closed. It finally flickered out with the birth of the Nineteenth Century, and its history, as that of nearly all the early Chartered Companies, may be thus epitomized: (1) Charter, (2) Trade, (3) Success, (4) Competition, (5) Encroachment, (6) Decline, (7) Debt, (8) Difficulties, and (9) Disappearance. It gave England no colony, placed no lands under her protectorate, acquired her no new territories. But it did more: it was the pioneer of our enormous Foreign Trade.—*New Review*.

SOCIAL PROGRESS IN THE QUEEN'S REIGN.

SIR ALGERNON WEST'S reminiscences published in the April *Nineteenth Century* are amusing and in their way of interest, but we confess in reading them to a certain feeling, not indeed of disappointment, but of want of satisfaction. Sir Algernon tells us very pleasantly many things about the surface manners of London society, when gentlemen began to smoke publicly, when they left off public drinking, when ladies commenced their present habit of outdoor exercise, and when, late in the Forties, 5 o'clock tea came into vogue, and was at first pronounced, not as it is now, a method of enabling women to meet and chat pleasantly with men, but a very dreary festivity. The old can read Sir Algernon West's recollections with real pleasure, and the historian of fifty years hence, if he has Macaulay's habit of digging among forgotten documents, will doubtless extract from them two or three hints as to the manners of his grandmother's days which may be of real value. We seem, however, to long for a little more, and should be glad if some bright-minded old gentleman with a knowledge of two or three social strata—a successful Q.C. for preference, or a great surgeon of Sir James Paget's type—would tell us all in a magazine how far the English world, not London society, but the whole community, has in his judgment, and according to the facts he knows, advanced or retrograded in his lifetime. Few secular things are so important to feel certain about as the existence under a high civilization of a motor principle of progress always in active work, and there are few things about which it is so difficult to obtain trustworthy evidence. You can get it about the progress of a thousand or two thousand years in a pretty irrefragable form. The white world of the West, for example, has become incapable not only of enjoying, but even of tolerating, some of the scenes of the arena—the animal battles would still, we fear, attract; indeed we have ourselves seen gentlemen when outside England looking on them with delight—and the

gentry of the Middle Ages would be pronounced violent brutes; but the progress of one lifetime, even the Queen's, is very difficult to realize accurately. We can all see, of course, the enormous changes, usually for the better, made by applications of mechanical science. We can all travel quickly and comfortably. We have indefinitely better artificial light. We can light a candle or a fire without splitting the ends of our fingers and wasting a perceptible portion of time. Comfort is amazingly much greater, and down to a certain rank is more diffused—just below the higher artisan ranks it is, we think, less than it was—and there has been an extraordinary diffusion of a thin and, if we may be pardoned the adjective, acidulous kind of knowledge. But on the three great points, whether men are better than they were, whether they are more competent, and whether they are happier, the evidence is singularly defective. The writer, who has a fairly long experience, will endeavor to contribute his mite.

We should say, on the whole, that England is distinctly better. The statement is often denied, partly because it is no longer dangerous to avow irreligious opinions, and partly because a rather minute, but exceedingly visible, class has become agnostic—there is very little true atheism of the French and Italian type in England—but those who deny it forget many facts. In the first ten years of the Queen's reign the majority of the educated middle class never considered religion at all, disliked and distrusted any profession of it, and were, in fact, determined and rather stupid secularists. They did not fight the Evangelical movement, they often yielded about it in externals to their womenkind, but they had at heart a contempt for it, and indulged in what those Evangelicals would have called a gross carnality of soul. Imbedded among these secularists were in every class a few fierce blasphemers, men who had a singular loathing of religion which they could hardly keep down, and a spiteful malignity toward

clergymen in particular, of which we nowadays hardly perceive a lingering trace. Morals, which seem to be laxer now, because manners are laxer and truthfulness more widespread, were in reality much worse, especially in country towns and over the countryside. Men were more cruel, more brutal, more untruthful, while opinion exercised over them incomparably less influence. The young were more hypocritical, and the old more given up to self-indulgence and to a kind of animal existence which produced a disease nowadays almost confined to work-houses and known as *amentia senilis*. Fraud of a gross kind, and especially fraud on relatives and dependents, was exceedingly common; while women were treated as regards all property matters and all control of their own lives with a callousness of which workmen would nowadays be ashamed. Philanthropy, though loudly professed by a large class and keenly felt by a small one, was scarcely an impulse among the majority, any more than it now is on the Continent. The "stir" in intellectual matters which now pervades such large classes was confined to a minute one, while the acute interest in religion as a subject of thought, now so widespread, was almost unknown, and where it existed was regarded as something to be ashamed of. Among the lower classes habitual drunkenness, now carefully concealed, was gloried in, and their language among themselves was more like that of drunkards than of men who recognized, as for the most part they do now, that reticence of tongue is as needful as propriety in dress. There are thousands of savages in trousers among us still, and we should not deny that much of the apparent improvement is a very thin veneer; but we should have no hesitation in saying that there has been a perceptible advance, which in one respect has been of the most decided kind. The English world, in all classes and all places, is distinctly gentler, and this not only in manners, but from an instinctive hatred of brutality. The rough of to-day, bad as he is, is a gentleman compared with the rough of 1830, while the gentleman has been refined by comparison into a Sir Roger

de Coverley. There is a reasonableness, or a power of hearing reason, spread among us which strikes foreigners with amazement, and which we think even Bishops to-day would fully allow sprung from something other than a mere increase of enlightenment. That increase would not greatly affect temper, and of all changes that in temper is the most visible. The young would scarcely believe what the old could tell them of the gnarled tempers of two generations ago, of the astounding prevalence of a diseased vanity lacerated over as "self-respect," or of the amount of misery which was due to those two apparently slight causes alone.

Of the intellectual advance of Great Britain we cannot speak so favorably. The great cloud of ignorance which rested on the body of the people, and which you can still detect if you talk to very old working men and women, has, it is true, been lifted a little. Everybody can read, and all women under thirty can write—that is by no means equally true of all men—and as most of them read newspapers they all get a few rather gritty and disconnected facts into their minds. The average has been lifted in every class, so that in the lower a dozen men speak well where one could hardly do it; and in the middle ten men and twenty women can write good prose, or what a century ago would have been esteemed quite charming poetry. There is much greater width of mind, too, in all classes, and an extraordinary progress in intellectual tolerance; but of increased intellectual strength we see no sign in books, while there has been a definite decrease of it, not quite satisfactorily explained, in oratory. Ordinary conversation has improved, chiefly perhaps because women have learned to converse; but we do not think the best talk has, while we should say there had been a marked tendency in thought to become slipshod. Vagueness is the note of an extraordinary quantity of it. Indeed, if we dared say anything which to all decadents will seem impertinent and false, we should say that true realism had visibly declined, and that the reluctance to look at facts as they are, always excepting the facts of the cess-

pool, had perceptibly developed. The scientific spirit, though widely diffused, applies itself only to the concrete, and except when the subject of study is perceptible to the senses, there is less truthfulness and insight. Certainly this is true in politics, where men are always uttering falsehoods because they wish they were truths, and we think it is true in other regions besides. Hard thinking, in short, is not increasing, and the competent of our day are not quite so competent, especially as regards strength of will and intellectual energy, as the competent of two generations ago. There is a larger number of the qualified, but if education and numbers had remained at the same level, it would, we think, have been a smaller one. Knowledge has come, but wisdom has lingered, and mental force has been dissipated, partly by the removal of limitations, and partly by the influence of circumstances which have been singularly unfavorable to mental concentration.

That the English world has become happier seems a strong thing to say, but we think on the whole it is true. No doubt the restful life, in which to-day was as yesterday, has almost disappeared, and with it much content. There is too much strain everywhere, and the passion for self-advertisement, which has vulgarized almost everybody, has produced a development of envy fatal to tranquillity of character. Fuss is the note of our day—fuss and materialization; and while the former kills rest, the latter develops a desire which in its effects is equivalent in mental life to hunger in the physical. We doubt if Jews, in whom the two influences reach their highest development, are happy people, and the Jewish ideal of life has spread during this reign to a startling extent. Nevertheless, the weight on the other side is very heavy. The improvement in general health, to begin with, of which we could give some remarkable illustrations, is an immense factor in happiness. Chloroform alone has reduced the liability to unbearable pain by at least one-fifth. So is the increased freedom of child-life, which is so strikingly visible everywhere, and which affects three-fifths of

all who are alive. So is the comparative "emancipation of women," in spite of all the absurdities and efforts to achieve the impossible which have accompanied that immense reform. So is the decay of "privilege," which has gone on steadily and has removed from millions of hearts a cankerous sense of suffering from irrational injustice. So, too, is the enormous increase in the interestingness of life, a point to which the young are entirely blind, they not realizing as the old do how intolerably dull and uniform life tended to become. And so, finally, is the improvement in physical condition, visible in the faces and the dress even of villagers, and in every other class—except the "residuum," whose happiness is decreased by the increasing bitterness of contrast—almost incalculably great. People who, worried by the increase of rent—a real blot in the picture—deny this have not an idea of what life was for the poor under the Corn-laws and Protection, when four-sixths of the men in England and five-sixths of the women never had as much food or as much warmth as they wished for. You do not know, *O laudator temporis acti*, what it is to be permanently chilly. We are sure that the masses are happier, as we are sure—we have said this already—there is a better temper, which could not have arisen if they had been more miserable. This, however, is the conclusion of only one observer, who may be deceived, though he thinks he is not, by a personal experience; and what we wish to see is testimony for many, and especially from those few among the cultivated who actually *know*, and do not merely guess, what life was, and is, in many strata of society. Old lawyers, old clergymen, old squires of the minor kind, and old surgeons are the people who should speak out, and so provide the materials for the future historian. The testimony of all will be valuable, except that of the new school of pessimists, who, because they see a wart on a beautiful face, say that society wilfully cultivates warts, and that if we look at the "real" facts, nothing but warts has any "real" existence.—*Spectator*.